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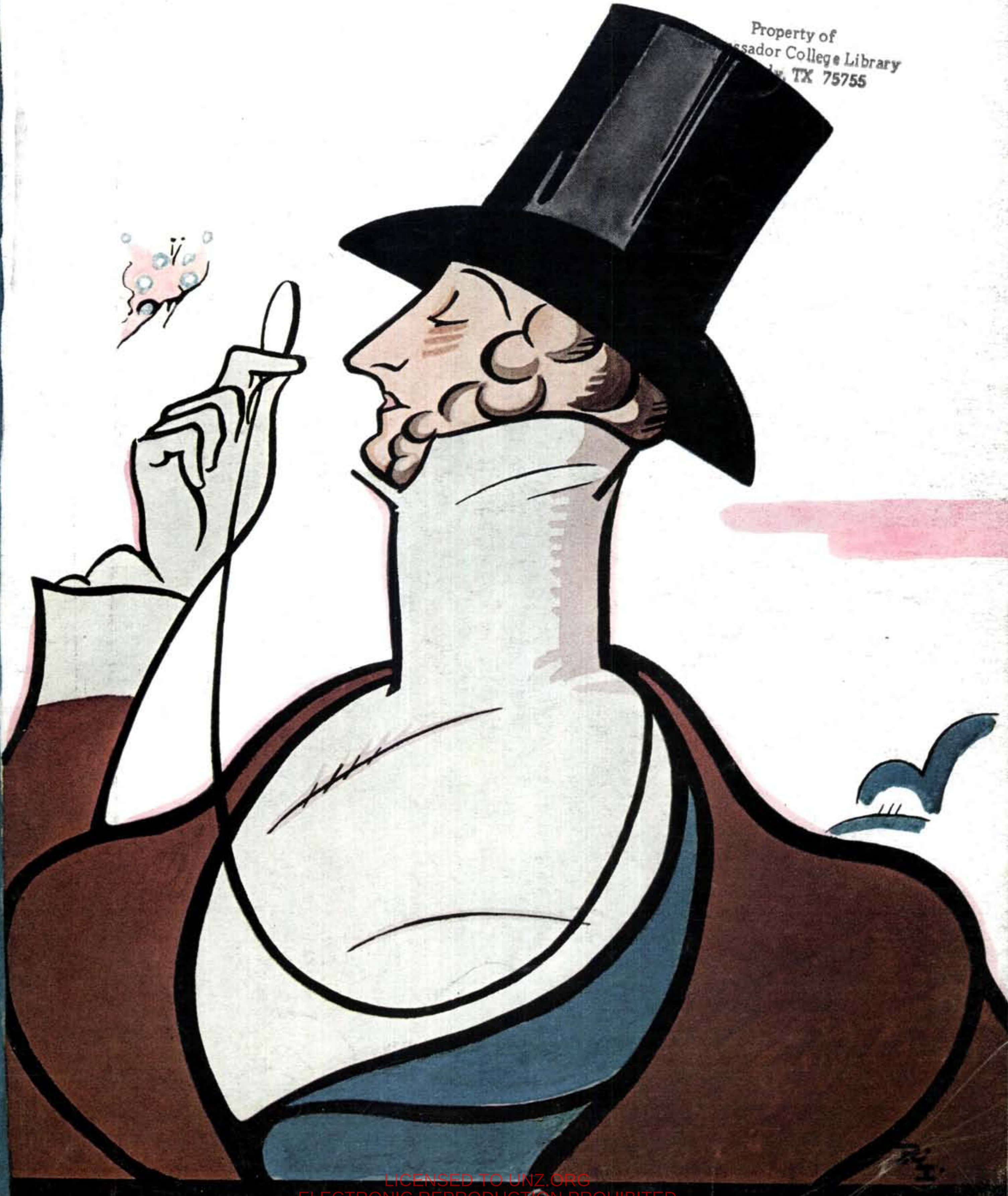

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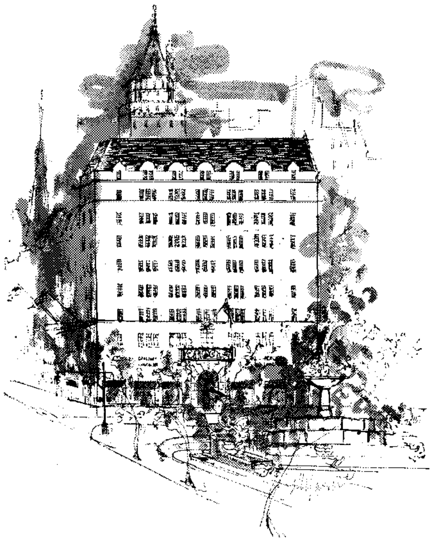

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ACROBATS and **LINE**—A pair of comedies by Israel Horovitz. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

AND MISS REARDON DRINKS A LITTLE—A play by Paul Zindel, starring Julie Harris, Estelle Parsons, Nancy Marchand, and Rae Allen. Directed by Melvin Bernhardt. Previews Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 22-24, at 7:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 25. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30.)

FOUR ON A GARDEN—Four primitive blackout skits of painful ineptitude, starring Carol Channing and Sid Caesar, who look properly astonished and dismayed. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE GINGERBREAD LADY—A sad play about a middle-aged alcoholic entertainer. Because its author is Neil Simon it is full of gags, many of them funny. The cast, which includes Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen, is superb. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

HOME—David Storey's touching little play, not to be missed on any account whatever. The cast is headed by Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 20.)

THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES—John Guare's ferocious, satiric, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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MACBETH—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 1:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 24-25, at 1.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—You will either like Peter Brook's interpretation of Shakespeare's wedding masque very much, or you will detest it; no middle ground on which the wild thyme blows. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 17, and Saturdays at 1:50.)

PERRY'S MISSION and **ROSALEE PRITCHETT**—These one-acters, the first by Clarence Young III and the second by Carlton and Barbara Molette, make the most spirited and strongest evening that the Negro Ensemble Company has offered us in a long time. The performances are exceptionally good. Douglas Turner Ward and Shauneille Perry were the directors. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of Synge's **THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD**, with David Birney, is the second in this year's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 20.)...¶At the Forum, in the same building: An entertaining and quite creditable production of Harold Pinter's early, funny, scary play, **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY**, with Betty Field. It will run through Saturday, March 13, interrupted by performances of Pinter's program of one-acters, **LANDSCAPE** (also with Miss Field) and **SILENCE**, on Thursday and Friday, Feb. 18-19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30 in all cases. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES—Brian Bedford in Richard Wilbur's new verse translation of Molière's play. Directed by Stephen Porter. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sleuth—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre—A delightful playing out, with music, mime, and recitation, of ten or twelve classic fairy tales. Invented and directed by Paul Sills. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays—except Feb. 18—and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Subject to Fits—A play with music by Robert Montgomery. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Things That Almost Happen—Three one-act plays by Claude McNeal. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 18, at 7:30. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is quite moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Two by Ibsen—**HEDDA GABLER:** Opens Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 6:45. . . . **A DOLL'S HOUSE:** Performances resume Monday, Feb. 22. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

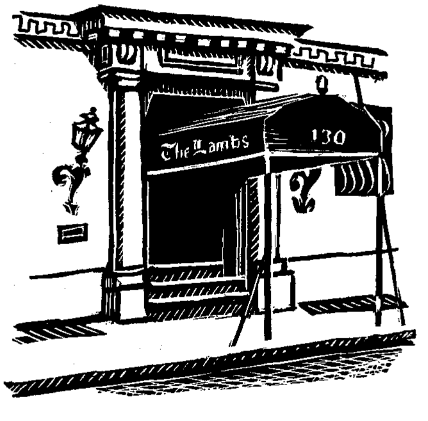
Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom moving. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. With Pamela Payton-Wright. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extramarital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's comedy. With James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Do It Again!—Margaret Whiting, Clifton Davis, and several others in a program of Gershwin songs. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 18, at 7. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Earthlight—A rock musical with a score by a group called Pure Love and Pleasure. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 533-8270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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No, No, Nanette—A very pretty, very romantic revival of an immortal work of the twenties, which can't have been that delightful, but who cares? With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rothschilds—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** In a suddenly changed tone he added: —To tell you the God's truth I think you're right. Damn all else they are good for. Why don't you play them as I do? To hell with them all. Let us get out of the kip. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** He stood up, gravely ungirdled and disrobed himself of his gown, saying resignedly: —Mulligan is stripped of his garments. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** He emptied his pockets on the table. —There's your snotrag, he said. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **HAIR:** It sometimes happens, that a woman is handsomer at twenty-nine than she was ten years before; and, generally speaking, if there has been neither ill health nor anxiety, it is a time of life at which scarcely any charm is lost. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 17, and Saturdays at 2.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** It was so with Elizabeth—still the same handsome Miss Elliot that she had begun to be thirteen years ago; and Sir Walter might be excused, therefore, in forgetting her age, or, at least, be deemed only half a fool, for thinking himself and Elizabeth as blooming as ever, amidst the wreck of the good looks of everybody else; for he could plainly see how old all the rest of his family and acquaintance were growing. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** —Anne haggard, Mary coarse, every face in the neighbourhood worsting; and the rapid increase of the crow's foot about Lady Russell's temples had long been a distress to him. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 17, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Moves on Friday, Feb. 26, to the Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 17-19, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 20, at 7 and 10:30; Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3 and 7:30; Friday, Feb. 26, at 7:30; and Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2 and 7:30.). . . **PURLIE:** An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, March 28—Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 7:30: "Trinity," "The Still Point," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "Sea Shadow," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "Sea Shadow," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Trinity," "The Still Point," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "Sea Shadow," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 21, at 7:30: "Trinity," "The Still Point," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Trinity," "The Lesson," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Moves," an unnamed ballet (première), and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Secret Places," and "The Green Table.". . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Moves," the new unnamed ballet, and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "Secret Places," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Trinity," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

City Center American Dance Marathon—An eight-week winter series of appearances by nine companies; through Saturday, March 13. **PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY.** Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 2, and Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Foreign Exchange," "Big Bertha," and "Public Domain.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 17, and Friday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Churchyard," "From Sea to Shining Sea," and "Aureole." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8, and Saturday,

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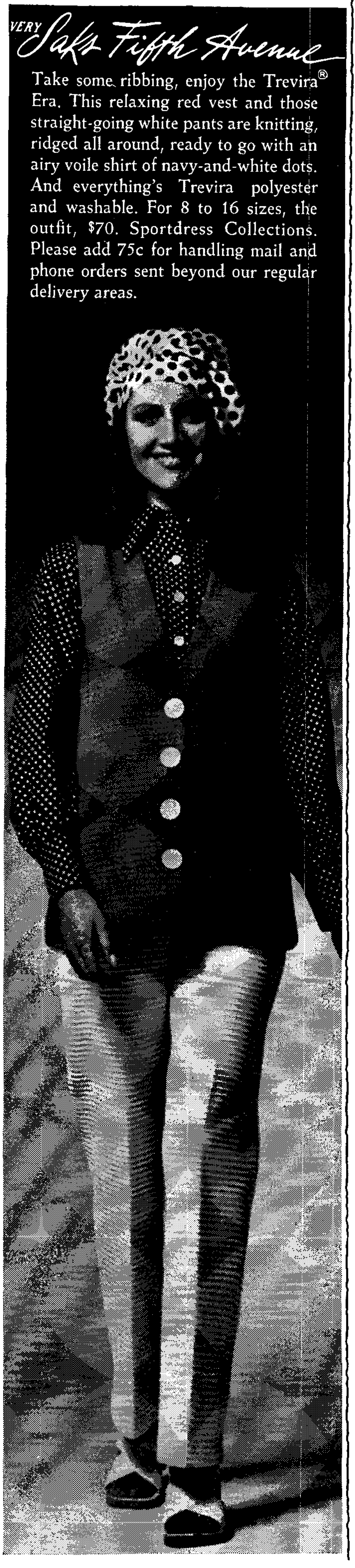

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 20, at 2:30: "Lento," "Agathe's Tale," and "Post Meridian."... **NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE.** Monday, Feb. 22, at 7:30: "Divertissement II," "Structures," and "Tent."... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8, and Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 2: "Divertissement I," "Echo," and "Tower."... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Somniloquy," "Structures," and "Tent." ... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Divertissement II," "Scenario" (première), and "Tent." ... ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Structures," "Scenario," and "Tent."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2:30: "Somniloquy," "Scenario," and "Structures."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Echo," "Tent," and "Tower." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Closed Wednesday, Feb. 17. Dion, who is more blues-oriented than he was when he sang with the Belmonts years ago, starts Thursday, Feb. 18. Tuesdays are a different bag, with ringers filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—People who take their conversation seriously, along with their music and their meals, will find it congenial. Through Saturday, Feb. 20, George Davis will be on electric guitar, working with a bassist. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player substitute for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams is typing out (she uses the ten-finger method) her concise history of the jazz piano on a most amiable instrument. She is accompanied by Michael Fleming on bass. The restaurant belongs to Barney Josephson, inventor of the memorable Café Society, Uptown as well as Downtown, where she broke in thirty years ago. Eight to one, but not on Sundays.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The six-stringed instrument is played here with an emphasis on melodics and virtuosity. The Tiny Grimes duo performs through Sunday, Feb. 21. On Wednesday, Feb. 24, guitarist Ted Dunbar and bassist Larry Ridley will arrive. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. The cooking is Southern.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Easy come, easy go in this easy-going club, where musicians are arriving and departing with dispatch. Saxophonist Budd Johnson leads a quartet through Sunday, Feb. 21. Trumpeter Clark Terry will do a one-night stand on Tuesday, Feb. 23. His sidemen will be Ross Tompkins, Victor Sproles, and Mousey Alexander, and they will stay on for several more nights, under another leader. Blues singer Jimmy Rushing is around Fridays through Sundays. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Jazz pianist Eddie Thompson, who can give the illusion of raising the rafters when he wants, plays solo on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. His accomplished aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Tuesdays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Tradition wanes, but this comfortable club continues to thrive, offering Dixieland played by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—A new establishment with soft lights and quietly with-it surroundings. Cecil Young is on piano, assisted by Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums, and when Mr. Young is *not* playing piano, he may be up and around the room singing scat like nobody's business. Music from nine, Wednesdays through Sundays. Soul-food dinners.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia raised to the tenth power. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully played. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody is supposed to be jolly, and fake straw hats and frilly garters are for sale, as are beer and peanuts. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable, lonesome part of town. Pianist and tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp leads his quintet until Tuesday, Feb. 23, when reed man Pharoah Sanders will bring in a quartet. Music from nine until closing. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GASLIGHT, 116 Macdougal St. (674-2580)—Dingy surroundings here, but some of the performers make the scene bearable. Nashville singer Kris Kristofferson, who wrote "Me and Bobby McGee," sings of jailhouses, hitchhiking, and the like. Comic Richard Pryor starts Wednesday, Feb. 24. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, and two shows the other nights of the week. Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting performers on stage.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Ahmad Jamal trio entertains, except on Mondays, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.... ¶ Downstairs: A jazz-and-pop policy continues, with dancing encouraged. Through Thursday, Feb. 18, Cowboy and Orphan; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, Cowboy and Holy Modal Rounders; Sunday, Feb. 21, Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra; Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 23-25: Elephant's Memory, Roy Ayers Ubiquity, and Birdsong; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, Elephant's Memory. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Through Sunday, Feb. 21, comedian Irwin Corey will share the premises with singer Novella Nelson. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 26-28, Rahsaan Roland Kirk's sextet will make some invigorating sounds. Mondays are reserved for the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, theoretically. Closed Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 23-25.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of Bora Bora—shouldn't deter you if walking is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with skill and vigor. On Sunday, Feb. 21, trumpeter and cornettist Ruby Braff will sit in with the regulars. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a banjo band. The place is known for its fabricated nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—*C'est qui?* Well, anyway, it is a fairly informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The disc jockey switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—French history made easy, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, dining, and adequate dancing (from nine-thirty to three or four). Closed Sundays.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is available. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Fifty years ago, archeologists might have gasped, had they stumbled upon the pseudo-Egyptian luxuriousness of this restaurant. But this is the space age, and few gasps are heard. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by live people: Through Saturday, Feb. 20, singer Cody Marshall; beginning Monday, Feb. 22, some Latins named Los Vegas. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a glittery brass bar, a non-glittery bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1951 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with Frontier. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Walk downstairs and find a spot where every touch contributes to the coolness of the whole. Good sound, good dancing to persistently swinging records, large drinks, and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplatter* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **royal box**, during dinner and supper, Kaye Stevens is serving as her own mistress of ceremonies, introducing herself as a one-of-the-bunch chatterer and caroller. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The congress of dancers imported from Iberia by José Molina is very young, and, like all young people, they are aware not only of tradition but of the Rock, and not the Gibraltar kind, either. On Thursday, Feb. 25, a change of scene: a new conglomeration of flamencans, the Manuel Santaella crew, moves in. This castle keep is in session every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **château disco** (371-5155), colloquial Latin (French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese) streams across the tapes (some of the best tapes in town, in fact), with enough instrumentation for those who would dance as well as listen. From nine to four every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Feb. 17, is the final night for O. C. Smith, a good enough tenor not quite ready to graduate from the rookie squad. Next evening, in comes Buddy Greco, a voice of experience, and a lively one. Never an idle night in this den. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is appropriate music, night after night, by characters calling themselves the Companions and the Wonderful World of Charlie Brown.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The Save Our Environment movement attains a sort of climax in **la forêt**, a Forest of Arden, among whose bosky dells maidens and their swains glide to the sound of Phil Wayne's quintet, which has the appropriate Pipes of Pan flavor, and of Eddie Herman's trio. Seven-thirty to two-thirty is as long as it lasts, and only Tuesday through Saturday, or not quite enough of a good thing. . . . ¶ The adjacent **café** goes its placid way *every* night, always with dancing plus (except on Sundays and Mondays) those old Vienna cronies Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty (food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina).

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **persian room**, at nine and eleven-thirty, Lainie Kazan demonstrates how to live on a slightly unbalanced diet of words and music. The band run by Burt Farber, which is full of light and air, takes breezy turns with the posse run by Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . **plaza 9 music hall** (PL 9-3933): "Cooler Near the Lake," the revue that is the current embodiment of Second City, a troupe of Midwest mimes and mockers, is really nice work if you can get it, and you *can* get it if you listen with care to the twists and turns of the deft dialogue. The capable players are David Blum, Jim Fisher, Roberta Maguire, Judy Morgan, Brian Doyle Murray, Joseph O'Flaherty, and Dan Ziskie; the entr'acte piano, by Baldwin Bergersen, remembers nothing but the best. Show time at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays (followed on those nights by a set of improvisations); Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven; and Sundays at four and seven-thirty. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble **edwardian room**. . . . ¶ In the **palm court**, from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday, from nine to one. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Pie in the sky, and Beef Wellington, too, and *fraises de bois*. For the roving eye and ear, the management has provided Carmen McRae, an honor-bright soprano who knows all about heartbreak but nothing about defeat. She sings during dinner and supper. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero is the starting quarterback in the **maisonette**, and the special maneuvers that are best accomplished to the Latin music of his band can be seen (to advantage) and/or participated in. The resourceful band of Hal Turner does the rest of the dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In **la boite**, which is designed for non-levitating diners, there is sedate piano from around eight right through to suppertime. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **st. regis room**, the pre-theatre buffet (five-thirty until seven-thirty) likewise gets a piano background, and after ten the prepossessing twosome of Jason & Maryhazel lightly turn their thoughts to ballads of much more than saving grace. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

café carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600: Our world is divided, though unequally, between man and maid, and of this rueful dilemma are devised the songs (wise, witty, and excusably wistful) that Mabel Mercer sings with an artful artlessness that is the unattainable goal of all other sopranos. Jimmy Lyon and his piano are her faithful retainers. Closed Sundays. . . . **dionysos**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Anthenian song, Athenian dance music, and Athenian glee. Closed Sundays. . . . **dangerfield's**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **el avram**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A house of cards (Avram Grobard is the joker in the pack, and the house never falls flat) that is sturdy, Mediterranean, cheerful, and continual. Ron Eliran, the Israeli popster, will be again added to the cast on Friday, Feb. 19. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **chez vito**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battle-

nightime delights

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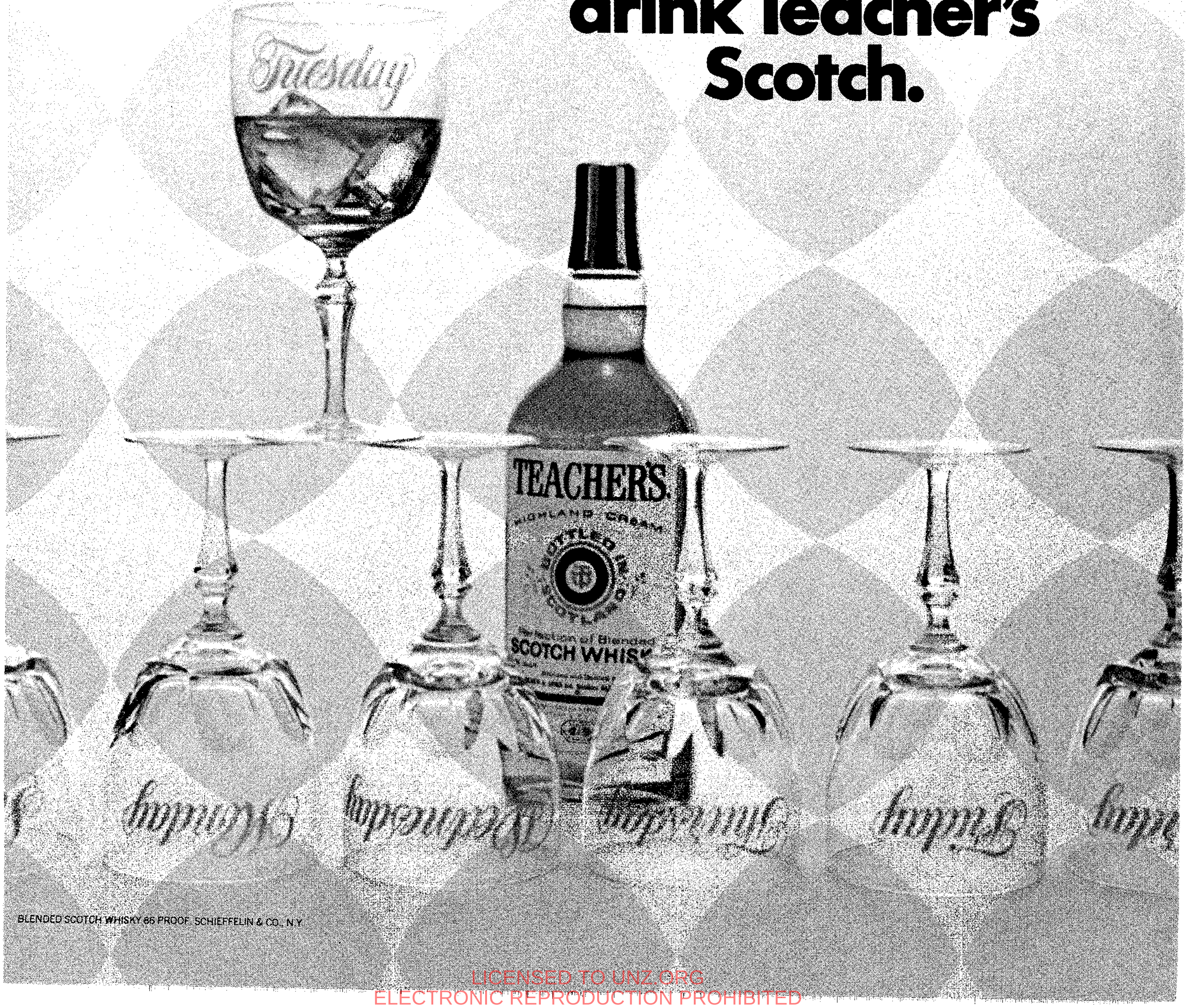
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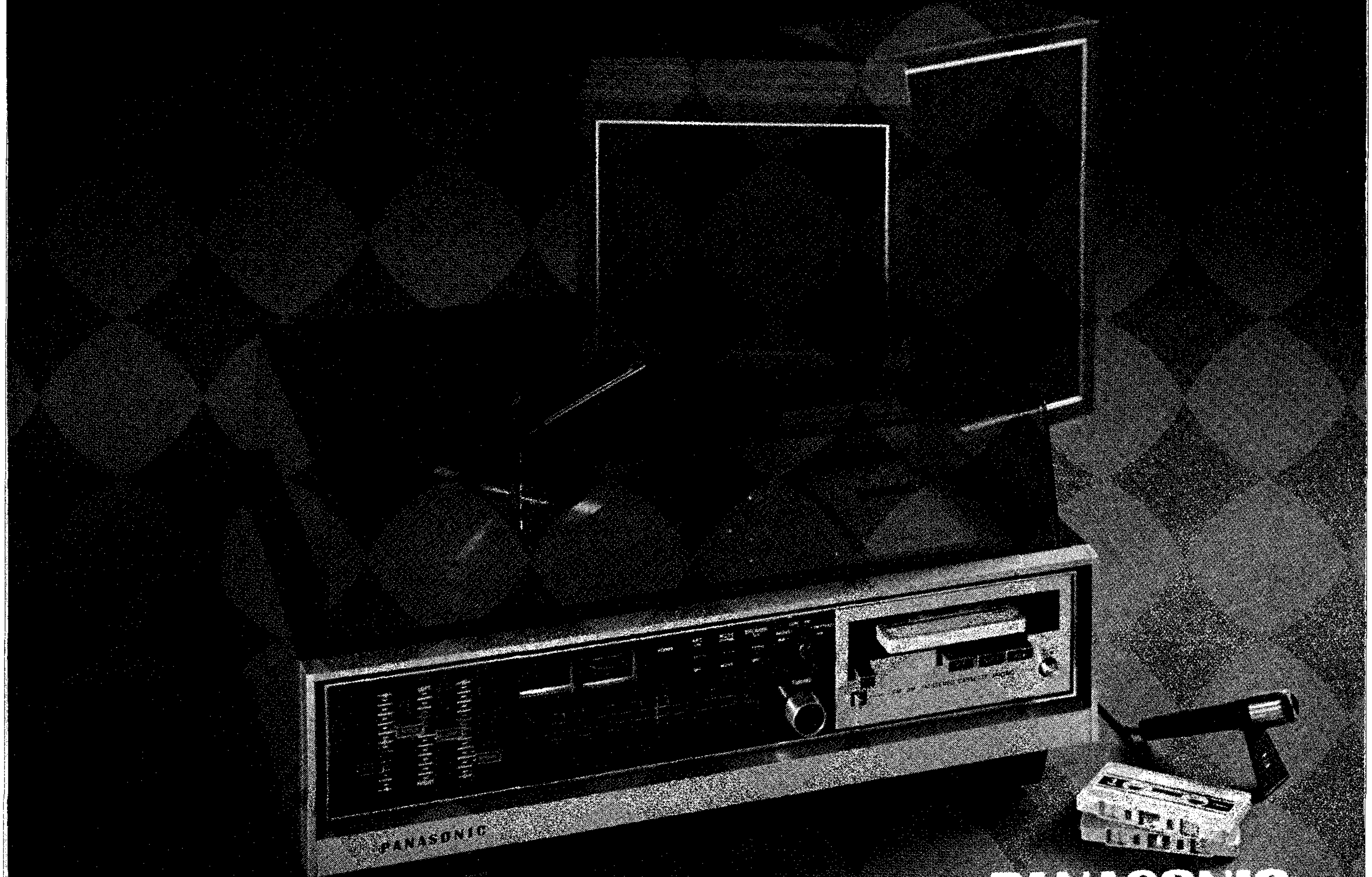

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ments seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *every*body, right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, a threat to the peace of mind of everyone, including herself, is talking her head off here. Diatribes at nine-thirty and thereafter. Silence on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm, and *amour, amour* is the mood of the well-appointed piano operated so well by Robert Poitevin, who is on hand from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The ambience a Londoner expects to find at the Connaught, the music (George Feyer's eclectic piano) the Central European expects to find at home. Mr. F. is present from eight-thirty until one-thirty, but never on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life. Among the strollers along the Way is the crew of itinerant minstrels led by Rudy Barron. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Port of call on a little-known island. People waiting for the weekly mail steamer can hear Wayne Sanders, who just got off the last boat, reminiscing at his piano about gone but not forgotten days. He sits up fairly late. Closed Mondays. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, who always looks extremely good, looks his best at the piano in this chancellery, where he presides from five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except Saturdays, and Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Portia Nelson, whose limpid voice tolled the wee small hours in the long-ago Blue Angel, is again singing on the top floor of this duplex, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, along with Bill Russell's threesome. No Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—New paintings by a leading Optical artist; through March 6. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

FRANÇOIS AND BERNARD BASCHET—More of these artists' sound-making sculptures, which have received wide attention; through March 13. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM BAZIOTES (1912-63) **AND ADOLPH GOTTLIEB**—Works by two leading Abstract Expressionists: late paintings by the former, recent works on paper by the latter; through March 6. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIFFORD BEAL (1879-1956)—Watercolors and some pastels, done between 1915 and 1950, of landscapes and figures; through March 6. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

VICTOR BRAUNER (1903-66)—Paintings of fantastic creatures done between 1940 and 1965 by this Surrealist; through March 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES BROOKS—New paintings by an early Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAN CHRISTENSEN—Paintings based on the square; through Wednesday, Feb. 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM CROVELLO—Abstract sculptures in marble, also geometric paintings; through Thursday, Feb. 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GENE DAVIS—Large paintings by this composer in stripes; starting Saturday, Feb. 20. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STUART DAVIS (1894-1964)—Major drawings on canvas and paper done between 1928 and 1964; through March 2. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL DELVAUX AND PAUL WUNDERLICH—Paintings by the former, a Belgian Surrealist who specializes in mesmerized nudes in unexpected settings, and paintings and gouaches, some of nudes, by the latter, a German Surrealist; through March 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LADDIE JOHN DILL—Settings created by tubes of colored lights; starting Saturday, Feb. 20. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

ELSIE DRIGGS—Oils and some collages of landscapes and figures; through Saturday, Feb. 20. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WALKER EVANS—A show of photographs by this leading American documentary photographer. It is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Thursday, Feb. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

RUBENS GERCHMAN—The first one-man show in the United States by a Brazilian sculptor who incorporates words in his constructions; through March 6. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

RED GROOMS—One huge construction with objects duplicating the contents of a Midwestern discount store; through Feb. 28. (924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

HANS HARTUNG—A substantial number of paintings and drawings by this leading German Abstract Expressionist; through March 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

BUDD HOPKINS—Abstract collages; through March 4. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGARET ISRAEL—Figurative painted-plaster wall pieces and sculptures; through March 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD JACOBS—Constructions in combinations of wood, vinyl, Plexiglas, and metal; through March 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WOLF KAHN—Recent paintings by a well-known landscapist; through Thursday, Feb. 25.

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BONWIT TELLER

(Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints of this artist's social subjects and portraits; through March 13. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Kubin (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Rider" group; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mon Levinson—Abstract constructions in Plexiglas; starting Saturday, Feb. 20. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clyde Lynds—Electrified constructions with changing light and color patterns; through Thursday, Feb. 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Manning—Paintings, mostly of architecture; through March 6. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Maril—Landscapes, seascapes, and interiors, some with figures; through March 5. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—The artist's life-situation in New Mexico, presented through painted panels and a reconstruction of his environment; through March 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

J. Pindyck Miller and Barry Lieberman—Geometrical sculptures in aluminum or aluminum and wood by Mr. Miller, and abstract paintings by Mr. Lieberman; through March 6. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Armando Morales—Abstract paintings; starting Tuesday, Feb. 23. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Nauman—A multiple-projected film of a rotating sphere by a conceptualist; through March 6. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Bentley Nick—Realistic paintings of houses, streets, boats, and so on; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Paone—Subjective landscapes and fantastic still-lifes; through March 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Oil paintings not hitherto shown in the United States, also watercolors, drawings, and recent graphics; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Picken and Richard Derby Tucker—Realistic paintings—landscapes and still-lifes by the former, figures by the latter; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Peter Pinchbeck—Rectilinear planes of painted wood and masonite; through Saturday, Feb. 20. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Harvey Quaytman and George Kuehn—Shaped color-field canvases by the first and structures of rope, chain, and water by the second; through March 11. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Ron Robertson-Swann—The first exhibit in America of abstract paintings in oil and watercolor by an Australian artist who is also a sculptor; through March 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Morton Rosengarten—The first one-man show in New York of heads in bronze by this Canadian; through March 13. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Alvin Ross—Still-life paintings in hyper-real style; through March 6. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Ryman—New paintings; through March 4. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raymond Saunders—Small works on paper in colored pencils and inks that combine Abstract Expressionism and Pop imagery; through March 13. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Sherrod—Wildly Expressionist paintings, some with apocalyptic subjects; through Thursday, Feb. 25. (Sonraed, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

Roberta Shute—Vacuum-formed plastic sculptures, some with lights; through March 3. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Signac (1863-1935)—Drawings, watercolors, and graphics; through March 13. (Loeb & Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Smith—Large, shaped canvases; through March 17. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Jack Tworkov—Paintings of the last two years by this former "first-generation" Abstract Expressionist. The show is running concurrently with the Tworkov show at the Whitney Museum. Through March 10. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

David von Schlegell—Abstract steel and aluminum sculptures, some huge; through March 2. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

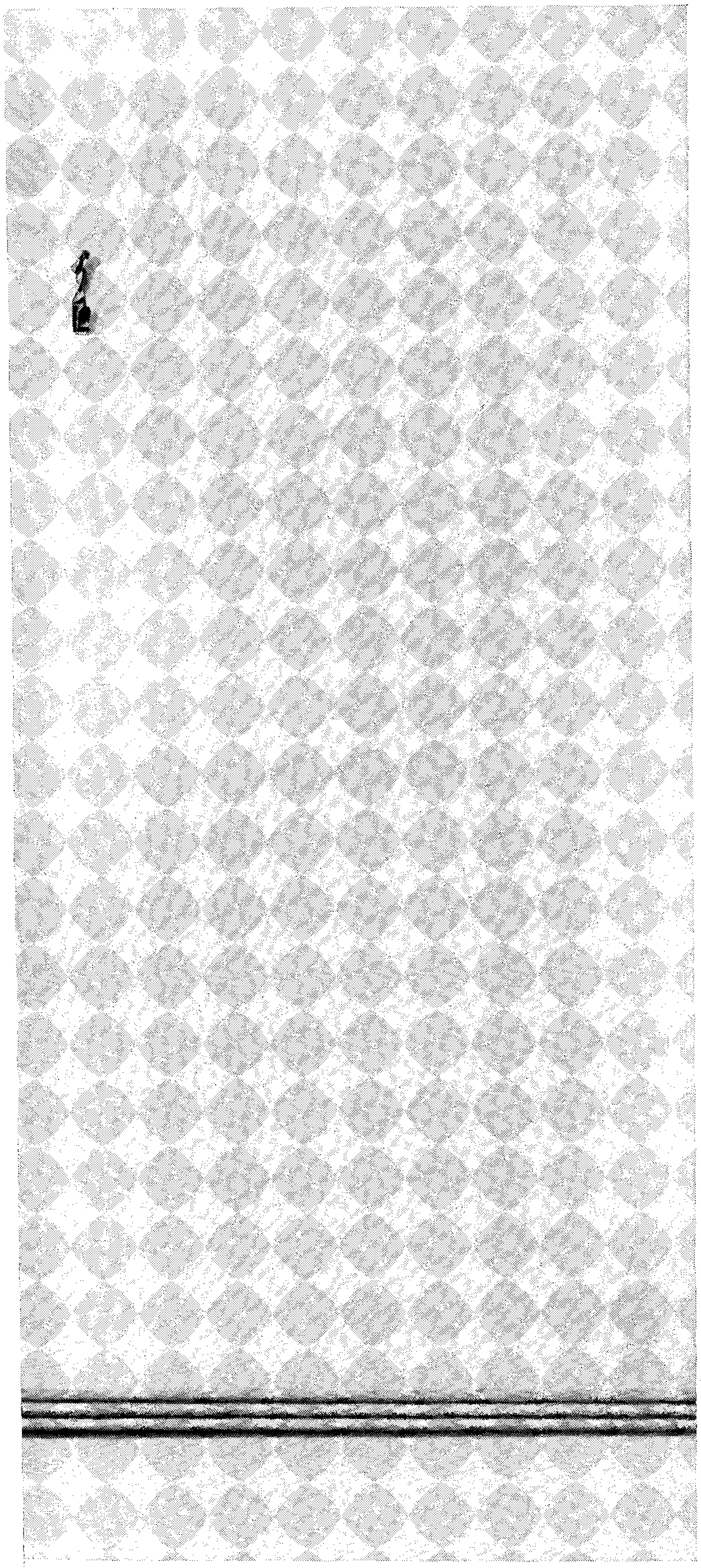
Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Fifty early drawings by this American of the Paris school; starting Tuesday, Feb. 23. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jack Youngerman—Recent examples of this artist's emblematic paintings, also stainless-steel sculptures, gouaches, and a portfolio of silk-screens; through March 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **Bodley**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Drawings by Léger, Klee, Picasso, Matisse, and others; through March 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **Center for Inter-American Relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Mayan sculptures, reliefs, vases, sections of buildings, and hieroglyphic writings in stone, jade, bone, and other materials; through March 28. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **Danenberg**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and sculptures of the twentieth century; through Saturday, Feb. 27.... **Goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jo Baer, David Budd, Dan Christensen, William Crozier, and Peter Young; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: About sixty works by Sanford Robinson Gifford (1823-80), a Hudson River painter, along with paintings by other Hudson River artists, among them Durand, Cole, Bierstadt, Church, and Doughty; through Saturday, Feb 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **Knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: A hundred and forty works, including folk paintings from the earliest Colonial artists through W.P.A. art of the 1930's, addressed to the enigma "What is American in American Art?"; through March 6.... **Loeb Student Center**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Four Latin American sculptors working in advanced modes; starting Thursday, Feb. 18. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to midnight.)... **Midtown**, 11 E. 57th St: An anniversary exhibit of gallery artists, including Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, William Thon, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal; through March 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. Harris**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Works on paper by Manny Farber, realistic paintings by John Kacere and Stephen Woodburn, and sculptures of rope and string by Steve Chapin; through March 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **Rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Closed Saturdays.)... **Visual Arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and prints emphasizing common elements in different current styles, with works by Bonnard, Van Buren, Nancy Graves, Warhol, and others; through March 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)... **Zabriskie**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Drawings of the past fifty years by Katherine Schmidt, Morris Kantor, and Louis Lozowick; through March 6. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through June 1.... ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—ranging in time from the second millenium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23.... ¶ Forty-five collages by Joseph Cornell, celebrated for his boxes; through Feb. 28.... ¶ Three hundred drawings by fifty-four artists of eighteenth-



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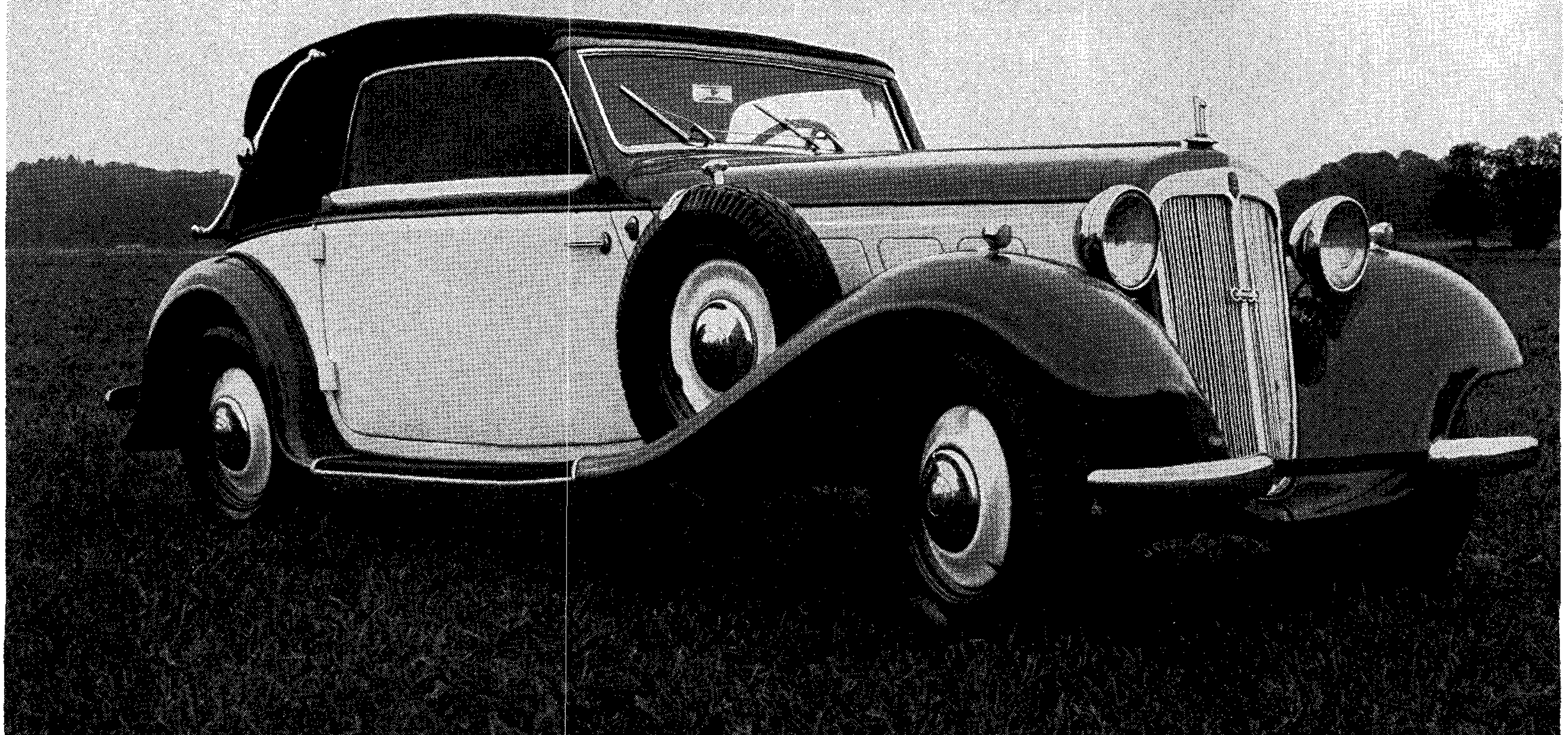

We're not about to compare frills or fancy gadgets or whether or not a window rolls down by pushing a button.

We're talking about something far more important: How a car moves, stops, turns and, yes, even takes a bump. And it's on those basic engineering principles, and those alone, that we'll be more than happy to compare our '33 car to any '71.

So let's begin.

The 1933 Audi had front-wheel drive. Only a handful of cars (among them, the Cadillac Eldorado and Oldsmobile Toronado) have it today.

The 1933 Audi had an aluminum engine block. Just about every car today (including the Eldorado and Toronado) uses the heavier cast iron.

The 1933 Audi had a 4-speed transmission with overdrive. Most 1971's come with a 3-speed transmission. And no overdrive. You want 4 speeds? You pay extra. You want overdrive? You can't get it.

Our car had separate brakes for the front and separate brakes for the rear. True, all of today's cars have the very same system. But they *have* to have it. By a 1968 Federal law.

The Audi also had an independent front suspension. Most '71 cars haven't advanced beyond that.

And as for our steering system, we used dual tie rods. Most '71 cars haven't advanced beyond that either.

If you're beginning to think we didn't miss a trick with the 1933 Audi, you're wrong.

Suggested price East Coast P.O.E., for 100 LS (as shown): $3,595. Other models start at: $2,995 (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher). Local taxes and dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Air conditioning and automatic transmission optional.

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Introducing the 1971 Audi.

It's not only got dual tie rods, it's also got rack-and-pinion steering. Which makes it the most responsive steering system any car ever had. (It must be. The finest racing cars in the world use it.)

It's got front-wheel drive. So you can corner surer and grip the road better. (It's such an advanced automotive principle, even we couldn't improve upon it.)

Today's Audi has inboard front disc brakes. They're right in the car's airstream to keep them cool. So you can keep cool and not worry about them fading. We also made them large enough to bring an Audi moving 60 miles an hour to a complete stop in about four seconds.

Our car also has a unique rear suspension. Back there, there's an axle that's so flexible that when one wheel goes thump on a bump, just *one* wheel goes thump.

Why we've even got a transmission case made of aluminum. Which means the transmission runs cooler and lasts longer.

And speaking of the transmission, just listen to this. You can get a 4-speed transmission, with a built-in overdrive ratio, and an engine that can go from 0 to 50 in a mere 8 seconds. Or a fully automatic transmission that can give you an incredible 23 miles to a gallon of gas.

As for the interior, it's filled with all the comforts of home. Like seats that are not only plush, but also comfortable. (They were designed by orthopedic surgeons.) And air conditioning. And enough legroom and headroom for almost anybody's legs and head.

We're absolutely convinced that the 1971 Audi is the most advanced car you can buy.

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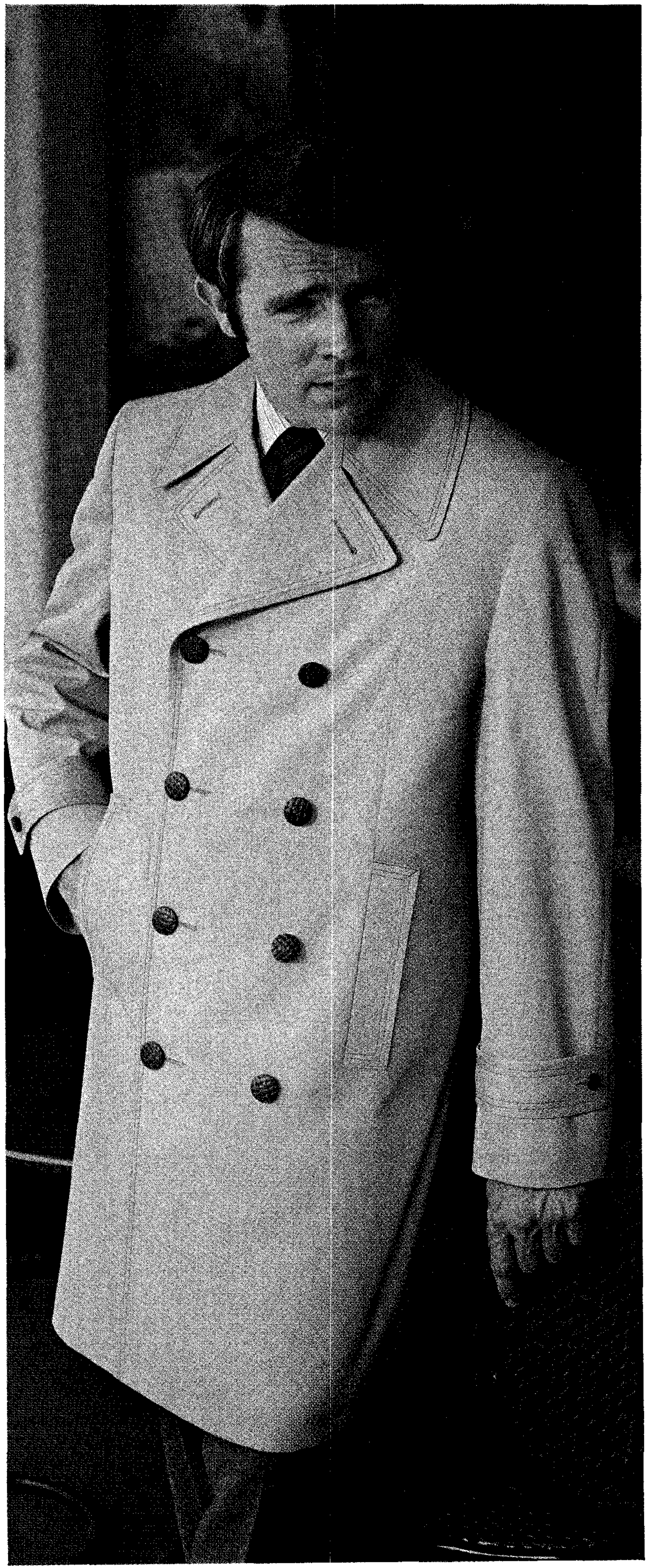

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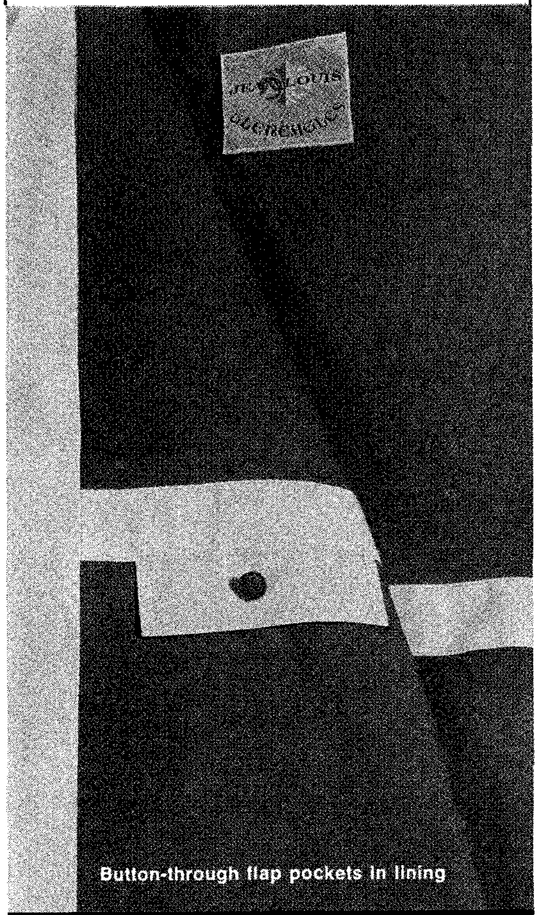

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

century Italy, among them Tiepolo, Domenico, Guardi, and Piranesi; through March 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Collection of Gertrude Stein and Her Family," more than two hundred paintings once owned by Gertrude Stein and her brothers, Leo and Michael, and by the latter's wife, Sarah, gathered from many sources; through March 1. . . . ¶ Approximately two hundred and twenty-five photographs by Walker Evans, one of America's leading documentary photographers of this century; through April 11. A complement to this exhibit is the Evans show at the Schoelkopf Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. . . . ¶ Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Rodchenko (1891-1956), an important Russian avant-garde artist of the period around the First World War, supplemented by book designs, a poster, and photographs of lost or destroyed works. Through April 11. . . . ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through March 21. . . . ¶ A collection of portraits taken in Paris during the twenties, New York cityscapes, and illustrations of scientific principles by Berenice Abbott, one of America's leading photographers; through Feb. 28. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Visitors to the Stein exhibit will be admitted at 10 on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixth Guggenheim International Exhibition comprising paintings, sculptures, conceptual, environmental, and process art by around twenty artists of the United States, South America, Canada, Europe, and Japan; through April 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty-seven watercolors, oils, drawings, and etchings constituting a centennial exhibition covering all periods of the career of John Marin (1870-1953), famous for his New England seascapes and paintings of New York City; starting Thursday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Ten paintings representing a turn toward a new orderliness by Jack Tworkov, a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through March 14. A complement to this exhibit is the Tworkov show at French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fourteen major paintings and drawings by Vincent van Gogh, borrowed from the artist's nephew and the van Gogh Foundation in Holland; through April 4. . . . ¶ Lithographs, etchings, Japanese prints, newspaper engravings, and photographs collected and studied by van Gogh; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Japanese folding screens dating from the late sixteenth century to the mid-nineteenth; through March 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty prints by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), containing the human and animal themes of his celebrated sculptures; through March 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of material acquired by the Library since 1968; through May 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Around seventy wooden figures that adorned ships, shops, and theatres, and heralded circuses in New York during the nineteenth century; through Sunday, Feb. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective exhibit of Henri Laurens (1885-1954), consisting of more than a hundred sculptures, as well as reliefs, constructions, graphics, and drawings; also fourteen paintings and five sculptures by Georges Braque (1882-1963), who was a friend of Laurens. Through March 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recent acquisitions that fatten the Library's Berg Collection—original manuscripts and letters of major English, Irish, and American writers. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 17: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Inge Borkh, Mignon Dunn, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 18: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Hildegard Hillebrecht, Jean Madeira, Robert Nagy, and Thomas Stewart. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 19: A new production of Massenet's "Werther," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 20: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 20: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Joann Grillo, Sándor Kónya, and Morley Meredith; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 22: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 23: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Hildegard Hillebrecht, Regina Resnik, William Lewis, and Thomas Stewart. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 24: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gail Robinson, Franco Bonisolli, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 25: "Fidelio," with Catarina Ligendza, Edith Mathis, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 26: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 27: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Jean Madeira, Robert Nagy, and Thomas Stewart. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 27: "Werther," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2, and Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2:30.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 25—Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 7:15: "La Cenerentola," with Susanne Marsee, Lois Crane, Kenneth Riegel, and Richard Stilwell. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Nicholas DiVirgilio. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Carlos Montane, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Susanne Marsee, Lois Crane, Kenneth Riegel, and Jack Bittner. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-7652.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 21, at 1:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Johanna Meier, Norman Treigle, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 21, at 7:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Carlos Montane, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans,

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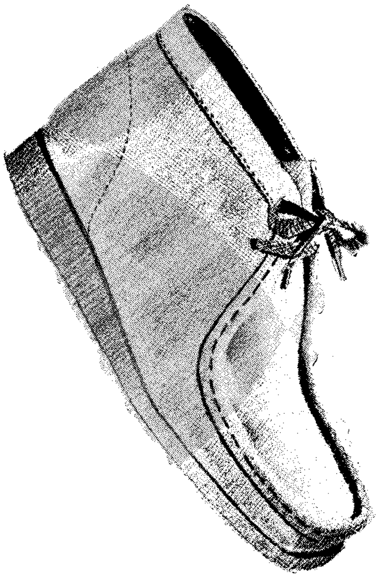

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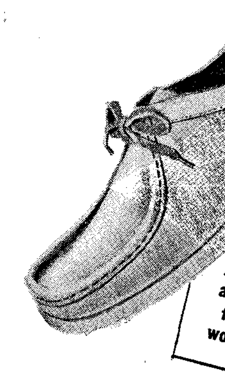

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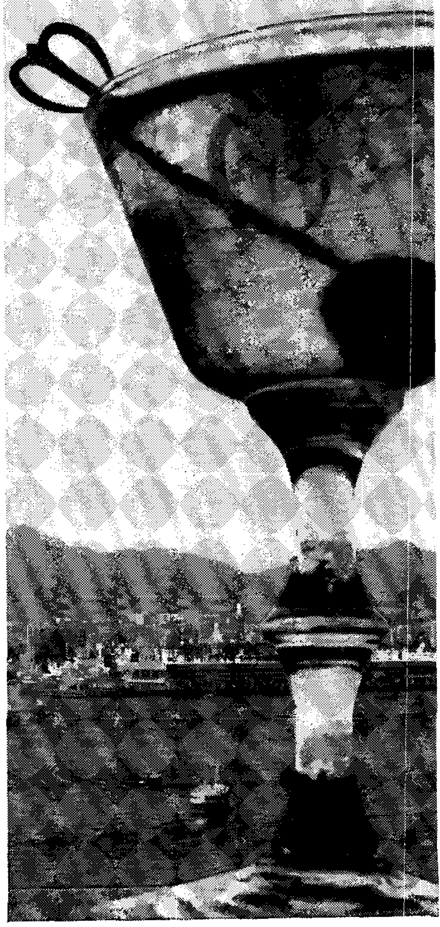


Norman Treigle, and Nicholas DiVirgilio. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Susanne Marsee, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, Herman Malamood, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Patricia Wise, Johanna Meier, Norman Treigle, and John Darrenkamp. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Seiji Ozawa conducting on Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 19, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 22, at 7:30 (all with Peter Serkin, piano). . . . ¶ Karlheinz Stockhausen conducting a program of his own music on Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:30 (with the Group Stockhausen). . . . ¶ A program on Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30, conducted, variously, by Philippe Bender, Mario Benzecry, and David Gilbert, award-winners of the Mitropoulos International Music Competition.

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 17, and Friday, Feb. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, the last three in a series of concerts—Thursday, Feb. 18, at 8:30: Rafael Kubelik conducting, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 19, at 8:30: Georg Semkow conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 22, at 8:30: Rafael Kubelik conducting an all-Schumann program, with Christoph Eschenbach, piano.

Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra—Stephen Simon conducting, with Peter Nero, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 20-21, at 8:30, with Zino Francescatti, violin; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 27-28, at 8:30, with Justino Diaz, bass. All seats have been sold for the first two concerts, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Igor Markevitch conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Chilean Chamber Orchestra—Fernando Rosas conducting. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 8:40.)

Munich Chamber Orchestra—Hans Stadlmair conducting two Mozart piano concertos, with Christoph Eschenbach. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Roger Wagner directing Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

RECITALS

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, with Samuel Baron, flute; Alexander Kouguell, cello; Ronald Roseman, oboe; and others. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Grigory Sokolov—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Beverly Sills, soprano; James Buswell, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison and Samuel Baron, flute; Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 5, and Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 7.)

Igor Oistrakh—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

André Watts—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Alexander Tcherepnin and Paul Olefsky—A program of Tcherepnin's music for piano and cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The second in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8:40.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Feb. 26, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Beaux Arts Trio—With Walter Trampler, viola, in the last in a series of recitals. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:40.)

Ivan Davis—Piano, in a recital postponed from Jan. 23. The second of two recitals. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Note—The Juilliard String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 22, in the order that written applications are received on that day, not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

New Image of Sound—The fourth in a series of six programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by the Dorian Woodwind Quintet. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:40.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Small Faces, the Grease Band, and Savoy Brown with Kim Simmonds—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8 and 11:30.

The Byrds and Redeye—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 8.

Black Sabbath, J. Geils Band, and Sir Lord Baltimore—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, at 8 and 11:30.

Laura Nyro, the Rascals, Alice Coltrane, and Pharoah Sanders—In a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Beach Boys—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8 and at midnight.

Melanie—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8.

Fleetwood Mac, Black Widow, and Van Morrison—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 20, at 8: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8: Knicks vs. Portland.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2:05: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, April 17. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 27.

Tennis—At Madison Square Garden—1971 Tennis Champions Classic. Wednesday, Feb. 17, at 7:30: Rod Laver vs. Dennis Ralston, in the tenth match of the series. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 22, at 7:30: Two semifinal matches involving Rod Laver and three other players (the possibilities are Arthur Ashe, Dennis Ralston, Tom Okker, and Roy Emerson).

Track Meets—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 19, at 7.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 245-1540.) . . . ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 26, at 7.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK: Gene Forrell conducting the opening children's concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30.) . . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Benjamin Britten program, with Emily Frankel, dancer; Myung Whun Chung, piano; and Dee Victor, narrator. The final children's concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

Tamburitzans—A program of Slavic and Balkan folk music and dance, presented by a company of thirty from Duquesne University. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Cinderella." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 20, at 1:30. Children under four not admitted.) . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan." Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, Feb. 21, and Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "The Wizard of Oz." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . NEW YORK CHILDREN'S THEATRE CENTER: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 1.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Hot Feet." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 20, and Saturday, Feb. 27, at 1 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "From the Great Bear to the Southern Cross." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Notes—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Larry Fagin, Charles Levendosky, and David Shapiro reading from their own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Feb. 21, at 3. Tickets at the box office on the day of the readings.)

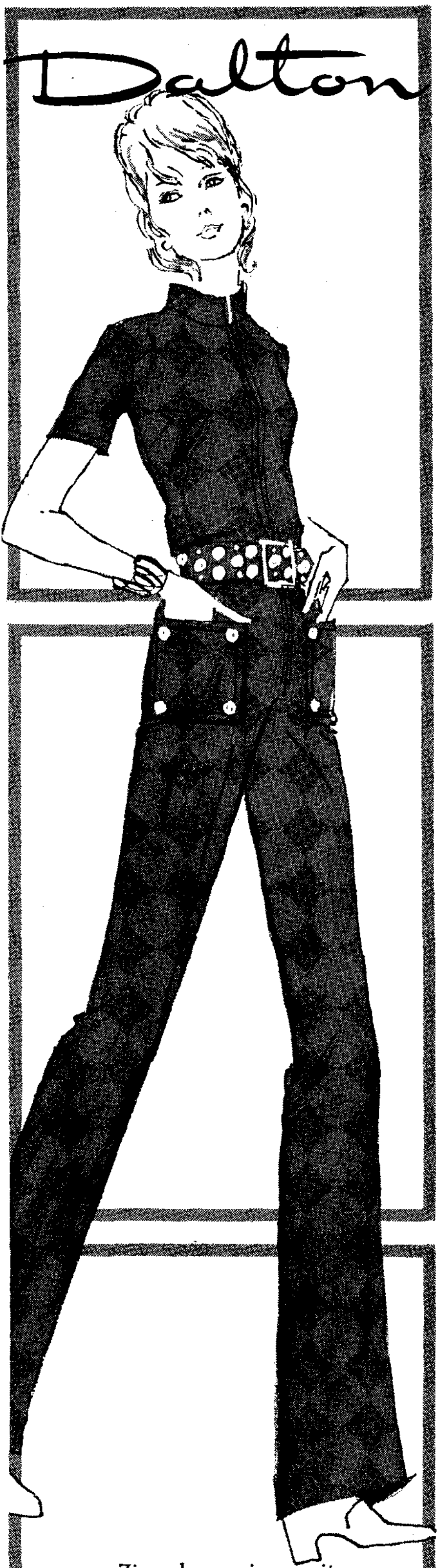
Lectures—"Mothers of Composition," by Lukas Foss. (Cooper Union's Engineering and Science Building, 51 Astor Pl. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:15. Admission is free.) . . . ¶ "Man's Function in Universe," by Buckminster Fuller. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Sculptors' Studios—Six sculptors will open their studios to the public on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, from 1 to 6, in a benefit tour. The studios shown will be those of José de Creeft (Saturday only), Dorothy Dehner, Chaim Gross, Bruno Lucchesi, Julius Tobias, and Anita Weschler. (For information about tickets, call AL 5-6337.)

National Antiques Show—This year, the emphasis will be on Art Deco. Over three hundred dealers will display objects from this period between the two World Wars, in addition to the traditional furniture, jewelry, and decorative accessories. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Saturday, Feb. 20, through Sunday, Feb. 28. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 19, at 2: English, French, and German eighteenth- and nineteenth-century *objets de vertu;* from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 20, at 2: French and other Continental furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 2: Art reference works, illustrated and press books, sets in leather bindings, and other books; from several owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 2: Barbizon and other nineteenth-century paintings, drawings, and watercolors; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 18.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "The Little Yank" (1917), directed by George Siegmann, with Dorothy Gish. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Last Man on Earth" (1924), directed by J. G. Blystone, with Grace Cunard. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 8: "Socrates" (1970), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Jean Silvère and Ana Caprile. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Olympia to Her Friends" (1970), in Italian, directed by Adriano Aprà, with Pierluigi Aprà; no English titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 11:30: A program of ten early silent films. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 3 and 5:30: "The Scavengers" (1970), in Italian, directed by Ermanno Olmi, with Antonio Lunardi. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Diary of a Schizophrenic Girl" (1970), in Italian, directed by Gian Vittorio Baldi, with Margarita Lozano. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 1:30: "The Scavengers" (1970), in Italian, directed by Ermanno Olmi. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 6 and Feb. 23 at 2: "On Approval" (1944), directed by Clive Brook, with Beatrice Lillie and Mr. Brook. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 5:30: "Wanda" (1970), directed by Barbara Loden. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "The Investigation" (1970), in Italian, directed by Gianni Amica. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Spider's Strategem" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernando Bertolucci, with Giulio Brogi and Alida Valli. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of French films. Through Feb. 18: "Le Misanthrope," directed by Bernard Dhéran, with Jacques Dumenil. . . . Feb. 19-20: "Jacques le Fataliste," directed by Dennis Diderot, with Madeleine Renaud. . . . Feb. 21 and 24: Surrealism in French cinema. . . . Feb. 25-26: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1944), directed by Robert Bresson, with Maria Casarès. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Trash."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Let It Be," "Yellow Submarine," "A Hard Day's Night," and "Help!"

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 23: "Women in Love" and "Live for Life."
From Feb. 24: "There's a Girl in My Soup" and "Getting Straight."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Julius Caesar."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Sudden Terror."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Puzzle of a Downfall Child."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Pigeons."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Bed and Board."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 21: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."
From Feb. 22, at 8: "The Pursuit of Happiness." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Music Lovers."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Night Visitor."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Ramparts of Clay."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Little Murders."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 20: "My Night at Maud's."
From Feb. 21: "Claire's Knee."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Zachariah."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Last Valley."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Five Easy Pieces."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Soldier Blue."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Doctors' Wives."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 23: "Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."
From Feb. 24: "Get Carter."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Feb. 24 (tentative): "Catch-22" and "The Landlord."
From Feb. 25: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Joe."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Projectionist."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Feb. 17: "Abraham Lincoln" and "The Struggle."
Feb. 18: "The Birth of a Nation."
Feb. 19: "Hearts of the World" and "Intolerance."
Feb. 20: "Intolerance."
Feb. 21: "Broken Blossoms" and "Dream Street."
Feb. 22: "Way Down East" and "The Birth of a Nation."
Feb. 23: "Orphans of the Storm."
Feb. 24: "Isn't Life Wonderful" and "The Birth of a Nation."
Feb. 25: "America" and "Intolerance."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 23: "Soldier Blue."
From Feb. 24: To be announced.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"My Fair Lady."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
Feb. 17: "Abraham Lincoln" and "Hoo Doo Ann."
Feb. 18: D. W. Griffith one-reelers.
Feb. 19: "Hearts of the World" and "Isn't Life Wonderful."
Feb. 20: "Intolerance."
Feb. 21: A program of Greek films.
Feb. 22: "Way Down East."
Feb. 23: "Orphans of the Storm."
Feb. 24: "Judith of Bethulia" and "The White Rose."
Feb. 25: D. W. Griffith one-reelers.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Wild Country."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Feb. 17: "Promise at Dawn."
From Feb. 18: "Wuthering Heights."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Night Visitor."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Zachariah."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Feb. 23: "Lupo!"
From Feb. 24: "The Body."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Garden of Delights."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Say Hello to Yesterday."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 23: "Cotton Comes to Harlem" and "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!"
From Feb. 24: "Perfect Friday."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 23: "Joe."
From Feb. 24: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Five Easy Pieces."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 17: "The World of Apu" and "Cul-de-Sac."
Feb. 18: "Cul-de-Sac" and "Yojimbo."
Feb. 19: "Yojimbo" and "The Birds."
Feb. 20: "The Birds" and "Diabolique."
Feb. 21: "Diabolique" and "Scorpio Rising."
Feb. 22: "Scorpio Rising" and "The Seven Samurai."
Feb. 23: "The Seven Samurai" and "Force of Evil."
Feb. 24: "Force of Evil" and "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang."
From Feb. 25: "The Hour of the Furnaces."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 23: "The Pizza Triangle" and "Alfie."
From Feb. 24: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Christine Jorgensen Story."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 18: "La Prisonnière" and "The Wages of Fear."
Feb. 19-21: "The Red Shoes" and "The Lovers of Teruel."
Feb. 22-23: "Shame" and "The Exterminating Angel."
Feb. 24-25: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" and "Point of Order!"

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Trash."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives his best performance as a self-centered working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert, from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (Symphony; through Feb. 23.)

America (1924)—It would seem that D. W. *Griffith didn't have the emotional involvement* in the American Revolution that he had in the Civil War. This ambitious, elaborate epic is tame and stolid compared to "The Birth of a Nation." There are wonderful sequences, but it's a rather academic work—the sort of thing that always gets praised for its "authenticity." The cast includes Neil Hamilton and Carol Dempster (at less than par, even for her), and Lionel Barrymore as the villain. (Elgin; Feb. 25.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Birds (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects took over in this Hitchcock scare-picture, and he failed to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy. (New Yorker; Feb. 19-20.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Of this D. W. *Griffith film, James Agee wrote, "It is equal* with Brady's photographs, Lincoln's speeches, Whitman's war poems . . . in fact, to the best work that has been done in this country. And among moving pictures it is alone . . . as the one great epic, tragic film." With Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall. (Elgin; Feb. 18, 22, and 24.)

The Body—A celebration of human biology—birth, sex, old age. Uplifting narration by Vanessa Redgrave. Roy Battersby directed. *(Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting Feb. 24.)*

Broken Blossoms (1919)—D. W. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy—a small-scale film but his most poetic, and one of his finest. With Lillian Gish as the childish waif (the source, probably, of the Giulietta Masina role in "La Strada"). Donald Crisp as the brutal Zampano-like prizefighter, and Richard Barthelmess as the lonely Chinese dreamer. (Elgin; Feb. 21.)

Julius Caesar—A new British version, directed by Stuart Burge, with Charlton Heston, Jason Robards, and John Gielgud. (Kips Bay.)

Catch-22—Political and moral omens of the present in the absurd situation of a Second World War American bomber squadron at loose ends. Directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin as Captain Yossarian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Feb. 24, tentative.)

Claire's Knee—*The new film by Eric Rohmer,* who made "My Night at Maud's," is part of the same cycle—a variation on the same themes. With Jean-Claude Brialy. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 21.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem—Two New York City police detectives (Raymond St. Jacques and Godfrey Cambridge) on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hardboiled detective story and very broad farce, directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novel by Chester *Himes. With Calvin Lockhart (as a very* fancy crook) and Redd Foxx. (Cinema Studio; through Feb. 23.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski di-

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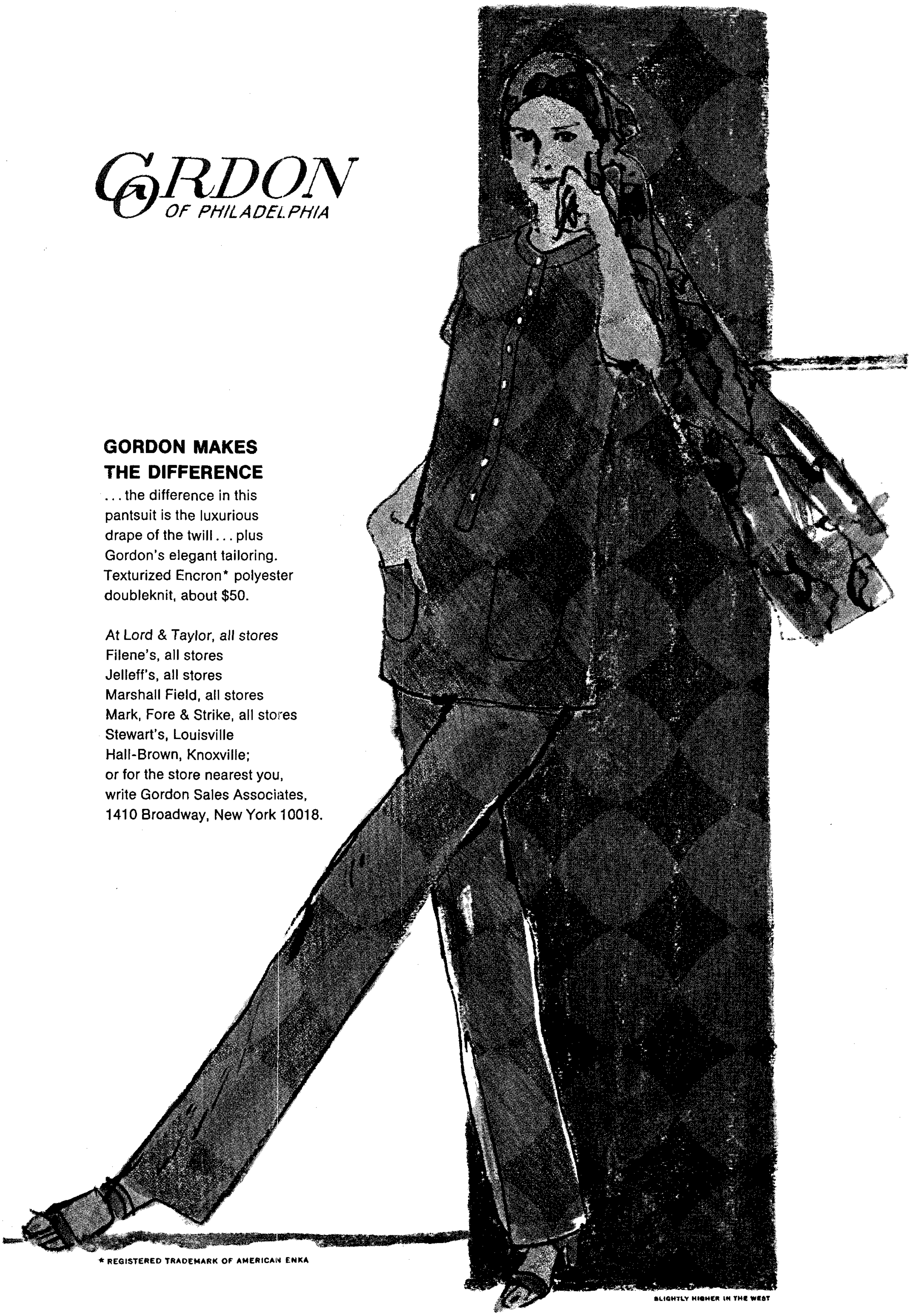

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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21	22	23	24	25		

rected this freak show. Gross and sadistic. (New Yorker; through Feb. 18.)

Diabolique (1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's rather revolting. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 20-21.)

Doctors' Wives—Heavy traffic from operating room to bedroom. From the Frank G. Slaughter novel, with Dyan Cannon, Richard Crenna, and Gene Hackman, directed by George Schaefer. (Loew's Ciné.)

Dream Street (1921)—Returning to the Thomas Burke stories of the London slums that were the basis for "Broken Blossoms," D. W. Griffith had a disaster. The plot, about a Chinese who lusts after Carol Dempster (a chilly heroine), is fairly embarrassing, and the mixture of allegory, melodrama, and attempted poetry is a mess. (Elgin; Feb. 21.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a dinner party that the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Thalia; Feb. 22-23.)

Five Easy Pieces—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Force of Evil (1948)—Abraham Polonsky (more recently the director of "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here") directed this small but highly esteemed movie about numbers racketeers. With John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson. (New Yorker; Feb. 23-24.)

The Garden of Delights—A comedy about upper-middle-class greed by Carlos Saura, the director of "The Hunt." In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

Get Carter—High-powered British crime film, brutally effective. Michael Caine plays a London hood; Mike Hodges directed. (86th St. East; starting Feb. 24.)

Getting Straight—Elliott Gould and Candice Bergen in a campus picture. One of the varyingly cheap new tear-gas romances. The film's student riots seem to be happening so that Elliott and Candy can patch up a lovers' fight. Richard Rush directed Robert Kaufman's bowdlerization of the Ken Kolb novel. (Charles; starting Feb. 24.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

D. W. Griffith One-Reelers—Two different programs of fifteen films. (Bijou Cinema; Feb. 18 and 25.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (Cinema Village.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (Cinema Village.)

Hearts of the World (1918)—D. W. Griffith's venture into direct propaganda; he began the film to convince Americans to enter the First World War, but his objective was attained before he actually started to shoot, and the film turned into propaganda for an angrier spirit. Partly shot in the battlefields of Europe. With Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, and Robert Harron. (Elgin and Bijou Cinema; Feb. 19.)

Hoo Doo Ann (1916)—D. W. Griffith didn't direct this film, starring Mae Marsh, although it was made under his supervision and he wrote the story, under a pseudonym. It's about an orphan hounded by misfortunes, and it was probably not modesty that prevented Griffith from taking credit for it. Lloyd Ingraham directed. (Bijou Cinema; Feb. 17.)

The Hour of the Furnaces—An attempt to use film as a revolutionary weapon. A four-hour didactic, explosive, semi-documentary on Peronism and the necessity to create national consciousness in Argentina and Latin America. By the Argentine director Fernando Solanas. (New Yorker; starting Feb. 25.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Cinema I.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warner Brothers and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, Helen Vinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (New Yorker; Feb. 24.)

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's mad, brilliant, silly extravaganza—perhaps the greatest movie ever made. In it one can see the source of most of the major traditions of the screen—the methods of Eisenstein and von Stroheim, the Germans and the Scandinavians, and, when it's bad, De Mille. It combines extraordinary lyric passages, realism, and psychological details with nonsense, vulgarity, and painful sentimentality. (Elgin; Feb. 19, 20, and 25. . . . ¶ Bijou Cinema; Feb. 20.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Baronet; through Feb. 21.)

Isn't Life Wonderful (1924)—D. W. Griffith, who, in addition to everything else, had an extraordinary feeling for the documentary aspects of film, shot this story about what war does to people in Germany after the First World War. A pioneer work of neo-realism, which influenced the Italian films made after the Second World War, it was perhaps Griffith's last great burst of creative energy. The stars are Carol Dempster (at her best, which is still not overpowering) and Neil Hamilton. The locations include Berlin. (Bijou Cinema; Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Elgin; Feb. 24.)

Joe—A hard-hat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Ciné Malibu and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Regency; through Feb. 23.)

The Christine Jorgensen Story—With John Hansen in the title role. Directed by Irving Rapper. (Symphony; starting Feb. 24.)

Judith of Bethulia (1913)—Seen now, this D. W. Griffith four-reeler (which was the first four-reel film made in America) appears to be a warmup for the splendors of his "Intolerance." "Judith of Bethulia" is not an altogether likable picture, but it has its heavy pseudo-Oriental charms. Blanche Sweet is the plump and pious Jewish widow who decks herself out as a courtesan and gains entrance to the camp of the Assyrian general, Holofernes (Henry B. Walthall). Mae Marsh and Robert Harron are young lovers, and Lillian Gish, in a grand coup of unlikely casting, plays a young Jewish mother. (Bijou Cinema; Feb. 24.)

The Landlord—Fair-to-middling story about Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Feb. 24, tentative.)

The Last Valley—Michael Caine as an intelligent man of action in a large-scale historical adventure story set in Germany during the Thirty Years War. He leads his band of brutal mercenaries into a hidden valley; it's as if the men from Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai" had discovered Shangri-La. The director, James Clavell, is a good storyteller, and the film has a core of feeling. With Omar Sharif. (Juliet 2.)

Let It Be—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what's said to be the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Cinema Village.)

Abraham Lincoln (1930)—Walter Huston played the lead in this D. W. Griffith sound film, made from a script officially credited to Stephen Vincent Benét (though apparently it was tampered with), and with set designs by William Cameron Menzies. Griffith was ill at the time and unable to supervise the final work or the editing, and he was (understandably) unhappy about the results. (Parts are first-rate, other parts arch.) Nevertheless, the film was well received, perhaps because of Huston's towering performance. Una Merkel is Ann Rutledge; Kay Hammond is Mary Todd Lincoln. With Ian Keith as John Wilkes Booth, Jason Robards as Herndon, and Hobart Bosworth as Lee. (Elgin and Bijou Cinema; Feb. 17.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Murders—The Jules Feiffer play, with Elliott Gould, directed by Alan Arkin. (Beekman.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyably soppy goes. In French. (Charles; through Feb. 23.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—Tony Richardson's movie about a runner who throws a race as an expression of his rejection of society. From Alan Sillitoe's story. Tom Courtenay is the runner. (Thalia; Feb. 24-25.)

The Lovers of Teruel (1962)—An elaborate ballet-drama of romantic tragedy. Ludmilla Tcherina dances the role of a doomed, demented girl, and then finds that life has cast her in the same role. More than a bit much, with dialogue such as "What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?" (Especially silly, because Miss Tcherina isn't much of a dancer but has a sensational body.) The director, Raymond Rouleau, is in love with colored lights. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 19-21.)

Love Story—The weeper. (Tower East.)

Lupo!—An Israeli comedy, with Yuda Barkan, directed by Menahem Golan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Feb. 23.)

The Music Lovers—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of porno-biography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. (Coronet.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Criterion.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report of behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. One of the best conversation films ever, full of delicate attention to the way people listen, and wonderfully acted by a cast that includes Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 20.)

The Night Visitor—A Gothic suspense film with Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, and Max von Sydow, directed by Laslo Benedek. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Orphans of the Storm (1921)—It's almost unbelievable, but this D. W. Griffith spectacle set during the French Revolution was not a financial success. It's a marvellous, expensively produced mixture of melodrama and sentimentality, with duels, kidnappings, the storming of the Bastille, and Lillian Gish being saved from the guillotine. Those who saw it as children never forgot the sequence in which Lillian hears the voice of her long-lost blind sister, played by Dorothy Gish; Griffith sequences like this go beyond heart-wringing into some areas of theatrical sublimity. With the handsome young Joseph Schildkraut. (Elgin and Bijou Cinema; Feb. 23.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a

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			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25		

beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a bookstore clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit; it's just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Gramercy, 72nd St. Playhouse, Waverly, and Festival.)

The Passion of Anna—The powerful theology of this Ingmar Bergman film is conveyed simply through the intensity of its watch on behavior. Its clear sight of characters in predicaments irremediably their own—in the uttering of lies for anxious reasons, in reenactments of past crises that make them unable to move and to renew their lives—is expressive about Bergman's wish that people should extend charity to themselves. Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, and Bibi Andersson are all at the top of their powers, seen in continual closeups that are like the stare of conscience. In Swedish. (Regency; starting Feb. 24.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 24.)

Pigeons—A comedy, directed by John Dexter, with Jordan Christopher and Jill O'Hara. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Pizza Triangle—A genial mutt of a movie—a romantic satire with sight gags, jokes about the pollution in Rome, and comic-strip devices. Monica Vitti plays a soulfully silly waif, Marcello Mastroianni a crank Communist. The director, Ettore Scola, doesn't force things, so one can relax even when the ideas misfire. In Italian. (Symphony; through Feb. 23.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (Thalia; Feb. 24-25.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot writes and directs a story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. In French. (Thalia; through Feb. 18.)

The Projectionist—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which is mostly bits of old serials and features—some of them entertaining. With Ina Balin. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Promise at Dawn—Jules Dassin has tried to turn Romain Gary's nostalgic celebration of his loving mother into a vehicle for Melina Mercouri. But she seems, as usual, to be playing a normal hearty, hot nymphomaniac. The different parts of the past run together in a blur in this generally unsatisfying film, but there are a few good satirical sequences with Dassin acting the role of a silent-movie idol. (Music Hall; Feb. 17.)

The Pursuit of Happiness—With Michael Sarrazin and Barbara Hershey, directed by Robert Mulligan. (Baronet; starting Feb. 22, at 8.)

Puzzle of a Downfall Child—The high-flown chic of soullessness, with Faye Dunaway as a fashion model who falls apart. The script (by Carol Eastman) is reminiscent of her script for "Five Easy Pieces," but Jerry Schatzberg has directed it in a hysterical, fractured style. (34th St. East.)

Ramparts of Clay—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this story of a young girl in an Algerian village. In French. (Cinema II.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" did, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high *kitsch*. (Thalia; Feb. 19-21.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

Say Hello to Yesterday—May-December romances used to be about girls and older men; now they're about boys and older women—in this one, Leonard Whiting (Zeffirelli's Romeo, trying to be adorable) and Jean Simmons. Miss Simmons deserves better on all counts. Alvin Rakoff directed this modish contrivance. (Paris.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—Kenneth Anger's account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, with a witty musical track. (New Yorker; Feb. 21-22.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Feb. 22-23.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Thalia; Feb. 22-23.)

Soldier Blue—A lot of blood coming at you as social self-castigation. The U. S. Cavalry is shown murdering Indian women and children. Candice Bergen sings. Ralph Nelson directed. (Orpheum. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 23.)

Song of Norway—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, turned into schlock. Written and directed by Andrew L. Stone. (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Struggle (1931)—This sound film was the last film D. W. Griffith directed. It was a disaster with the public; audiences laughed, and Griffith hid in his hotel room. It's not all that bad; there are some fine sequences shot on location in the Bronx and at a factory in Connecticut, but the script has enough idiocies to have triggered the laughter. Griffith meant the film to be an attack on both alcoholism and Prohibition, but the polemical ideas didn't work out right. Hal Skelly is the man struggling against the temptations of booze. With Zita Johann and Helen Mack. (Elgin; Feb. 17.)

Sudden Terror—Suspense story about a boy who witnesses an assassination. With Mark Lester, Lionel Jeffries, and Susan George, directed by John Hough. (Murray Hill.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A would-be scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, but she seems to have a hook in her mouth; Peter Sellers struggles with an impossible-to-make-sense-of role. Mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (Charles; starting Feb. 24.)

They Call Me Mister Tibbs!—Sidney Poitier playing the same police detective as in Norman Jewison's "In the Heat of the Night," except that the man has inexplicably changed from a Philadelphian to a San Franciscan. Routine melodrama, but Poitier's performance gives it some sparkle. (Cinema Studio; through Feb. 23.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. (86th St. East; through Feb. 23.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—A solemnly superficial account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. (U. A. East.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Art and Midtown.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—The most exciting French melodrama of the fifties. Henri-Georges Clouzot's Existential thriller about the responses of four men to a situation in which character no longer determines fate: they are driving trucks loaded with nitroglycerine over rough roads. With Yves Montand. In French. (Thalia; through Feb. 18.)

Way Down East (1920)—The plot is Victorian, but the treatment is inspired. D. W. Griffith took a creaking, dated stage melodrama and turned it into a melodramatic epic. Lillian Gish is the girl betrayed by Lowell Sherman and eventually rescued from an icy river by Richard Barthelmess. Audiences giggle at bits here and there, but not at the sequence in which she refuses to part from her dead baby. Griffith stole from Thomas Hardy, but he stole beautifully. One of Griffith's greatest box-office successes, and a film that influenced several Russian epics. (Elgin and Bijou Cinema; Feb. 22.)

Where's Poppa?—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Symphony; starting Feb. 24.)

The White Rose (1923)—Mae Marsh is a Southern girl trying to be part of the jazz age in a story—once considered daring—about a girl "ruined" by a minister (Ivor Novello). D. W. Griffith went to the Louisiana bayous for this one; he later said that the picture didn't amount to very much and that "the best things in it emanated from the atmosphere where the moss hung along the Bayou Teche." He was right, although, seen now, the sequence in which the suffering heroine is taken in by a kind Negro family is an interesting reflection of period attitudes. (Bijou Cinema; Feb. 24.)

The Wild Child—In his own film, Truffaut plays a late-eighteenth-century doctor who tries to educate a boy of eleven or twelve who had spent his life abandoned in the woods. The relationship between this august, inquiring, clever man and his marauding charge is wonderfully delicate. Among other things, this remarkable picture gives a finely characterized account of the research mind, and living expression to the new Romantic Age's fascination with Rousseau's Natural Man. In French. (Regency; starting Feb. 24.)

The Wild Country—The Disney studio's treatment of Ralph Moody's "Little Britches," with Steve Forrest and Vera Miles. Directed by Robert Totten. (Guild.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Charles; through Feb. 23.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito," marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and one of the rare modern films that are an affirmation. In Bengali. (New Yorker; Feb. 17.)

Wuthering Heights—Who would have guessed it was a story about incest? There's nothing quite like American International Pictures scholarship. With Anna Calder-Marshall as Cathy and Timothy Dalton as Heathcliff. Robert Fuest directed. (Music Hall; starting Feb. 18.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Cinema Village.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Feb. 18-19.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—The last (and in some ways the best) of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. In this one his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and his harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. Connery seems more relaxed in this one—maybe because he'd served his time and was about to be liberated. But it was fun while it lasted—probably the best serial since talkies came in—and it went out with a bang. (86th St. East; through Feb. 23.)

Zachariah—A rock Western with John Rubinstein and Pat Quinn, directed by George Englund. (Juliet 1 and Little Carnegie.)

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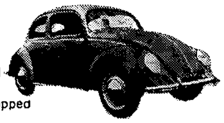
We've had 23 years to straighten out our bugs.

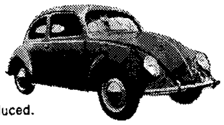
1949



Chassis numbers:
91 922—138 554

1. Solex carburetor introduced as standard equipment.
2. Starting crank hole dropped

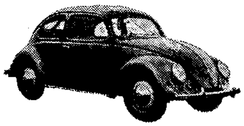
1950



Chassis numbers:
138 555—220 471

1. Hydraulic brakes introduced.
2. Ash trays introduced.
3. Fuel mixture heating device introduced.

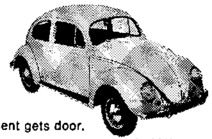
1951



Chassis numbers:
220 472—313 829

1. Chrome garnish molding added to windshield.
2. Vent flaps added to front-quarter body panels.

1952



Chassis numbers:
313 830—428 156

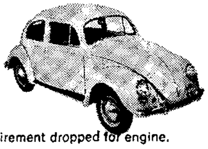
1. Glove compartment gets door.
2. Window crank makes 3½ turns, formerly 10½.
3. 2nd, 3rd and 4th gears synchronized.

1953

Chassis numbers:
428 157—575 414

1. Oval, one-piece rear window replaces split window.

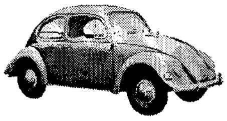
1954



Chassis numbers:
575 415—722 934

1. Break-in driving requirement dropped for engine.
2. Increased horsepower.

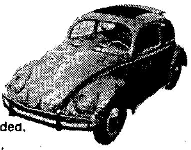
1955



Chassis numbers:
722 935—929 745

1. Flashing directional indicators mounted low on front fenders replace the semaphore turn indicators.

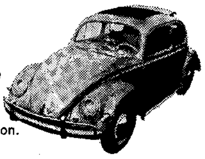
1956



Chassis numbers:
929 746—1 246 618

1. Chromed dual tail pipes added.
2. Adjustable front seat backs.
3. Larger luggage space.

1957



Chassis numbers:
1 246 619—1 600 439

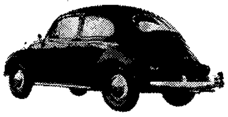
1. Tubeless tires.
2. Better heat distribution.

1958

Chassis numbers:
1 600 440—2 007 615

1. Brake drums and shoes widened for faster, surer stops.
2. Rear window and windshield enlarged.

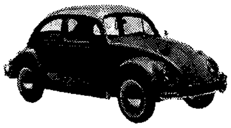
1959



Chassis numbers:
2 007 616—2 528 667

1. Stronger clutch springs.
2. Improved fan belt.
3. Frame reinforced for greater strength.

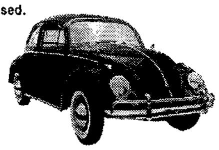
1960



Chassis numbers:
2 528 668—3 192 506

1. Seat back contoured for greater comfort.
2. Generator output increased.

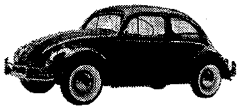
1961



Chassis numbers:
3 192 507—4 010 994

1. Increased horsepower.
2. Transmission synchronized in all forward speeds.

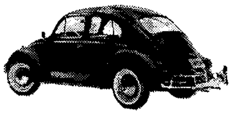
1962



Chassis numbers:
4 010 995—4 846 835

1. Larger taillights.
2. Spring-loaded hood.

1963



Chassis numbers:
4 846 836—5 677 118

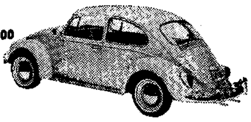
1. Foam insulated floor.
2. Fresh air heating.
3. Leatherette headliner introduced.

1964

Chassis numbers:
5 677 119—6 502 399

1. Crank-operated sliding steel sunroof replaces the fabric sunroof.

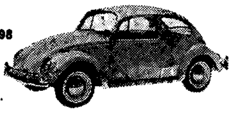
1965



Chassis numbers:
115 000 001—115 979 200

1. Windows enlarged.
2. Heater improved.

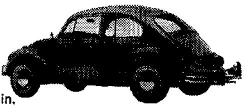
1966



Chassis numbers:
116 000 001—116 1 021 298

1. Increased horsepower.
2. Emergency blinker switch.

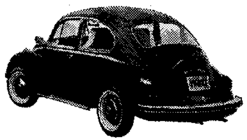
1967



Chassis numbers:
117 000 001–117 844 892

1. Increased horsepower again.
2. Dual brake system.

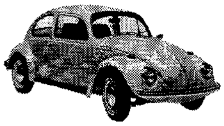
1968



Chassis numbers:
118 000 000—118 1 016 098

1. Optional automatic Stick Shift introduced.

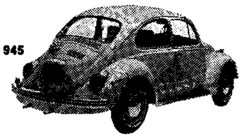
1969



Chassis numbers:
119 000 001—119 1 093 704

1. Ignition/steering lock.
2. Day/night rearview mirror.

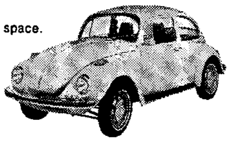
1970



Chassis numbers:
110 2 000 001—110 3 095 945

1. Increased horsepower.

1971



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111 2 000 001—

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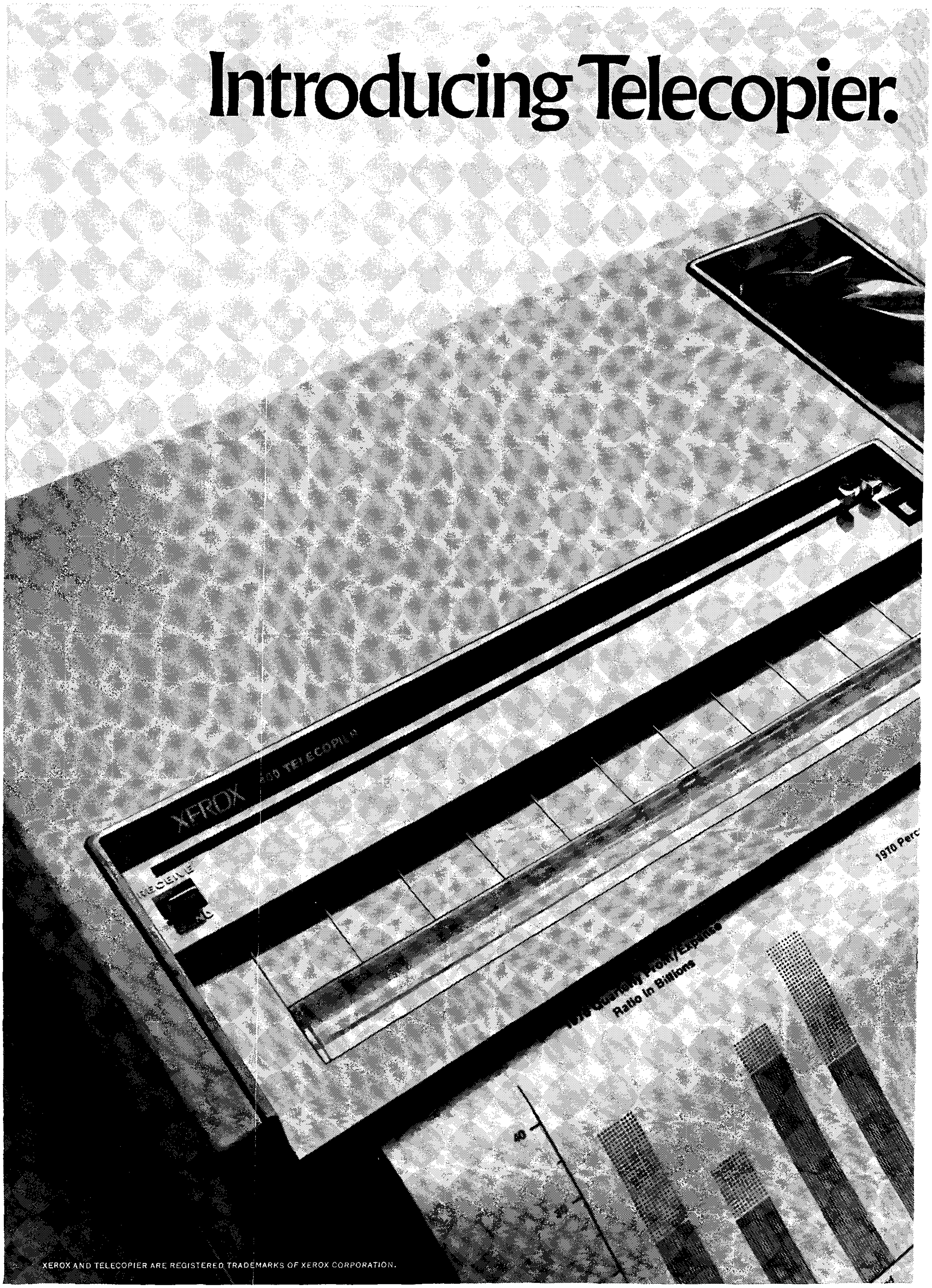
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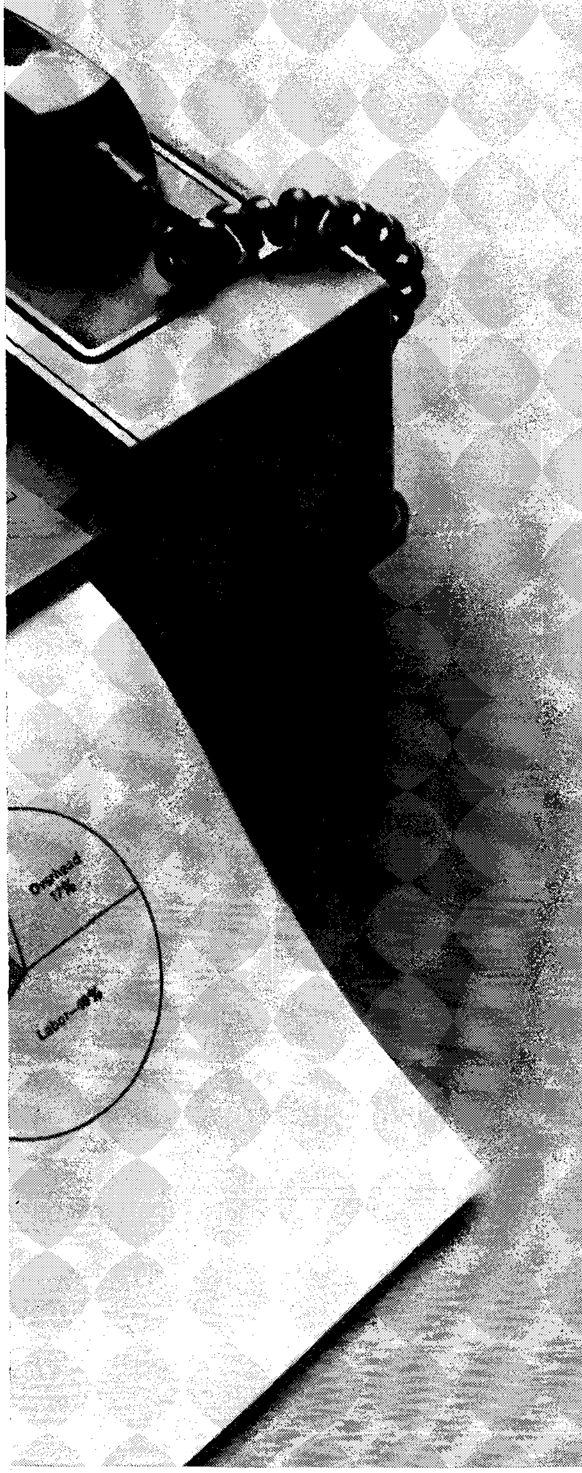

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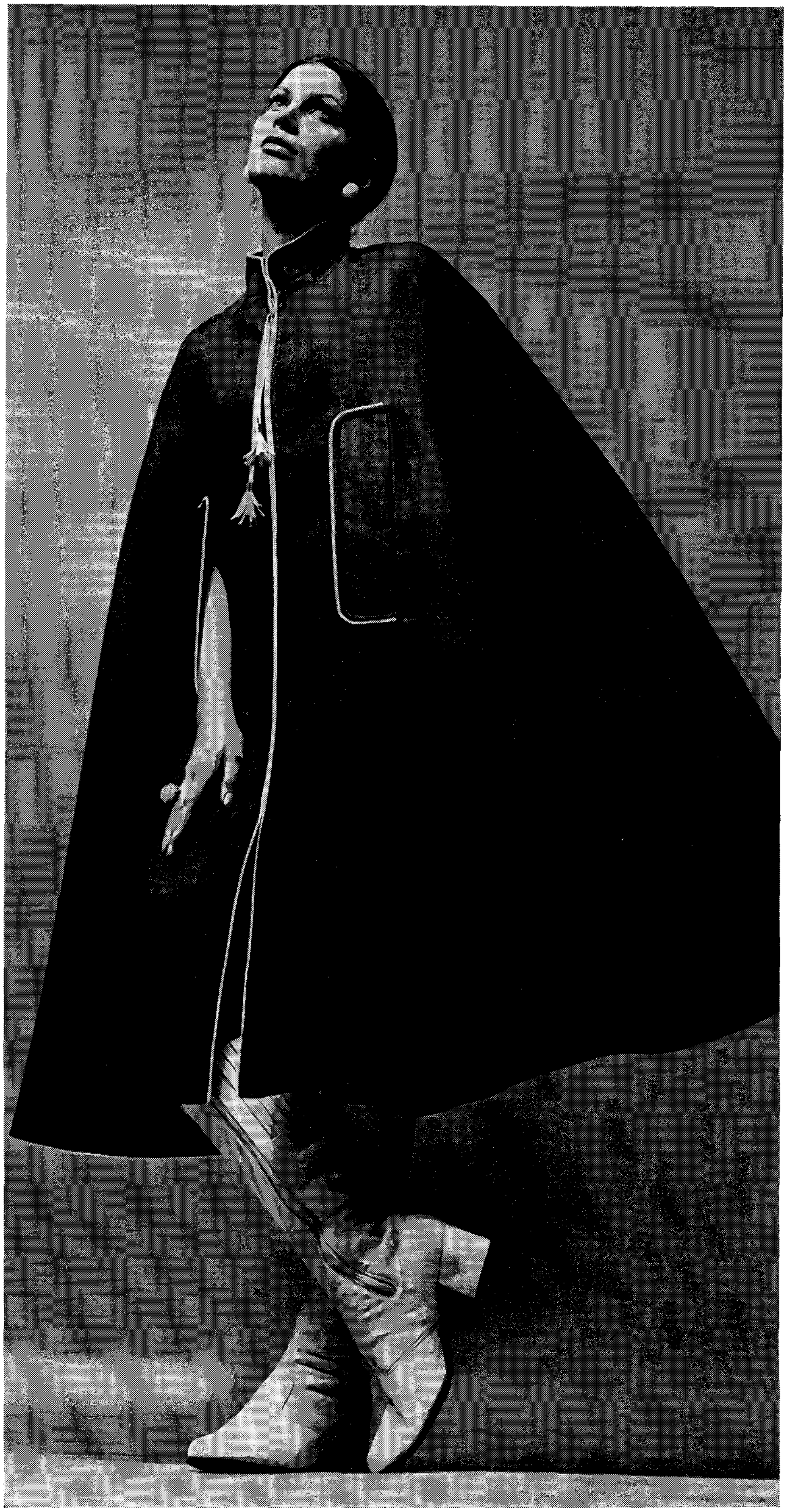


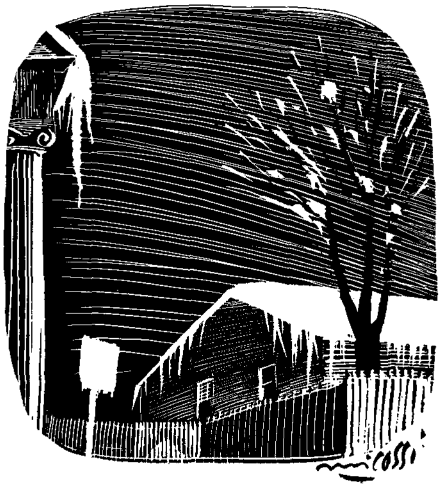
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AFTER a period of uncertainty, the American-South Vietnamese campaign in Laos once again makes it clear that the United States is trying to win the war in Indo-China. When one uses the word "win" in connection with this war, it is necessary to specify exactly what one means. Our objective in going into Vietnam was to help a government fight its enemies until it could stand on its own. Attaining this objective, and nothing more than this objective, is what it would mean for the United States to "win" in Indo-China. It is this objective that has eluded us for a decade, and it is this objective that President Nixon seems to be still pursuing by extending the war into Laos. This, apparently, is what he is talking about when he uses the code words "peace with honor." "Honor" here means winning. The real difference between a dove and a hawk is not that a dove wants the war to stop and a hawk wants it to continue; it is that a dove wants us to get out of Indo-China whether the Saigon government collapses or not, and a hawk doesn't want us to leave until the Saigon government is strong enough to stand on its own. In saying that the President remains a hawk, no one is suggesting that he loves war and hates peace, or that he wants our troops to stay in Indo-China just because he likes having them there. One is saying that, whatever he may want, he will end up keeping our armed forces in Indo-China, because he is unwilling to give up trying to achieve the objectives this country has failed for ten years to achieve. This is not something that the Administration always readily admits to. It claims that the campaigns in Cambodia and Laos are designed to protect our forces as we evacuate them, but this is almost self-evidently not the case. Our troops could leave speedily and safely without first attacking all the neighboring countries. The real purpose of these new military campaigns is to insure the survival of the Saigon government, not *because* we are leaving but *in order that* we may leave, and this is precisely the policy that the United States pursued under two Presidents before President Nixon.

Does this mean, then, that after several years in which it seemed plausible that the United States had changed its policy we have returned to the situation in 1967, when President Johnson was still convinced that the war could be won by military measures? Unfortunately, it appears that we are actually in a more discouraging position than we were then. What we see around us is a breakdown—or, rather, the evidence of a cumulative breakdown. It is a breakdown of Constitutional restrictions, public debate, and political action, and also a breakdown of will, judgment, and moral scruple. In short, it represents an extreme—although not, one trusts, final—collapse of the delicate constraints that a free people exercises over its war machine and its leaders. In Congress, in the press, and all over the country, there is a numbness, and even a paralysis, among the people from whom one might expect leadership in the current crisis. In 1967, with each escalation of the war one could expect a stiffening of the opposition. Each new move called forth a fresh response. In 1967, also, one could expect that as politicians and the public learned more about the dangers of the war, and as the stories of crimes committed by Americans in Indo-China multiplied, the public's revulsion against the war would deepen, and would perhaps serve, in the end, to get us out. It seemed then that there were certain obstacles to new escalations—certain principles in the Constitution, certain limits to the abuse that the Congress was willing to take, and certain simple standards of decency that most Americans shared. But now it seems that all these obstacles have been faced and crushed. Two new borders have been crossed, the bombing of North Vietnam has been intermittently resumed, and the entire nation knows that, except for nuclear war and genocide, there is almost no crime that Americans have not committed in Indo-China. Our B-52s are ranging freely across the newly violated borders. When the B-52 strikes, it leaves a path of craters a mile long. In the month before the Laos campaign, there were roughly six thousand B-52 strikes throughout Indo-China. Yet, knowing all this, and having been moved to widespread protest on several occasions, the nation has now grown silent. Having looked at what we have done to Vietnam, we are doing it again in Cambodia and in Laos. Now that we have accepted all this, and have continued with the war, what is left that can stir us into finally leaving Indo-China? Is there any limit to what we will accept? Certainly it has been one of the particular triumphs of this Administration that, along with continuing to expand the destruction of Indo-China, it has destroyed the debate over Indo-China in the United States. The Administration's degree of success in this can be judged from the fact that few men in Congress or elsewhere challenged the Administration's statement that the incursion into Laos was not a "widening of the war." But if it was not a widening of the war, then



what *would* be a widening of the war? As for the press, it seemed so preoccupied with the "news embargo" that it presented the actual move into Laos almost as a footnote. Everywhere, except in Vietnam itself, where energetic preparations for the new move were under way, Americans seemed dispirited and tired. It is as though expansion of the war had been accepted as a natural law, like gravity, which no one can control and only madmen would even consider opposing.

But in reality to what extent has this war ever been under anyone's control? To what extent has it been obedient to any American's will or judgment? Have our Presidents been in control of the war? What has this war been if not the story of the breakdown of the government's control over its own actions? Does the record show that it ever enjoyed the power to do anything but bring senseless destruction or leave? Doesn't the record show that our Presidents and their advisers and our generals and all our other "leaders" who have "run" this war have been trapped in isolation and in ignorance of the war, their judgment destroyed by the flood of spurious "information" given them by overfinanced armed bureaucracies that had gone wild in a part of the world no bureaucracy understood? Now it appears that, in our weariness, the rest of us are in danger of succumbing to the hypnotic effect of the self-propagandizing machine that has put our leaders to sleep, one by one. Perhaps there are a few people in the White House or in the Pentagon who regard the opening of this new campaign, and the silence that has greeted it throughout the country, as a triumph for their point of view. What has happened, however, is not that the Administration has won something and its opponents have lost something. What has happened is that a war that no one—not even the most belligerent hawks—ever wanted, or even imagined, has won a victory over America. This is not really a victory of one point of view over another; it is a victory of momentum over all points of view, a victory of violence over restraint, a victory of fatigue over vigilance and control. The events of the last two weeks represent the subjugation of men by impersonal forces and the transformation of human organizations into blind machines, which have got out of control. It is something like a death of the spirit. This is no person's hour of triumph. This is the hour of the B-52. The B-52 casts its shadow over Indo-China, and over America, too. It has thrown off its harness, its victims have no place to hide, and its keepers are asleep.

•

MESSAGE discovered in a box of candied cherries: "The stones in our cherries have been mechanically removed. Therefore it is impossible to guarantee that all the cherries are stoneless. Be careful. Thank you."

Detail

A WOMAN in Oregon reports that an official state questionnaire has been mailed to some fifty thousand residents of the Willamette Valley with an eye to determining the future of the valley, and that one question commanded her particular attention:

42. What is your marital status?
  a. ( ) Single
  b. ( ) Married
  c. ( ) Divorced
  d. ( ) Widowed
  e. ( ) Separated
  f. ( ) Retired
  g. ( ) Other

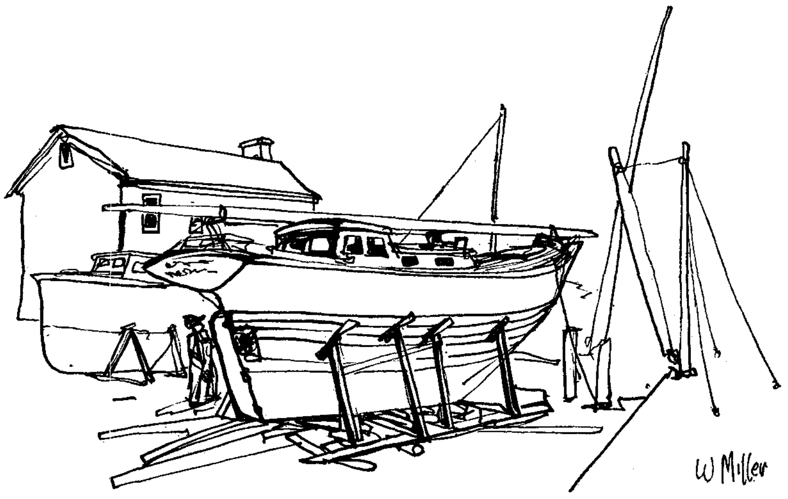
Laundromat

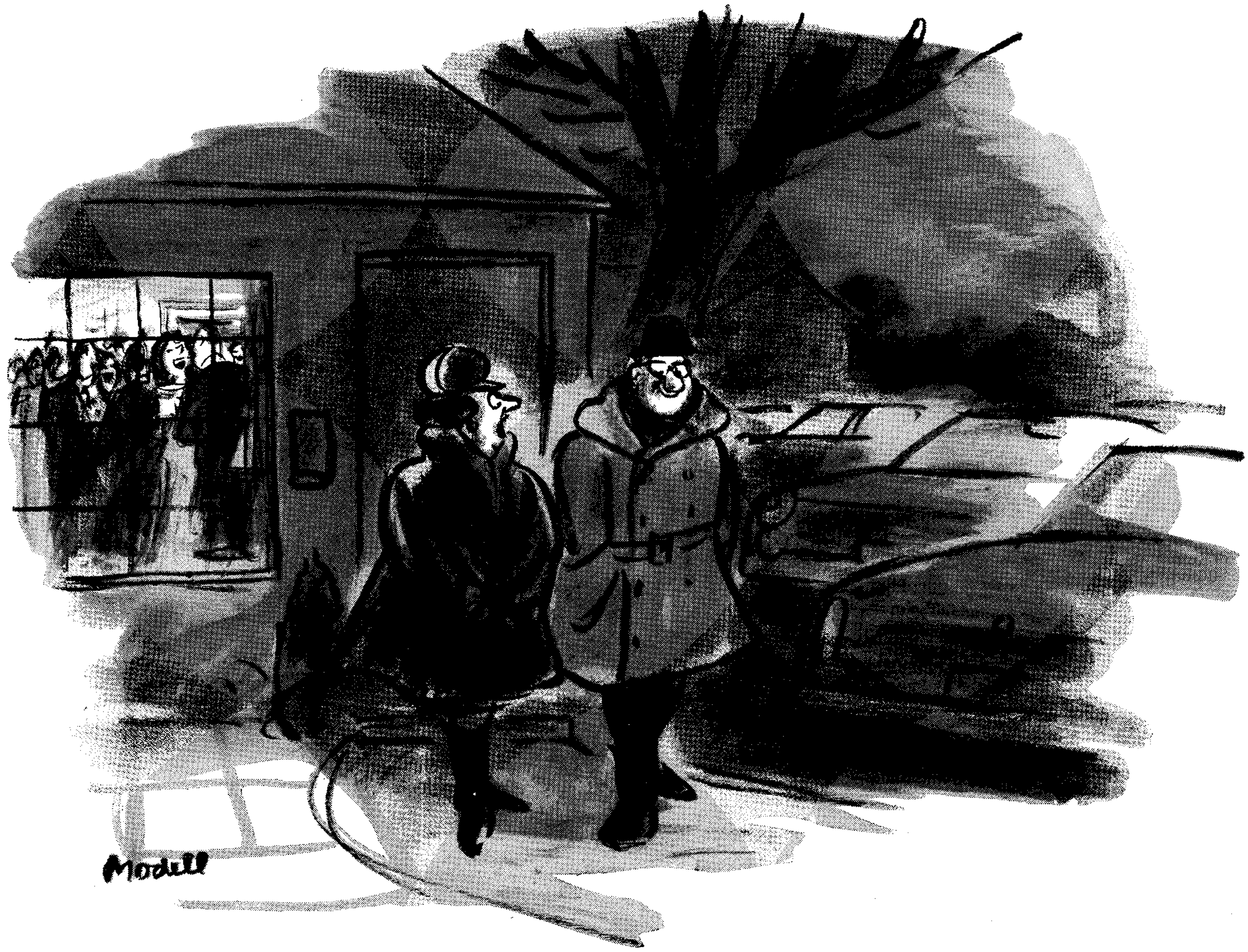
"People who did New York always did Times Square. People don't live in Times Square. I shot the laundromat, the luncheonette, the liquor store—interior spaces."—*Duane Michals, photographer, quoted in The Talk of the Town, January 16, 1971.*

IT is one-forty-five on a cold, winter-gray Friday afternoon. There are about a dozen people inside the Apthorp Self-Service Laundromat, between Seventy-seventh and Seventy-eighth Streets on the west side of Broadway. The laundromat is a long, narrow room with seventeen Wascomat washing machines—twelve of them the size that takes two quarters, five of them the size that takes three—lined up on one side of the room, and nine dryers on the other. At the back of the alleylike room, four vending machines dispense an assortment of laundry supplies, which cost ten cents an item, to the younger customers; the older customers (more cost-conscious? more farsighted?) bring their own soap powders or liquids from home in small boxes or plastic bottles. On the laundromat's drab painted walls are a clock and a few signs: "No Tintex Allowed," "Last Wash: 10 P.M.," "Not Responsible for Personal Property," "Pack As Full As You Want." On the drab linoleum floor are two trash cans (filled to the brim), a wooden bench, three shabby chairs (occupied), and a table, on which a pretty young black girl is folding clothes, and at which a dour, heavyset black woman in her sixties is eating lunch out of a grease-stained brown paper bag. The heavyset woman has brought no clothes with her to the laundromat. The regular patrons believe she has nowhere else to go that is warm, and accept her presence. On a previous visit, she had tossed a chicken bone at someone, wordlessly, and the gesture had been accepted, too, as a reasonable protest against the miserableness of her life.

Half the people in the laundromat have two washing machines going at once. The machines keep them busy inserting coins, stuffing in clothes, and adding detergents, bleaches, and fabric softeners at various stages of the cycle (twenty-five minutes). The newly washed clothes are retrieved from the washing machines and transferred, in a swooping motion, across the narrow corridor to the dryers. No one dares leave the laundromat to attend to other errands while his clothes are drying (at the rate of ten cents for ten minutes, with most things requiring twenty or thirty minutes), because it is known that clothes that have been left to their own devices in the dryers have disappeared in a matter of five minutes.

A middle-aged man whose clothes are in a small washing machine





"I suppose you think that little crack about recycling wives was very amusing, too."

• •

is standing in front of it reading a sports column in the *News*, but most of the other patrons who are between putting-in and taking-out chores seem to be mesmerized by the kaleidoscopic activity inside the machines. In one washing machine, a few striped sheets and pillowcases are spinning, creating a dizzying optical effect. In another, a lively clothes dance is taking place—three or four white shirts jitterbugging with six or eight pairs of gray socks. In a third, the clothes, temporarily obscured by a flurry of soapsuds, still cast a spell over their owner, who doesn't take her eyes off the round glass window in the front of the machine. The clothes in the dryers—here a few towels, there some men's work pants—seem to be free-falling, like sky divers drifting down to earth. The laundromat smells of a sweet mixture of soap and heat, and is noisy with the hum and whir of the machines. There is little conversation, but a woman suddenly tells her teen-age daughter (why isn't she in school at this hour?) that she takes the family's clothes to the self-service laundromat, rather than to the service laundromat right next door to it, where clothes can be dropped off in the morning and fetched in the evening, because everything at the service laundromat is washed in very hot water, which shrinks clothes that have a tendency to shrink. "Here you're supposed to be able to regulate the temperature of the water, but sometimes I punch the warm button and the water comes out ice-cold," she says. "Oh, well, you sort of have to expect things like that. The owner is very nice. He does the best he can."

A middle-aged man wearing a trenchcoat takes a load of children's clothes out of a large washing machine, folds them neatly, and runs out of the laundromat with the damp pile of girls' school dresses and boys' polo shirts and bluejeans over one arm. (What is his hurry? Will the children's clothes be hung up to dry on a rack at home?) A young Japanese boy, who is holding a book covered with a glossy Columbia University jacket, takes a few clothes out of a dryer. They include a lacy slip and a ruffled pale-pink nightgown with deep-pink rosebuds on it. (His girl's? His bride's? Or only his sister's? Is the nightgown's owner at work, putting him through school, or has she become a Liberated Woman and declined to go to the laundromat?) Two little children run down the narrow center aisle playing tag, chanting in Spanish, tripping over laundry carts, and meeting with scowls from the grownups. A washing machine goes on the blink. Someone goes next door to the service laundromat to summon the proprietor, who comes over immediately, climbs on top of the broken machine, reaches behind it, and restores it to working order in no time. He apologizes, in a Polish accent, to one of his regular customers for the scruffiness of the three chairs on the premises. "Six months ago, I brought in here three first-class chairs," he says. "Fifty-dollar chairs. The next day, they were gone."

People come and go, but the population inside the laundromat remains constant at about a dozen. The majority of the customers are blacks and Puerto Ricans who live in nearby tenements and welfare hotels. Most of the whites in the neighborhood live in apartment houses, and have washing machines and dryers in their apartments or in the basements of their buildings, or send their clothes out to local Chinese laundries. One white woman, a blonde in her fifties, says, to no one in particular, that she comes to the laundromat because the laundry room in the basement of her apartment building is not safe. "There have been incidents there," she says meaningfully. "I would love to have my own washing machine, but the landlord says he has to pay for the water, so he won't allow it. I hate coming here and wasting an hour in this depressing place. I wash everything I can by hand at home; that way, I only have to come here with the big things every two weeks, instead of every week. I dream of having my own washing machine and dryer. If I had my own machines, I could fix myself a cup of coffee and a bun, turn on the TV, and sit down in my easy chair; meanwhile, the clothes would all be getting done. It would be heaven."

Blessing

A POET of our acquaintance who lives in a barren loft near the Williamsburg Bridge was somewhat taken aback the other day when his seventeen-year-old sister visited his digs for the first time, cast a cold eye over the cold surroundings, and announced, "Thank goodness I am the mediocre sibling!"

Performers in Three Places

IN the downstairs segment of Max's Kansas City, a duplex café on Park Avenue South at Seventeenth Street, Asha Puthli, a striking Indian girl who sings Indian classical music and jazz and rock, and who has made a single record with the Peter Ivers band called "Ain't That Peculiar," which was played on an FM station for the first time a few weeks ago, and which is played frequently by the disc jockey upstairs at Max's, was talking to a number of her friends who were there, mentioning, from time to time, a number of her friends who were absent.

"Holly just left, and Vali couldn't come," Asha said. "Vali didn't tattoo me, because, darling, we were all sick. Vali already tattooed me on the chin—these three dots. Three is the numeral of Atlantis, three is the numeral of marriage. My mole is in the center. If you have a mole in the center of anything, you die by drowning."

A friend then said she'd have the disc jockey play Asha's song.

"But he's upstairs," said Asha.

"Well, bring him *down*," said the friend.

"I want Vali to tattoo a seven-petalled lotus on my foot," Asha said. "That will be fabulous. Seven is the numeral of motherland, the numeral of purity."

"Who is that woman you were talking to?" asked Michael O'Donoghue, a writer attired in a black crushed-velvet shirt with beadwork.

"Her name is Ruth," Asha said.

"She looks like Djuna Barnes should look," said O'Donoghue.

"I look like a bird, like a goddess, a demon," said Asha. "I am a bird woman, a bird fantasy."

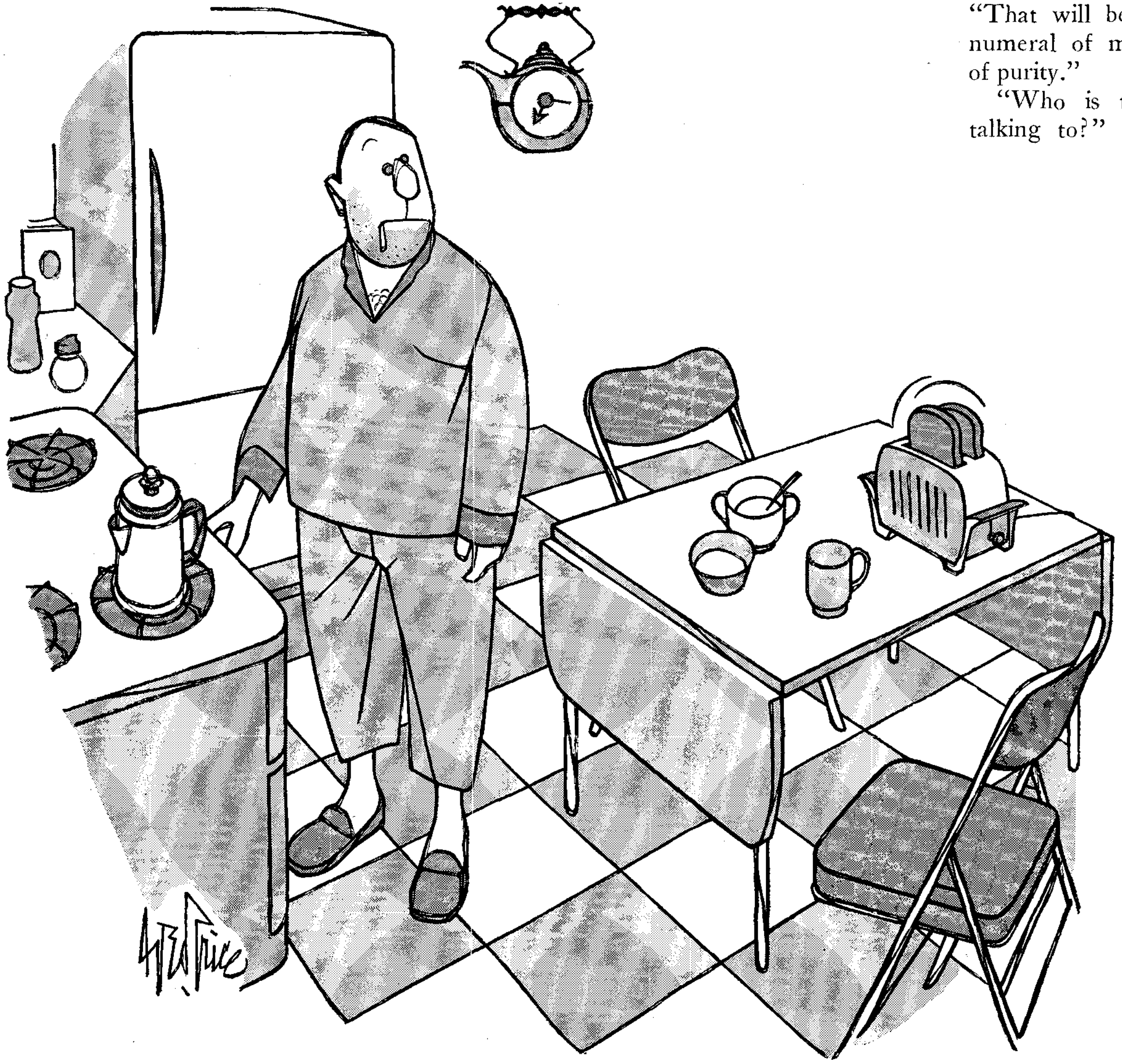
"The whole history of bohemian places," said O'Donoghue, looking around Max's Kansas City, "is black ceilings and red light."

The woman Asha had been talking to came over to Asha's table. She was wearing a turban.

"You look like Djuna Barnes," said O'Donoghue.

"I know that," said the woman.

IN the room called the Cottage (which is white and gold)



"Ding! Dong! Your toast is done, through the courtesy of the Citizens' National Bank, which pays six per cent on Investor's Passbook accounts."

at Hampshire House (which is dedicated "To Yesterday's Charm and Tomorrow's Convenience"), a lot of people were waiting for the Bee Gees to arrive. The Bee Gees have had a number of hit records, and at the moment one of them, "Lonely Days," is No. 1 on some charts. "They're all three brothers," a well-dressed black girl said, "and two of them are twins, but I can never tell which two."

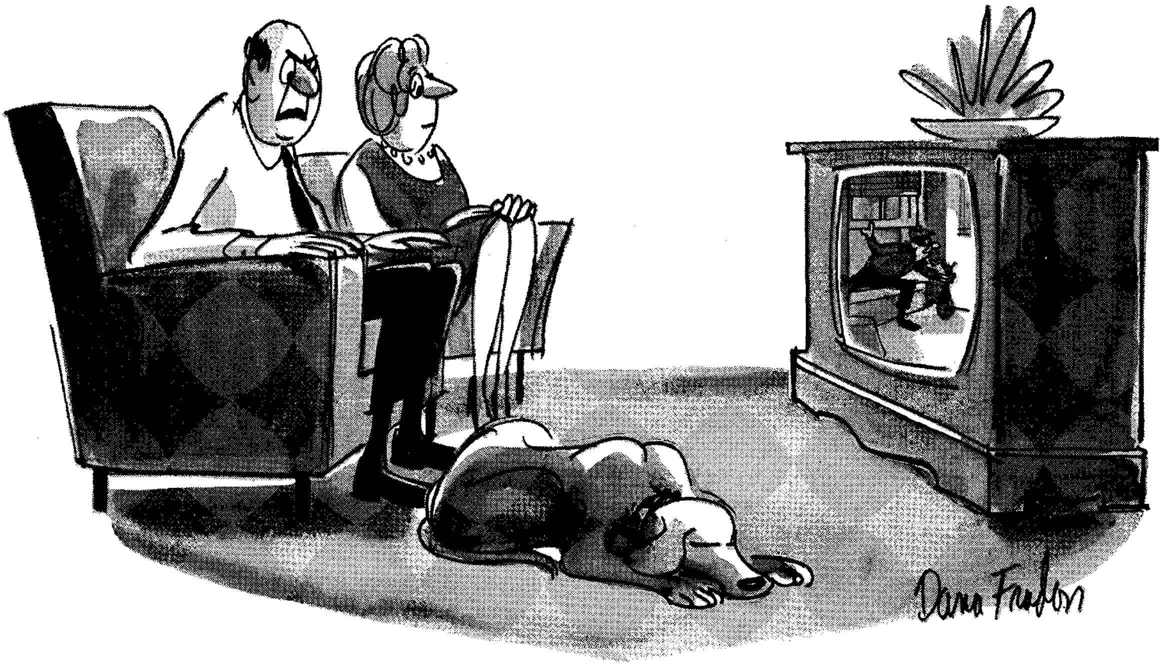
We talked with a man who works for Atco, the Bee Gees' record company. "Someone called this morning and said that the Bee Gees were Fascist pigs, and that he would bomb this place—which is fabulous, except no one believes us and everyone thinks it's a publicity stunt. That's why we have all this security. Imagine, a Number One record, and now this," he said.

There were a number of people in business suits in the Cottage, and a greater number in established hippie gear. Some people talked about the Bee Gees. "They're *Australian*, not Canadian," said one girl.

"I saw someone with furry feet, and I thought he might be a Bee Gee, but he wasn't," said another.

Finally, the Bee Gees arrived. We talked to Barry Gibb, a Bee Gee ("I'm the third one on the left—that is, looking from behind"), and asked him how it felt to have a No. 1 hit.

"I'm a nervous wreck," he said.



"Some watchdog!"

• •

IN the apartment of the famous playwright Edward Albee, various famous performers involved in his new play, "All Over," were meeting to observe a small first-rehearsal ritual. It was an eclectic ritual, combining important elements of theatrical tradition, theatrical-union tradition, and public-relations tradition, and though everyone in Mr. Albee's apartment was comfortable in at least one of these traditions, very few knew how to cope with all three, so there was a certain amount of dramatic tension around. There were simple styles and complex styles. Leonard Harris, arts editor at C.B.S., who was wearing a blue blazer, and tortoise-shell glasses held together with adhesive tape, had a very simple style. All *he* wanted was a real rehearsal to film, and he had a number of straightforward, simple conversations with Sir John Gielgud, who will direct "All Over," and who thought the idea of a televised first reading was appalling. Mr. Harris was able to shade his pronunciation of "Sir John" to convey many different moods—tolerance, impatience, petulance, tolerance again, and, in the end, resignation. Finally, he collapsed on a chair. "Would you believe I don't care how it turns out?" he said to an associate.

Mr. Albee had a complex style. He had a very complex glowering smile. The smile indicated that he was happy, but the glowering undercut that impression and indicated that actually he was miserable and enraged and wounded, and not pleased to have so many people in his apartment. All this nevertheless seemed appropriate and becoming, so at a still deeper level he seemed happy.

We talked with Sir John Gielgud, whose style was either simple-complex or complex-simple. He sat in a small chair at one side of the fireplace in Mr. Albee's drawing room. Behind him, at an angle, was a model of the set for "All Over." On the wall above the fireplace were a Picasso picture and a carved surround in the manner of Grinling Gibbons. The wall itself (and every other wall in the apartment) was covered with cork. Both the Picasso and the approximate Grinling Gibbons surround were tacked onto the cork.

"We talked about my directing 'All Over' soon after I opened in 'Home,'" Sir John said. "I rather love to direct, you know. I'm not quite sure whether the last play I directed was the Burton 'Hamlet' or 'Halfway up the Tree' in London. I did direct 'Don Giovanni,' but it was disastrous. I so love doing opera, but that one wasn't any good. 'All Over' couldn't be more different from 'Home.' Everything in 'Home' is short sentences and sparse. In 'All Over,' everything is most coherent and quite elaborate. It is very good English—full of well-turned phrases and parentheses. Albee writes a short story in each speech."

A ritual greeting was staged for the television cameramen, who had been denied a rehearsal. Mr. Albee and Sir John greeted the cast, which by the time of the greeting had been in Mr. Albee's apartment for nearly two hours. Cameramen kept telling the cast to move closer together. Colleen Dewhurst, whose style is energetic and vital, said, "We'll get to be a pretty tightly knit group."

"I'm not going to get tightly knit with anyone," said Jessica Tandy, with a ladylike laugh. "It's not in my nature."

Richard Barr, one of the producers of "All Over," was talking to a young lady at his side. "I went to a funeral yesterday, then I went to the Museum of Modern Art, then I went to a party for 'Home,' and now I'm here," he said.

PLUMBING

THE old plumber bends forward tenderly, in the dusk of the cellar of my new house, to show me a precious, antique joint. "They haven't done them like this for thirty years," he tells me. His thin voice is like a trickle squeezed through rust. "Thirty, forty years. When I began with my father, we did them like this. It's an old lead joint. You wiped it on. You poured it hot with a ladle and held a wet rag in the other hand. There were sixteen motions you had to make before it cooled. Sixteen distinct motions. Otherwise you lost it and ruined the joint. You had to chip it away and begin again. That's how we had to do it when I started out. A boy of maybe fifteen, sixteen. This joint here could be fifty years old."

He knows my plumbing; I merely own it. He has known it through many owners. We think we have bought living space and a view when in truth we have bought a maze, a history, an archeology of pipes and cut-ins and traps and valves. The plumber shows me some stout dark pipe that follows a diagonal course into the foundation wall. "See that line along the bottom there?" A line of white, a whisper of frosting on the dark pipe's underside—pallid oxidation. "Don't touch it. It'll start to bleed. See, they cast this old soil pipe in two halves. They were supposed to mount them so the seams were on the sides. But sometimes they mounted them so the seam is on the bottom." He demonstrates with cupped hands; his hands part so the crack between them widens. I strain to see between his dark palms and become by his metaphor water seeking the light. "Eventually, see, it leaks."

With his flashlight beam he follows the telltale pale line backward. "Four, five new sections should do it." He sighs, wheezes; his eyes open wider than other men's, from a life spent in the dusk. He is a poet. Where I see only a flaw, a vexing imperfection that will cost me money, he gazes fondly, musing upon the eternal presences of corrosion and flow. He sends me magnificent ironical bills, wherein catalogues of tiny parts—

1	1¼ x 1″ galv bushing	58¢
1	⅜″ brass pet cock	90¢
3	½″ blk nipple	23¢

—itemized with an accountancy so painstaking as to seem mad are in the end offset and swallowed by a torrential round figure attributed merely to "Labor."

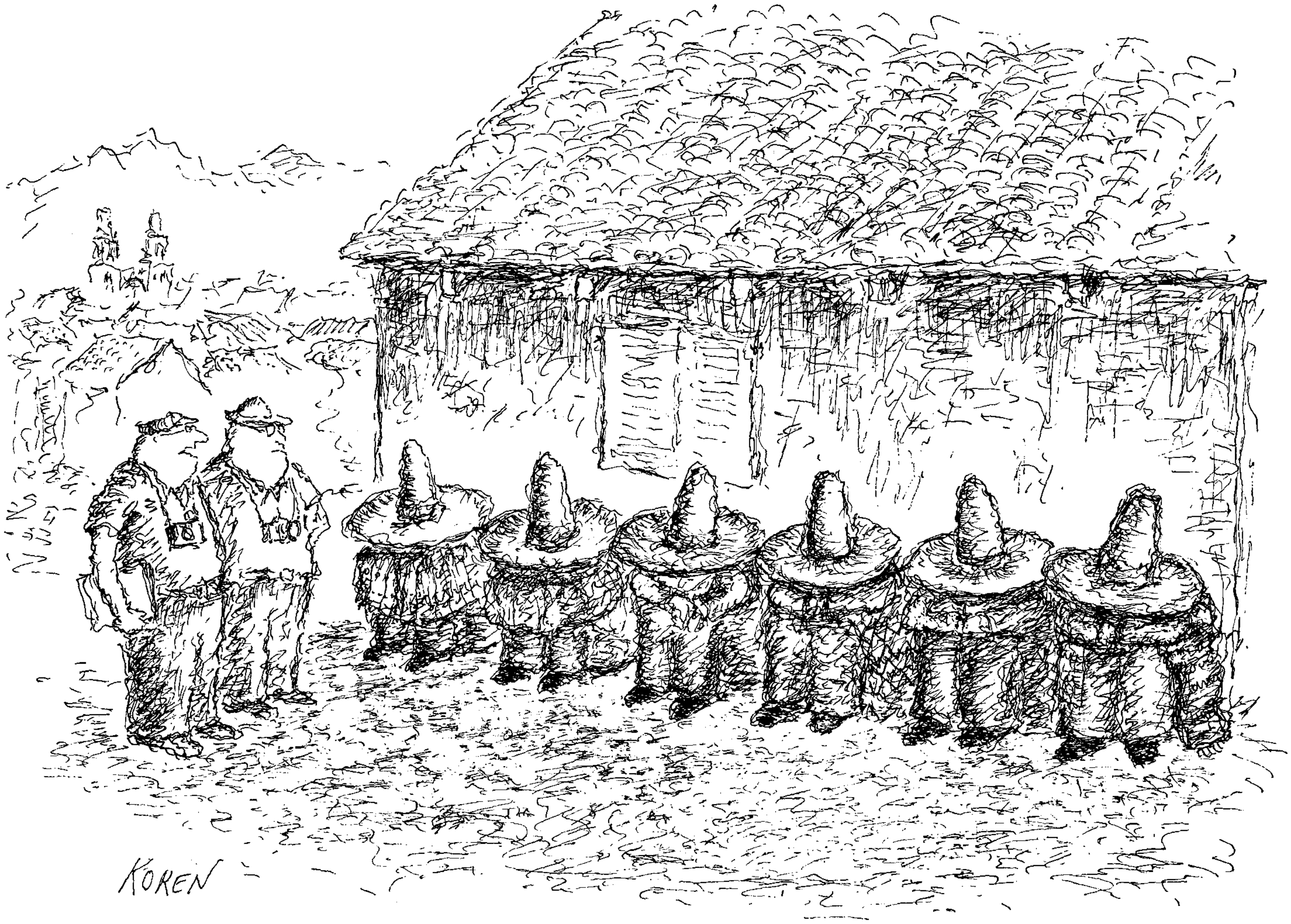
Labor $550.

I suppose that his tender meditations with me now, even the long pauses when his large eyes blink, are Labor.

THE old house, the house we left, a mile away, seems relieved to be rid of our furniture. The rooms where we lived, where we staged our meals and ceremonies and self-dramatizations and where some of us went from infancy to adolescence, rooms and stairways so imbued with our daily motions that their irregularities were bred into our bones and could be traversed in the dark, do not seem to mourn, as I had thought they would. The house exults in its sudden size, in the reach of its empty corners. Floor boards long muffled by carpets shine as if freshly varnished. Sun pours unobstructed through the curtainless windows. The house is young again. It, too, had a self, a life, which for a time was eclipsed by our lives; now, before its new owners come to burden it, it is free. Now only moonlight makes the floor creak. When, some mornings, I return, to retrieve a few final oddments—andirons, picture frames—the space of the house greets me with virginal impudence. Opening the front door is like opening the door to the cat who comes in with the morning milk, who mews in passing on his way to the beds still warm with our night's sleep, his routine so tenuously attached to ours, by a single mew and a shared roof. Our house forgot us in a day.

I feel guilty that we occupied it so thinly, that a trio of movers and a day's breezes could so completely clean us out. When we moved in, a dozen years ago, I was surprised that the house, though its beams and fireplaces were three hundred years old, was not haunted. I had thought, it being so old, it would be. But an amateur witch my wife had known at college tapped the bedroom walls, sniffed the attic, and assured us—like my plumber, come to think of it, she had unnaturally distended eyes—that the place was clean. Puritan hay-farmers had built it. In the nineteenth century, it may have served as a tavern; the pike to Newburyport ran right by. In the nineteen-thirties, it had been a tenement, the rooms now so exultantly large then subdivided by plasterboard partitions that holes were poked through, so the tenants could trade sugar and flour. Rural days, poor days. Chickens had been kept upstairs for a time; my children at first said that when it rained they could smell feathers, but I took this to be the power of suggestion, a myth. Digging in the back yard, we did unearth some pewter spoons and chunks of glass bottles from a lost era of packaging. Of ourselves, a few plastic practice golf balls in the iris and a few dusty little Superballs beneath the radiators will be all for others to find. The ghosts we have left only we can see.

I see a man in a tuxedo and a woman in a long white dress stepping around the back yard, in a cold drizzle



"It's hard to know if it's a local custom or a job action."

• •

that makes them giggle, at two o'clock on Easter morning. They are hiding chocolate eggs in tinfoil and are drunk. In the morning, they will have sickly-sweet headaches, and children will wake them with the shrieks and quarrels of the hunt, and come to their parents' bed with chocolate-smeared mouths and sickening sweet breaths; but it is the apparition of early morning I see, from the perspective of a sober conscience standing in the kitchen, these two partygoers tiptoeing in the muddy yard, around the forsythia bush, up to the swing set and back. Easter bunnies.

A man bends above a child's bed; his voice and a child's voice murmur prayers in unison. They have trouble with "trespasses" versus "debts," having attended different Sunday schools. Weary, slightly asthmatic (the ghost of chicken feathers?), anxious to return downstairs to a book and a drink, he passes into the next room. The child there, a bigger child, when he offers to bow his head with her, cries softly, "Daddy, no, don't!" The round white face, dim in the dusk of the evening, seems to glow with tension, embarrassment, appeal. Embarrassed himself, too easily embarrassed, he gives her a kiss, backs off, closes her bedroom door, leaves her to the darkness.

In the largest room, its walls now bare but for phantasmal rectangles where bookcases stood and pictures hung, people are talking, gesturing dramatically. The woman, the wife, throws something—it had been about to be an ashtray, but even in her fury, which makes her face rose-red, she prudently switched to a book. She bursts into tears, perhaps at her Puritan inability to throw the ashtray, and runs into another room, not forgetting to hop over the little raised threshold where strangers to the house often trip. Children sneak quietly up and down the stairs, pale, guilty, blaming themselves, in the vaults of their innocent hearts, for this disruption. Even the dog curls her tail under, ashamed. The man sits slumped on a sofa that is no longer there. His ankles are together, his head is bowed, as if shackles restrict him. He is dramatizing his conception of himself, as a prisoner. It seems to be summer, for a little cabbage butterfly irrelevantly alights on the window screen, where hollyhocks rub and tap. The woman returns, pink in the face instead of red, and states matters in a formal, deliberated way; the man stands and shouts. She hits him; he knocks her arm away and punches her side, startled by how pleasant, how spongy, the sensation is. A sack of guts. They flounce among the furniture, which gets in their way, releasing whiffs of dust. The children edge one step higher on the stairs. The dog, hunched as if being whipped, goes to the screen door and begs to be let out. The man embraces the woman and murmurs. She is pink and warm with tears. He discovers himself weeping; what a good feeling it is!—like vomiting, like sweat. What are they saying, what are these violent, frightened people discussing? They are discussing change, natural process, the passage of time, death.

Feeble ghosts. They fade like breath on glass. In contrast I remember the potent, powerful, numinous Easter eggs of my childhood, filled solid with moist coconut, heavy as ingots, or else capacious like theatres, populated by paper silhouettes—miniature worlds generating their own sunlight. These eggs arose, in their nest of purple excelsior, that certain Sunday morning, from the same impossible-to-plumb well of mystery where the stars swam, and old photographs predating my birth were snapped, and God listened. At night, praying, I lay like a needle on the surface of this abyss, in a house haunted to the shadowy corners by Disneyesque menaces with clutching fingernails, in a town that boasted a funeral parlor at its main intersection and that was ringed all around its outskirts by barns blazoned with hex signs. On the front-parlor rug was a continent-shaped stain where as a baby I had vomited. Myth upon myth: now I am three or four, a hungry soul, eating dirt from one of the large parlor pots that hold strange ferns—feathery, cloudy, tropical presences. One of my grandmother's superstitions is that a child must eat a pound of dirt a year to grow strong. And then later, at nine or ten, I am lying on my belly, in the same spot, reading the newspaper to my blind grandfather—first the obituaries, then the rural news, and lastly the front-page headlines about Japs and Roosevelt. The paper has a deep smell, not dank like the smell of comic books but fresher, less sweet than doughnut bags but spicy, an exciting smell that has the future in it, a smell of things stacked and crisp and faintly warm, the smell of the *new*. Each day, I realize, this smell arrives and fades. And then I am thirteen and saying goodbye to the front parlor. We are moving. Beside the continent-shaped stain on the carpet are the round stains of the fern flowerpots. The uncurtained sunlight on these stains is a shock. They are stamped deep, like dinosaur footprints.

Did my children sense the frivolity of our Easter priesthoods? The youngest used to lie in her bed in the smallest of the upstairs rooms and suck her thumb and stare past me at something in the dark. Our house, in her, did surely possess the dimension of dread that imprints every surface on the memory, that makes each scar on the paint a clue to some terrible depth. She was the only child who would talk about death. Tomorrow was her birthday. "I don't want to have a birthday. I don't want to be nine."

"But you must grow. Everybody grows. The trees grow."

"I don't want to."

THE UNWRITTEN

Inside this pencil
crouch words that have never been written
never been spoken
never been thought

they're hiding

they're awake in there
dark in the dark
hearing us
but they won't come out
not for love not for time not for fire

even when the dark has worn away
they'll still be there
hiding in the air
multitudes in days to come may walk through them
breathe them
be none the wiser

what script can it be
that they won't unroll
in what language
would I recognize it
would I be able to follow it
to make out the real names
of everything

maybe there aren't
many
it could be that there's only one word
and it's all we need
it's here in this pencil

every pencil in the world
is like this

—W. S. Merwin

• •

"Don't you want to be a big girl like Judith?"

"No."

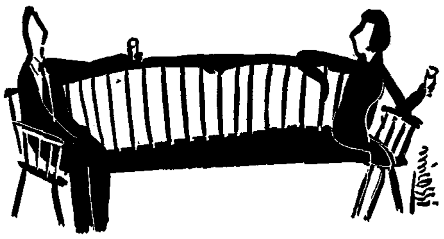
"Then you can wear lipstick, and a bra, and ride your bicycle even on Central Street."

"I don't want to ride on Central Street."

"Why not?"

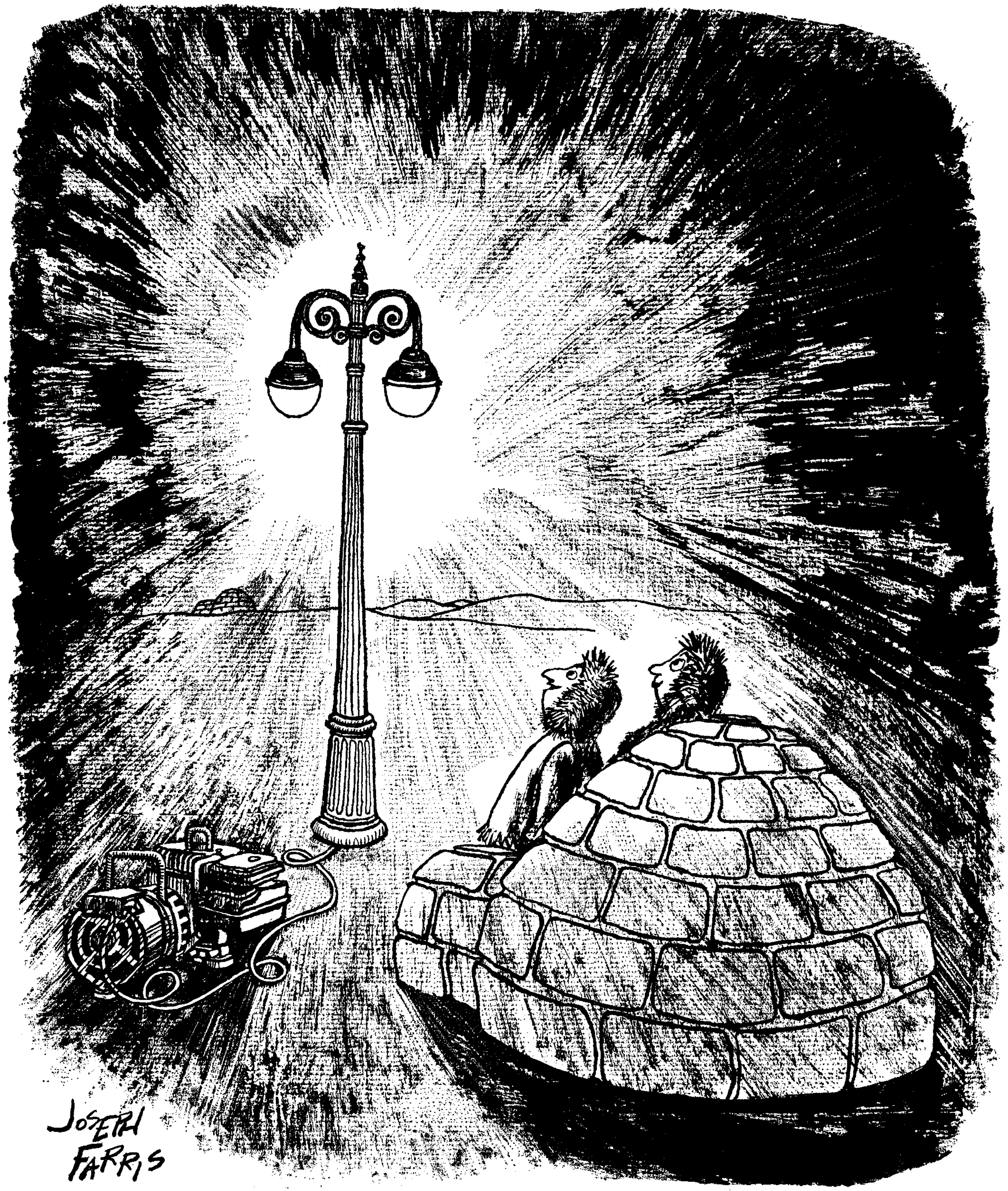
"Because then I will get to be an old old lady and die."

And her tears well up, and the man with her is dumb, as all the men ever with her will be on this point dumb, in this little room where nothing remains of us but scuffmarks and a half-scraped Snoopy decal on the window frame. If we still lived here, it would be time to put the screens in the windows.



CROCUSES are up at the old house; daffodils bloom at the new. The children who lived here before us left Superballs under the radiators for us to find. In the days of appraisal and purchase, we used to glimpse them skulking around their house, behind bushes and bannisters, gazing at us, the usurpers of their future. In the days after they moved out but before our furniture moved in, we played hilarious games in the empty rooms—huge comic ricochets and bounces. Soon the balls became lost again. The rooms became crowded.

Tenderly, musingly, the plumber shows me a sawed-off section of the pipe that leads from the well to our storage tank. The inside diameter of the pipe is reduced to the size of his finger by mineral accretions—a circle of stony layers thin as paper. It suggests a book seen endwise, but one of those books not meant to be opened,



"You'll have to admit it makes the long winter night more bearable."

• •

that priests wisely kept locked. "See," he says, "this has built up over forty, fifty years. I remember my dad and me putting in the pump, but this pipe was here then. Nothing you can do about it, minerals in the water. Nothing you can do about it but dig it up and replace it with inch-and-a-quarter, inch-and-a-half new."

I imagine my lawn torn up, the great golden backhoe trampling my daffodils, my dollars flooding away. Feebly, I protest.

The plumber sighs, as poets do, with an eye on the audience. "See, keep on with it like this, you'll burn out your new pump. It has to work too hard to draw the water. Replace it now, you'll never have to worry with it again. It'll outlast your time here."

My time, his time. His eyes open wide in the unspeaking presences of corrosion and flow. We push out through the bulkhead; a blinding piece of sky slides into place above us, fitted with temporary, timeless clouds. All around us, we are outlasted. —JOHN UPDIKE

THE GENIUS

HIS assistants cluster about him. He is severe with them, demanding, punctilious, but this is for their own ultimate benefit. He devises hideously difficult problems, or complicates their work with sudden oblique comments that open whole new areas of investigation—yawning chasms under their feet. It is as if he wishes to place them in situations where only failure is possible. But failure, too, is a part of mental life. "I will make you failure-proof," he says jokingly. His assistants pale.

◆

Is it true, as Valéry said, that every man of genius contains within himself a false man of genius?

◆

"This is an age of personal ignorance. No one knows what others know. No one knows enough."

◆

The genius is afraid to fly. The giant aircraft seem to him . . . *flimsy*. He hates the takeoff and he hates the landing and he detests being in the air. He hates the food, the stewardesses, the voice of the captain, and his fellow-passengers, especially those who are conspicuously at ease, who remove their coats, loosen their ties, and move up and down the aisles with a drink in their hands. In consequence, he rarely travels. The world comes to him.

◆

Q: What do you consider the most important tool of the genius of today?

A: Rubber cement.

◆

He has urged that America be divided into four smaller countries. America, he says, is too big. "America does not look where it puts its foot," he says. This comment, which, coming from anyone else, would have engendered widespread indignation, is greeted with amused chuckles. The Chamber of Commerce sends him four cases of Teacher's Highland Cream.

◆

The genius defines "inappropriate response":

"Suppose my friend telephones and asks, 'Is my wife there?' 'No,' I reply, 'they went out, your wife and my wife, wearing new hats, they are giving themselves to sailors.' My friend is astounded at this news. 'But it's Election Day!' he cries. 'And it's beginning to rain!' I say."

◆

The genius pays close attention to work being done in fields other than his own. He is well read in all of the sciences (with the exception of the social sciences); he follows the arts with a connoisseur's acuteness; he is an accomplished amateur musician. He jogs. He dislikes chess. He was once photographed playing tennis with the Marx Brothers.

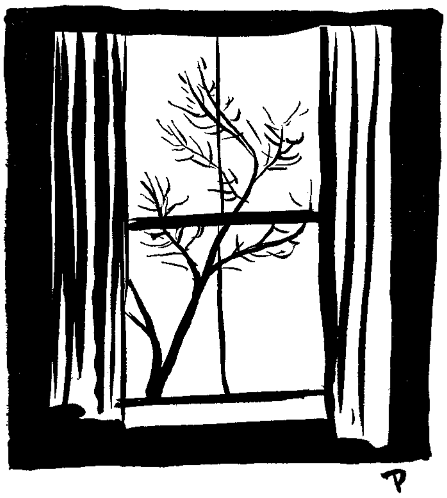
He has devoted considerable thought to an attempt to define the sources of his genius. However, this attempt has led approximately nowhere. The mystery remains a mystery. He has therefore settled upon the following formula, which he repeats each time he is interviewed: "Historical forces."

◆

The government has decided to award the genius a few new medals—medals he has not been previously awarded. One medal is awarded for his work prior to 1936, one for his work from 1936 to the present, and one for his future work.

◆

"I think that this thing, my work, has made me, in a sense, what I am. The work possesses a consciousness which shapes that of the worker. The work flatters the worker. Only the strongest worker can do this work, the work says. You must be a fine fellow, that you can do this work. But disaffection is also possible. The worker grows careless. The worker pays slight regard to the work, he ignores the work, he flirts with other work, he is *unfaithful* to the work. The work is insulted. And perhaps it finds little ways of telling the worker . . . The work slips in the hands of the worker—a little cut on the finger. You understand? The work becomes slow, sulky, consumes more time, becomes more tiring. The gaiety that once existed between the worker and the work has evaporated. A fine situation! Don't you think?"



◆

The genius has noticed that he does not interact with children successfully. (Anecdote)

◆

Richness of the inner life of the genius:

(1) Manic-oceanic states
(2) Hatred of children
(3) Piano playing
(4) Subincised genitals
(5) Subscription to *Harper's Bazaar*
(6) Stamp collection

THE genius receives a very flattering letter from the University of Minnesota. The university wishes to become the depository of his papers, after he is dead. A new wing of the Library will be built to house them.

The letter makes the genius angry. He takes a pair of scissors, cuts the letter into long thin strips, and mails it back to the Director of Libraries.

◆

He takes long walks through the city streets, noting architectural details—particularly old ironwork. His mind is filled with ideas for a new— But at this moment a policeman approaches him. "Beg pardon, sir. Aren't you—" "Yes," the genius says, smiling. "My little boy is an admirer of yours," the policeman says. He pulls out a pocket notebook. "If it's not too much trouble . . ." Smiling, the genius signs his name.

The genius carries his most important papers about with him in a green Sears, Roebuck toolbox.

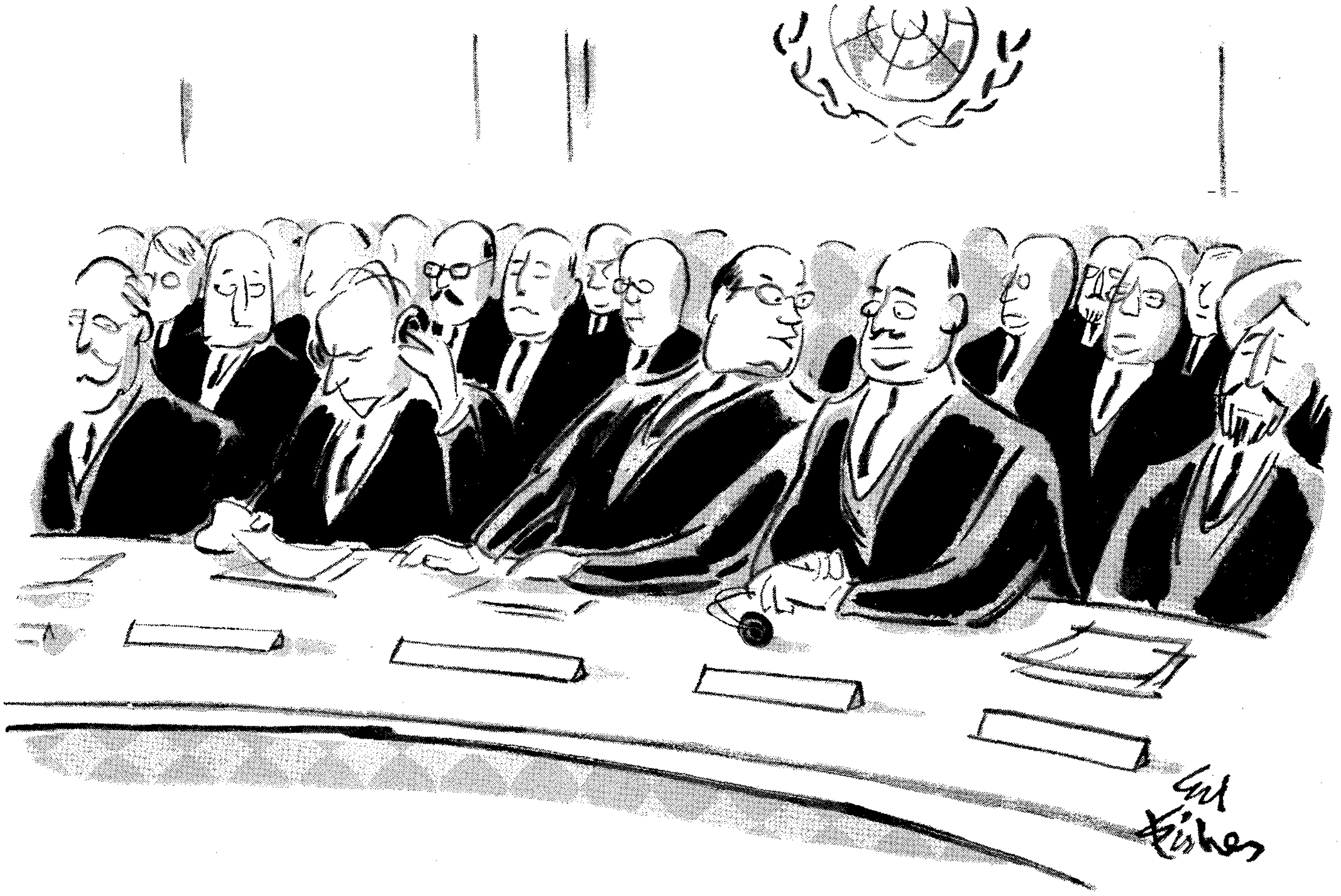
◆

He did not win the Nobel Prize again this year.

It was neither the year of his country nor the year of his discipline. To console him, the National Foundation gives him a new house.

◆

The genius meets with a group of students. The students tell the genius that the concept "genius" is not, currently, a popular one. Group effort, they say, is more socially productive



"Tell you what I'll do. You back me on the Trusteeship issue and my wife will lend your wife our Mrs. Twickins for two afternoons a week."

• •

than the isolated efforts of any one man, however gifted. Genius by its very nature sets itself over against the needs of the many. In answering its own imperatives, genius tends toward, even embraces, totalitarian forms of social organization. Tyranny of the gifted over the group, while producing some advances in the short run, inevitably produces a set of conditions which—

The genius smokes thoughtfully.

•

A giant brown pantechnicon disgorges the complete works of Thomas Aquinas, in all translations, upon the genius's lawn—a gift from the people of Cincinnati!

•

The genius is leafing through a magazine. Suddenly he is arrested by an advertisement:

WHY DON'T *YOU*
BECOME A
PROFESSIONAL
INTERIOR DECORATOR?

Interior decoration is a high-income field, the advertisement says. The work is varied and interesting. One moves in a world of fashion, creativity, and ever-new challenge.

The genius tears out the advertisement's coupon.

•

Q: Is America a good place for genius?

A: I have found America most hospitable to genius.

•

"I always say to myself, 'What is the most important thing I can be thinking about at this minute?' But then I don't think about it."

•

His driver's license expires. But he does nothing about renewing it. He is vaguely troubled by the thought of the expired license (although he does not stop driving). But he loathes the idea of taking the examination again, of going physically to the examining station, of waiting in line for an examiner. He decides that if he writes a letter to the License Bureau requesting a new license, the bureau will grant him one without an examination, because he is a genius. He is right. He writes the letter and the License Bureau sends him a new license, by return mail.

•

In the serenity of his genius, the genius reaches out to right wrongs—the sewer systems of cities, for example.

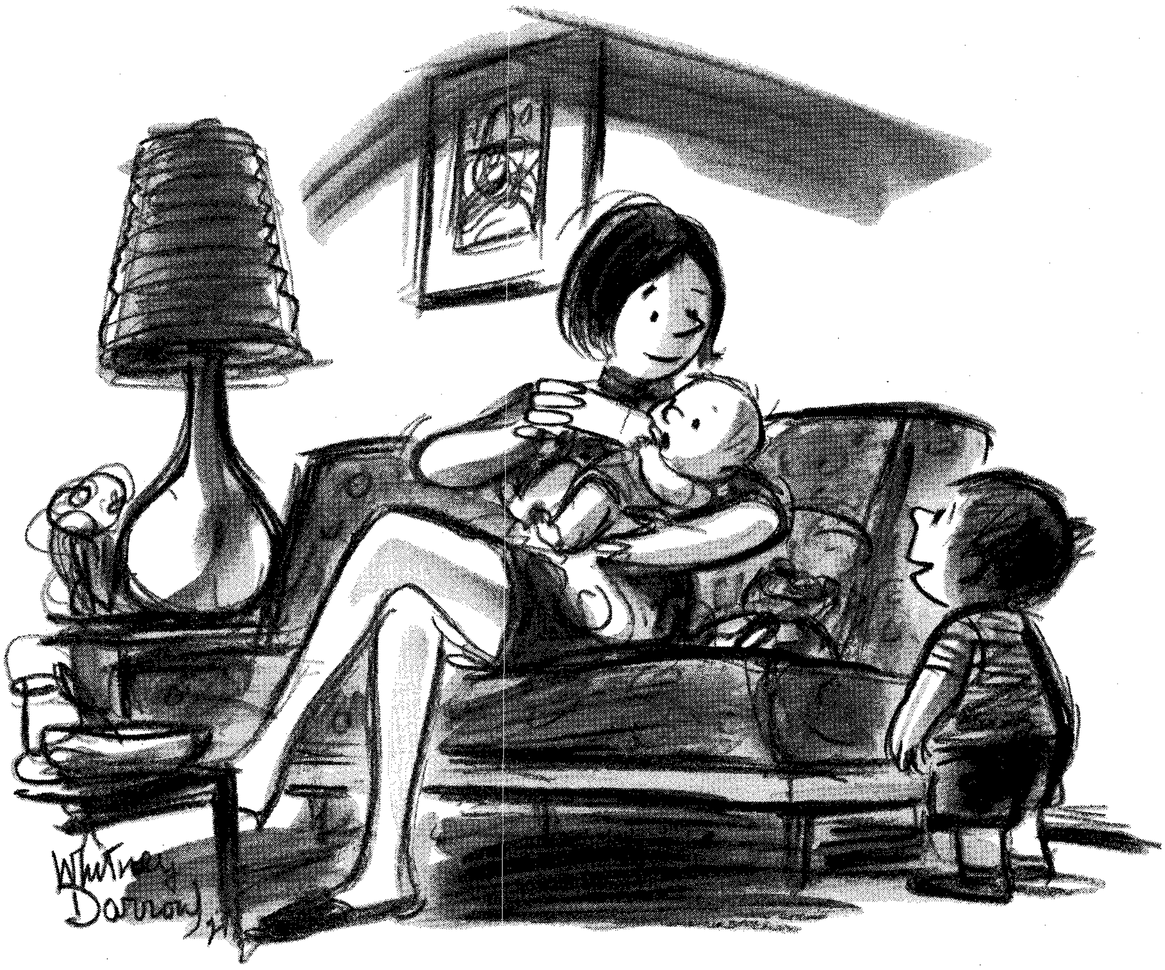
•

The genius is reading "The 'Genius,'" a 736-page novel by Theodore Dreiser. He arrives at the last page:

> ". . . What a sweet welter life is—how rich, how tender, how grim, how like a colorful symphony."
>
> Great art dreams welled up into his soul as he viewed the sparkling deeps of space . . .

The genius gets up and looks at himself in a mirror.

AN organization has been formed to appreciate his thought: the Blaufox Gesellschaft. Meetings are held once a month, in a room over a cafeteria in Buffalo, New York. He has always refused to have anything to do with the Gesellschaft, which reminds him uncomfortably of the Browning



"Have you lost all interest in your first-born?"

Society. However, he cannot prevent himself from glancing at the group's twice-yearly *Proceedings*, which contains such sentences as "The imbuement of all reaches of the scholarly community with Blaufox's views must, *ab ovo*, be our . . ."

He falls into hysteria.

•

Moments of self-doubt . . .

"Am I really a—"

"What does it *mean* to be a—"

"Can one *refuse* to be a—"

•

His worst moment: He is in a church, kneeling in a pew near the back. He is gradually made aware of a row of nuns, a half-dozen, kneeling twenty feet ahead of him, their heads bent over their beads. One of the nuns however has turned her head almost completely around, and seems to be staring at him. The genius glances at her, glances away, then looks again: she is still staring at him. The genius is only visiting the church in the first place because the nave is said to be a particularly fine example of Burgundian Gothic. He places his eyes here, there, on the altar, on the stained glass, but each time they return to the nuns, *his* nun is still staring. The genius says to himself, *This is my worst moment.*

•

He is a drunk.

•

"A truly potent abstract concept avoids, resists closure. The ragged, blurred outlines of such a concept, like a net in which the fish have eaten large, gaping holes, permit entry and escape equally. What does one catch in such a net? The sea horse with a Monet in his mouth. How did the Monet get there? Is the value of the Monet less because it has gotten wet? Are there tooth marks in the Monet? Do sea horses have teeth? How large is the Monet? From which period? Is it a water lily or group of water lilies? Do sea horses eat water lilies? Does Parke-Bernet know? Do oil and water mix? Is a mixture of oil and water bad for the digestion of the sea horse? Should art be expensive? Should artists wear beards? Ought beards to be forbidden by law? Is underwater art better than overwater art? What does the expression 'glad rags' mean? Does it refer to Monet's paint rags? In the Paris of 1878, what was the average monthly rent for a north-lit, terrific studio in an unfashionable district? If sea horses eat water lilies, what per cent of their daily work energy, expressed in ergs, is generated thereby? Should the holes in the net be mended? In a fight between a sea horse and a flittermouse, which would you bet on? If I mend the net, will you forgive my sins? Are you empowered to forgive my sins? Are you empowered to bind and loose? What is on the flip side of the record in which you are heard binding and loosing? Do water rats chew upon the water lilies? Is there a water buffalo in the water cooler? If I fill my water gun to the waterline, can I then visit the watering place? Is fantasy an adequate substitute for correct behavior?"

•

The genius proposes a world inventory of genius, in order to harness and coördinate the efforts of genius everywhere to create a better life for all men.

Letters are sent out. . . .

The response is staggering!

Telegrams pour in. . . .

Geniuses of every stripe offer their coöperation.

The *Times* prints an editorial praising the idea. . . .

Three thousand geniuses in one room!

The genius falls into an ill humor. He refuses to speak to anyone for eight days.

•

But now a green Railway Express truck arrives at his door. It contains a field of stainless-steel tulips, courtesy of the Mayor and City Council of Houston, Texas. The genius signs the receipt, smiling. . . .

—Donald Barthelme

ANXIETIES

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST

THIS story was told to me in Texas, but it took place in another of the Southwestern states. It has one character only, except for the fact that in any story there are thousands of characters, seen and unseen, living and dead. His name, I believe, was Fred Murdock. He was lanky, was neither light nor dark, had a hatchet face, and wasted few words. There was nothing out of the ordinary about him, not even that wish to be out of the ordinary common to most young men. Naturally respectful, he never questioned what he read or what his teachers told him. He was at that age when, not yet knowing who he is, a man is ready to go whichever way a chance wind blows—into Persian Sufism or the unknown beginnings of Hungarian, the adventures of war or of algebra, puritanism or the orgy. At the university, he was advised to take up the study of aboriginal languages. Among a few tribes of the Southwest, certain unexplained rites still survived; his adviser, a man getting along in years, suggested that he go live on a reservation, where he might be initiated into tribal ceremonies, and try to uncover the medicine man's secret. On his return, he would prepare a thesis that the university press would undertake to publish. Murdock jumped at the chance. One of his forebears had been killed by Indians in a frontier raid; this old family bloodshed was now a link. No doubt he foresaw the difficulties that were in store for him; he would have to do his best to get the red men to accept him as one of them.

Murdock undertook the arduous adventure. He lived over two years in the desert in adobe huts or out in the open. He would get up before the dawn, he would go to sleep at nightfall, and he came to dream in a language that was not the language of his fathers. His palate became accustomed to new tastes, he dressed in strange clothes, he forgot his friends and the city, he came to see things in a way his reason rejected. During the first months of his training, he took secret notes that later he was to burn—maybe not to arouse suspicion, maybe because he no longer needed them. At the end of a period of many months, after he had at last undergone certain exercises of a moral and physical nature, the medicine man took him aside and told him that from then on he must remember his dreams and relate them to him every morning. Murdock found out that on nights when the moon was full he dreamed of mustangs. He confided these repeated dreams to his teacher; in time, the teacher taught him the secret. One day without saying goodbye to anyone, Murdock went away.

Back in the city, he felt homesick for those first evenings out in the desert when, a long time before, he had felt homesick for the city. He made his way to his adviser's office and told him that he now knew the secret and that he had made up his mind not to reveal it.

"Are you sworn to an oath?" asked the professor.

"That's not my reason," answered Murdock. "I found out something off there in the desert that I can't tell."

"Do you mean to say the English language is inadequate?" the professor may have said.

"No, that's not it, sir. Now that I have the secret, I could explain it in a hundred different and even contradictory ways. I don't really know how to tell you, but the secret means a great deal to me. Compared to it, science—our science—seems not much more than a trifle." He added, after a pause, "The secret, I should tell you, is not as valuable as the steps that brought me to it. Those steps have to be taken, not told."

The professor said coldly, "Very well, I shall report your decision to the board. Are you thinking of living among the Indians?"

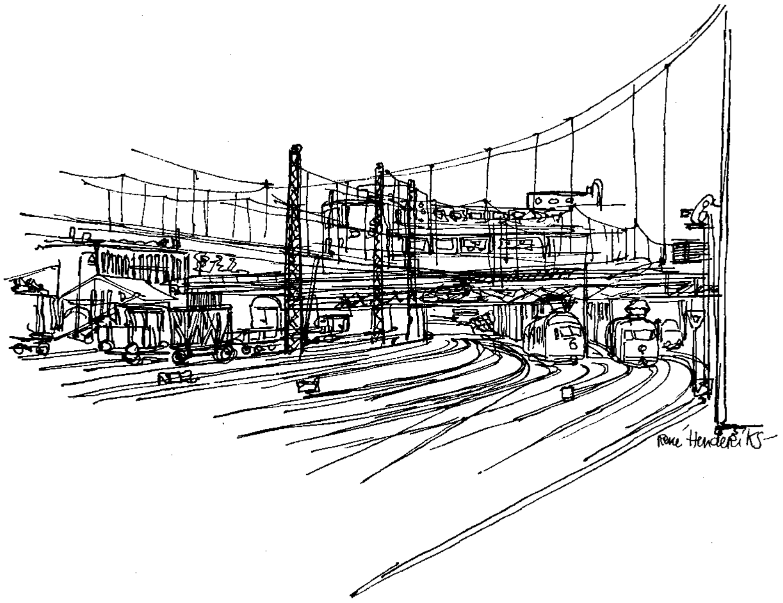
Murdock answered, "No. Maybe I won't be going back to the reservation. What I learned there I can apply anyplace on earth and under any circumstances."

That, substantially, is what was said.

Fred married, was divorced, and is now a librarian at Yale.

A PRAYER

THOUSANDS of times, and in the two languages that are close to me, my lips have said and will go on saying the Lord's Prayer, but only in part do I understand it. This morning, the first day of July, 1969, I want to attempt a prayer that will be my own, not handed down. I know this is an undertaking that demands an almost superhuman sincerity. It is obvious, to begin with, that I may not ask for anything. To ask that darkness not wholly descend on my eyes would be senseless; I know thousands of persons who see and yet are not especially happy, righteous, or wise. The process of time is a network of effects and causes, so that to ask for any gift, however small, is to ask that a link in that iron network be broken. Nobody is worthy of such a miracle. Nor can I beg forgiveness for my mistakes. Forgiving is what someone else does, and only I can save myself; forgiving makes pure the one who has been offended, not the offender, whom it hardly concerns. Free will is perhaps an illusion, but I can always give or dream that I am giving. I can give the courage I lack, the hope I lack; I can teach others the will to learn what I barely know, or only half know. I want to be remembered less as a poet than as a friend; let someone recall a verse of Frost or of Dunbar or of the nameless Saxon who at midnight saw the shining tree that bleeds, the Cross, and let him think he heard it for the first time from my lips. The rest is of little importance; I hope oblivion will not be long in coming. The laws of the universe are unknown to us, but we are some-



how sure that to reason clearly and to act righteously is to help those laws, which will never be revealed to us.

My wish is to die wholly; my wish is to die with this companion, my body.

LEGEND

Abel and Cain met again after Abel's death. They were walking in the desert and knew each other from a distance, for both men were very tall. The brothers sat on the ground, made a fire, and ate. For a while, they were untalkative, the way tired men can be after a long day's work. In the sky, some still unnamed star appeared. By the firelight, Cain made out the mark of the stone on Abel's forehead, dropped the food he was about to put into his mouth, and asked to be forgiven for his crime.

"I no longer remember—did you kill me or was it I who killed you?" Abel answered. "Here we are together again, just as we used to be."

"Now I know for sure you've forgiven me," said Cain, "because to forget is to have forgiven. I'll try my best to forget, too."

"Yes," said Abel, speaking slowly, "you're right. As long as there's remorse, there's guilt."

EPISODE OF THE ENEMY

So many years on the run, expectant, and now the enemy stood at my door. From the window, I saw him working his way up the hill, laboring along the steep road. He leaned on a staff, a clumsy staff, which in his hands was no more than an old man's cane, not a weapon. Although I was waiting for it, his knock was so weak I barely made it out. I glanced full of wistfulness at the half-finished draft I was working on and at Artemidorus's treatise on dreams, a book somewhat out of place on my writing table, since I have no Greek. Another day lost, I thought. At the door, I fumbled with the key to let the man in. I feared he was going to collapse all at once, but he took a few faltering steps, let go the staff (which I never saw again), and tumbled, utterly worn out, onto my bed. My anxiety had pictured him many times before, but only then did I notice his resemblance—in an almost brotherly way—to Lincoln's last portrait. It was around four o'clock in the afternoon.

I bent over him so that he could hear me.

"One believes that the years pass for one," I said to him, "but they pass for everyone else, too. Here we meet at last face to face, and what happened before has no meaning now."

While I spoke, he had unbuttoned his overcoat. His right hand was in the pocket of his suit coat. Something there was aimed at me, and I knew it was a revolver.

Then he told me in an unwavering voice, "To get myself into your house, I fell back on your pity. Now I have you at my mercy and I am unforgiving."

I tried to get out some words. I am not a strong man, and only words could save me. I managed to utter, "It's true that a long time ago I ill-treated a certain boy, but you are no longer that boy and I am no longer that callous brute. Besides, revenge is no less vain and ridiculous than forgiving."

"That's just it," he replied. "Because I am no longer that boy, I am about to kill you. This has nothing to do with revenge—this is an act of justice. Your arguments, Borges, are only stratagems of your terror designed to keep me from my mission. There's nothing you can do now."

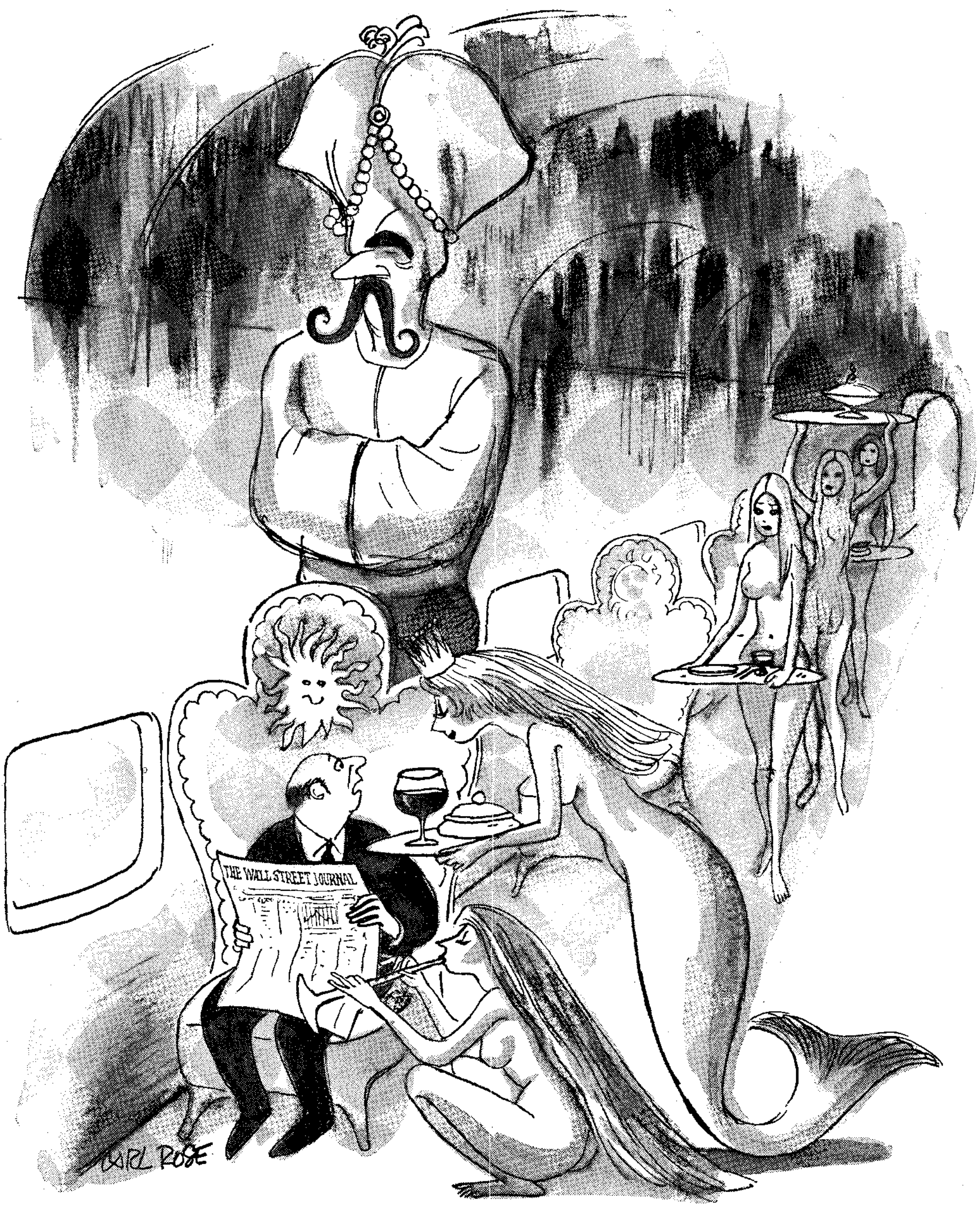
"There's one thing I can do," I said.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Wake up," I said.

And I did. —Jorge Luis Borges

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.*)



"Sa-a-y, what kind of an airline is *this?"*

•

According to police, after striking Phillips in the left rear, causing $100 estimated damage to the auto, Harding sped on up Howellville Rd.

By this time, Ptmn. Richard Carbo of Tredyffrin Township Police had stopped to assist with the Phillips car and Ptmn. William DeHaven took up the chase after the Harding auto, noting that Harding was riding on the rim of the right front tire.—*Ardmore (Pa.) Main Line Times.*

What! With his vertigo?

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

RAISING KANE—I

"Citizen Kane" is perhaps the one American talking picture that seems as fresh now as the day it opened. It may seem even fresher. A great deal in the movie that was conventional and almost banal in 1941 is so far in the past as to have been forgotten and become new, and the Pop characterizations look modern, and rather better than they did at the time. New audiences may enjoy Orson Welles' theatrical flamboyance even more than earlier generations did, because they're so unfamiliar with the traditions it came out of. When Welles was young—he was twenty-five when the film opened—he used to be accused of "excessive showmanship," but the same young audiences who now reject "theatre" respond innocently and wholeheartedly to the most unabashed tricks of theatre—and of early radio plays—in "Citizen Kane." At some campus showings, they react so gullibly that when Kane makes a demagogic speech about "the underprivileged," stray students will applaud enthusiastically, and a shout of "Right on!" may be heard. Though the political ironies are not clear to young audiences, and though young audiences don't know much about the subject—William Randolph Hearst, the master jingo journalist, being to them a stock villain, like Joe McCarthy; that is, a villain without the contours of his particular villainy—they nevertheless respond to the effrontery, the audacity, and the risks. Hearst's career and his power provided a dangerous subject that stimulated and energized all those connected with the picture—they felt they were *doing* something instead of just working on one more cooked-up story that didn't relate to anything that mattered. And to the particular kinds of people who shaped this enterprise the dangers involved made the subject irresistible.

"Citizen Kane," the film that, as Truffaut said, is "probably the one that has started the largest number of filmmakers on their careers," was not an ordinary assignment. It is one of the few films ever made inside a major studio in the United States *in freedom*—not merely in freedom from interference but in freedom from the routine methods of experienced directors. George J. Schaefer, who, with the help of Nelson Rockefeller, had become president of R.K.O. late in 1938, when it was struggling to avert bankruptcy, needed a miracle to save the company, and after the national uproar over Orson Welles' "The War of the Worlds" broadcast Rockefeller apparently thought that Welles—"the wonder boy"—might come up with one, and urged Schaefer to get him. But Welles, who was committed to the theatre and wasn't especially enthusiastic about making movies, rejected the first offers; he held out until Schaefer offered him complete control over his productions. Then Welles brought out to Hollywood from New York his own production unit—the Mercury Theatre company, a group of actors and associates he could count on—and, because he was inexperienced in movies and was smart and had freedom, he was able to find in Hollywood people who had been waiting all their lives to try out new ideas. So a miracle did come about, though it was not the kind of miracle R.K.O. needed.

"Kane" does something so well, and with such spirit, that the fullness and completeness of it continue to satisfy us. The formal elements themselves produce elation; we are kept aware of how marvellously worked out the ideas are. It would be high-toned to call this method of keeping the audience aware "Brechtian," and it would be wrong. It comes out of a different tradition—the same commercial-comedy tradition that Walter Kerr analyzed so beautifully in his review of the 1969 Broadway revival of "The Front Page," the 1928 play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, when he said, "A play was held to be something of a machine in those days. . . . It was a machine for surprising and delighting the audience, regularly, logically, insanely, but accountably. A play was like a watch that laughed." The mechanics of movies are rarely as entertaining as they are in "Citizen Kane," as cleverly designed to be the kind of fun that keeps one alert and conscious of the enjoyment of the artifices themselves.

Walter Kerr goes on to describe the second-act entrance prepared for Walter Burns, the scheming, ruthless managing editor of "The Front Page":

> He can't just come on and declare himself. . . . He's got to walk into a tough situation in order to be brutally nonchalant, which is what we think is funny about him. The machinery has not only given him and the play the right punctuation, the change of pace that refreshes even as it moves on. It has also covered him, kept him from being obvious while exploiting the one most obvious thing about him. You might say that the machinery has covered itself, perfectly squared itself. We are delighted to have the man on, we are delighted to have him on at this time, we are aware that it is sleight-of-hand that has got him on, and we are as delighted by the sleight-of-hand as by the man.

"Citizen Kane" is made up of an astonishing number of such bits of technique, and of sequences built to make their points and get their laughs and hit climax just before a fast cut takes us to the next. It is practically a collection of blackout sketches, but blackout sketches arranged to comment on each other, and it was planned that way right in the shooting script.

It is difficult to explain what makes any great work great, and particularly difficult with movies, and maybe more so with "Citizen Kane" than with other great movies, because it isn't a work of special depth or a work of subtle beauty. It is a shallow work, a *shallow* masterpiece. Those who try to account for its stature as a film by claiming it to be profound are simply dodging the problem—or maybe they don't recognize that there is one. Like most of the films of the sound era that are called masterpieces, "Citizen Kane" has reached its audience gradually over the years rather than at the time of release. Yet, unlike the others, it is conceived and acted as entertainment in a popular style (unlike, say, "Rules of the Game" or "Rashomon" or "Man of Aran," which one does not think of in crowd-pleasing terms). Apparently, the easiest thing for people to do when they recognize that something is a work of art is to trot out the proper schoolbook terms for works of art, and there are articles on "Citizen Kane" that call it a tragedy in fugal form and articles that explain that the hero of "Citizen Kane" is time—time being a proper sort of modern hero for an important picture. But to use the conventional schoolbook explanations for greatness, and pretend that it's profound, is to miss what makes it such an American triumph—that it manages to create something aesthetically exciting and durable out of the playfulness of American muckraking satire. "Kane" is closer to comedy than to tragedy, though so overwrought in style as to be almost a Gothic comedy. What might possibly be considered tragic in it has such a Daddy Warbucks quality that if it's tragic at all it's comic-strip tragic. The mystery in "Kane" is largely fake, and the Gothic-thriller atmosphere and the Rosebud gimmickry (though fun) are such obvious penny-dreadful popular theatrics that they're not so very different from the fake mysteries that Hearst's *American Weekly* used to whip up—the haunted castles and the curses fulfilled. "Citizen Kane" is a "popular" masterpiece—not in terms of actual popularity but in terms of its conceptions and the way it gets its laughs and makes its points. Possibly it was too complexly told to be one of the greatest commercial successes, but we can't really tell whether it might have become even a modest success, because it didn't get a fair chance.

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Orson Welles brought forth a miracle, but he couldn't get by with it. Though Hearst made some direct attempts to interfere with the film, it wasn't so much what he did that hurt the film commercially as what others feared he might do, to them and to the movie industry. They knew he was contemplating action, so they did the picture in for him; it was as if they decided whom the king might want killed, and, eager to oblige, performed the murder without waiting to be asked. Before "Kane" opened, George J. Schaefer was summoned to New York by Nicholas Schenck, the chairman of the board of Loew's International, the M-G-M affiliate that controlled the distribution of M-G-M pictures. Schaefer had staked just about everything on Welles, and the picture looked like a winner, but now Schenck made Schaefer a cash offer from Louis B. Mayer, the head of production at M-G-M, of $842,000 if Schaefer would destroy the negative and all the prints. The picture had actually cost only $686,033; the offer handsomely included a fair amount for the post-production costs.

Mayer's motive may have been partly friendship and loyalty to Hearst, even though Hearst, who had formerly been associated with M-G-M, had, some years earlier, after a dispute with Irving Thalberg, taken his investment out of M-G-M and moved his star, Marion Davies, and his money to Warner Brothers. M-G-M had lost money on a string of costume clinkers starring Miss Davies ("Beverly of Graustark," et al.), and had even lost money on some of her good pictures, but Mayer had got free publicity for M-G-M releases out of the connection with Hearst, and had also got what might be called deep personal satisfaction. In 1929, when Herbert Hoover invited the Mayers to the White House—they were the first "informal" guests after his inauguration—Hearst's New York *American* gave the visit a full column. Mayer enjoyed fraternizing with Hearst and his eminent guests; photographs show Mayer with Hearst and Lindbergh, Mayer with Hearst and Winston Churchill, Mayer at lunch with Bernard Shaw and Marion Davies—but they never, of course, show Mayer with both Hearst and Miss Davies. Candid cameramen sometimes caught the two together, but Hearst, presumably out of respect for his wife, did not pose in groups that included Miss Davies. Despite the publicity showered on her in the Hearst papers, the forms were carefully observed. She quietly packed and left for her own house on the rare occasions when Mrs. Hearst, who lived in the East, was expected to be in residence at San Simeon. Kane's infatuation for the singer Susan Alexander in the movie was thus a public flaunting of matters that Hearst was careful and considerate about. Because of this, Mayer's longtime friendship for Hearst was probably a lesser factor than the fear that the Hearst press would reveal some sordid stories about the movie moguls and join in one of those recurrent crusades against movie immorality, like the one that had destroyed Fatty Arbuckle's career. The movie industry was frightened of reprisals. (The movie industry is always frightened, and is always proudest of films that celebrate courage.) As one of the trade papers phrased it in those nervous weeks when no one knew whether the picture would be released, "the industry could ill afford to be made the object of counterattack by the Hearst newspapers."

There were rumors that Hearst was mounting a general campaign; his legal staff had seen the script, and Louella Parsons, the Hearst movie columnist, who had attended a screening of the film flanked by lawyers, was agitated and had swung into action. The whole industry, it was feared, would take the rap for R.K.O.'s indiscretion, and, according to the trade press at the time (and Schaefer confirms this report), Mayer was not putting up the $842,000 all by himself. It was a joint offer from the top movie magnates, who were combining for common protection. The offer was presented to Schaefer on the ground that it was in the best interests of everybody concerned—which was considered to be the entire, threatened industry—for "Citizen Kane" to be destroyed. Rather astonishingly, Schaefer refused. He didn't confer with his board of directors, because, he says, he had good reason to think they would tell him to accept. He refused even though R.K.O., having few theatres of its own, was dependent on the other companies and he had been warned that the big theatre circuits—controlled by the men who wanted the picture destroyed—would refuse to show it.

Schaefer knew the spot he was in. The première had been tentatively set for February 14th at the Radio City Music Hall—usually the showcase for big R.K.O. pictures, because R.K.O. was partly owned by the Rockefellers and the Chase National Bank, who owned the Music Hall. The manager of the theatre had been enthusiastic about the picture. Then, suddenly, the Music Hall turned it down. Schaefer phoned Nelson Rockefeller to find out why, and, he says, "Rockefeller told me that Louella Parsons had warned him off it, that she had asked him, 'How would you like to have the *American Weekly* magazine section run a double-page spread on John D. Rockefeller?' " According to Schaefer, she had also called David Sarnoff, another large investor in R.K.O., and similarly threatened him. Schaefer was stranded; he had to scrounge for theatres, and, amid the general fear that

Hearst might sue and would almost certainly remove advertising for any houses that showed "Citizen Kane," he couldn't get bookings. The solution was for R.K.O. to take the risks of any lawsuits, but when the company leased an independent theatre in Los Angeles and refurbished the Palace (then a vaudeville house), which R.K.O. owned, for the New York opening, and did the same for a theatre R.K.O. owned in Chicago, Schaefer had trouble launching an advertising campaign. (Schenck, not surprisingly, owned a piece of the biggest movie-advertising agency.) Even after the early rave reviews and the initial enthusiasm, Schaefer couldn't get bookings except in the theatres that R.K.O. itself owned and in a few small art houses that were willing to take the risk. Eventually, in order to get the picture into theatres, Schaefer threatened to sue Warners', Fox, Paramount, and Loew's on a charge of conspiracy. (There was reason to believe the company heads had promised Hearst they wouldn't show it in their theatres.) Warners' (perhaps afraid of exposure and the troubles with their stockholders that might result from a lawsuit) gave in and booked the picture, and the others followed, halfheartedly—in some cases, theatres paid for the picture but didn't play it.

By then, just about everybody in the industry was scared, or mad, or tired of the whole thing, and though the feared general reprisals against the industry did not take place, R.K.O. was getting bruised. The Hearst papers banned publicity on R.K.O. pictures and dropped an announced serialization of the novel "Kitty Foyle" which had been timed for the release of the R.K.O. film version. Some R.K.O. films didn't get reviewed and others got bad publicity. It was all petty harassment, of a kind that could be blamed on the overzealous Miss Parsons and other Hearst employees, but it was obviously sanctioned by Hearst, and it was steady enough to keep the industry uneasy.

By the time "Citizen Kane" got into Warners' theatres, the picture had acquired such an odd reputation that people seemed to distrust it, and it didn't do very well. It was subsequently withdrawn from circulation, perhaps because of the vicissitudes of R.K.O., and until the late fifties, when it was reissued and began to play in the art houses and to attract a new audience, it was seen only in pirated versions in 16 mm. Even after Mayer had succeeded in destroying the picture commercially, he went on planning vengeance on Schaefer for refusing his offer. Stockholders in R.K.O. began to hear that the company wasn't prospering because Schaefer was anti-Semitic and was therefore having trouble getting proper distribution for R.K.O. pictures. Schaefer says that Mayer wanted to get control of R.K.O. and that the rumor was created to drive down the price of the stock—that Mayer hoped to scare out Floyd Odlum, a major stockholder, and buy his shares. Instead, Odlum, who had opposed Nelson Rockefeller's choice of Schaefer to run the company, bought enough of Sarnoff's stock to have a controlling interest, and by mid-1942 Schaefer was finished at R.K.O. Two weeks after he left, Welles' unit was evicted from its offices on the lot and given a few hours to move out, and the R.K.O. employees who had worked with Welles were punished with degrading assignments on B pictures. Mayer's friendship with Hearst was not ruffled. A few years later, when Mayer left his wife of forty years, he rented Marion Davies' Beverly Hills mansion. Eventually, he was one of Hearst's honorary pallbearers. "Citizen Kane" didn't actually lose money, but in Hollywood bookkeeping it wasn't a big enough moneymaker to balance the scandal.

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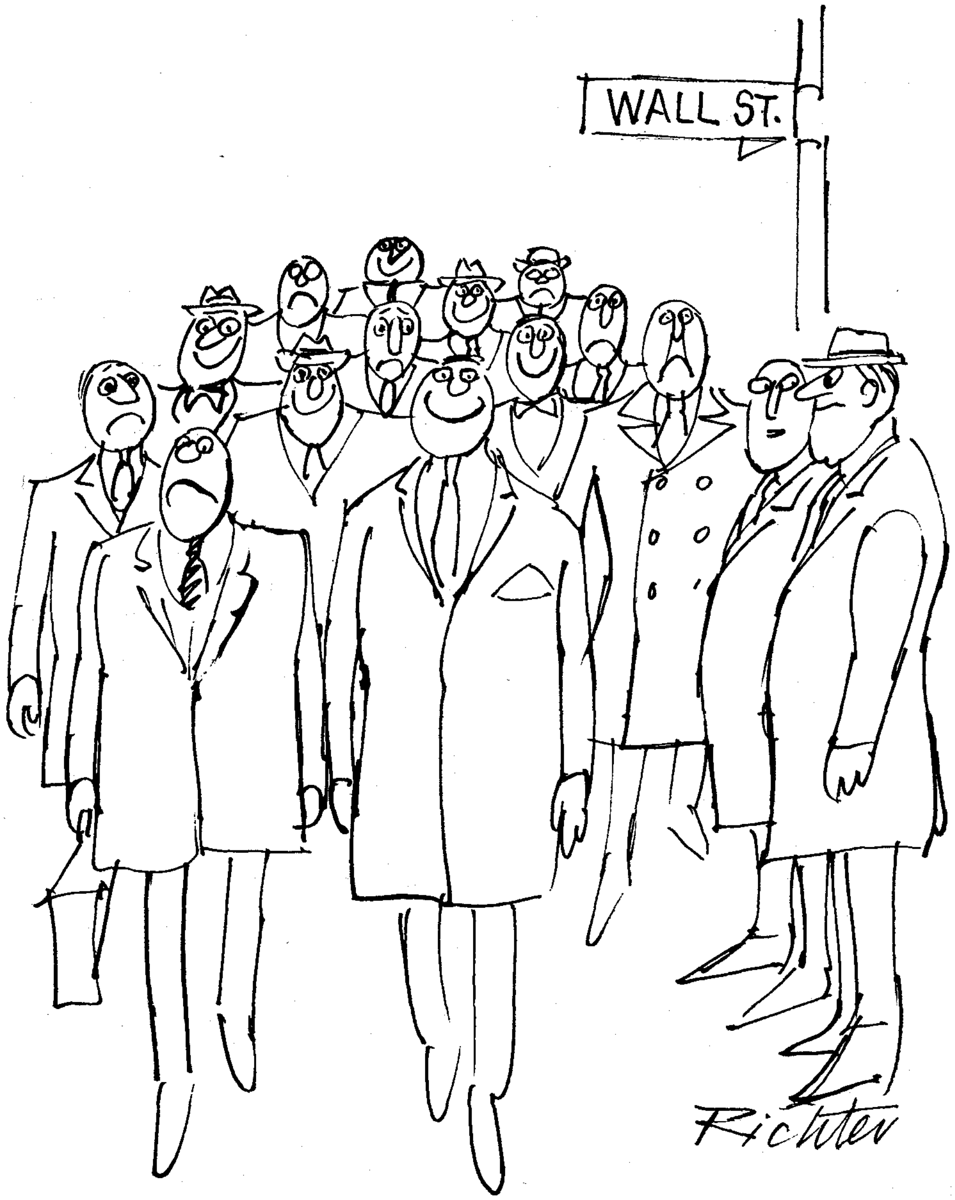
WELLES was recently quoted as saying, "Theatre is a collective experience; cinema is the work of one single person." This is an extraordinary remark from the man who brought his own Mercury Theatre players to Hollywood (fifteen of them appeared in "Citizen Kane"), and also the Mercury co-producer John Houseman, the Mercury composer Bernard Herrmann, and various assistants, such as Richard Wilson, William Alland, and Richard Barr. He not only brought his whole supportive group—his family, he called



"The market must have closed mixed today."

THREE WINTER POEMS

1

Slowly among the ampersands
Of snow crisping the hair's net
With *and*, *and*—and steel air
Helmeting the scene, I walked
Out past the lights of great hotels,
Grillwork trees, and former farms,
Into the sway of family scenes,
Those nests that will not let me go.

2

Cold step by cold step,
Snowy mile on snowy mile,
How could long walkers ever know
That they are walking to be still?
It is too bad that fires end—
Cinders, embers, ashes—all
Animate vividness born to stop.

3

Was that you flying down a flight of stairs
Into a thousand snowflakes of goodbye?
How many chronic pastures churned
Under a windfall, all so calm
Above, with the landscape pinned down,
Layer on layer, beneath the snow,
Whose wide, white, implacable gesso
Was preparing itself for snow, more snow
(The painting under the painting), for
Those days that yet might come to bloom.

—Howard Moss

• •

them then—but found people in Hollywood, such as the cinematographer Gregg Toland, to contribute their knowledge and gifts to "Citizen Kane." Orson Welles has done some marvellous things in his later movies—some great things—and there is more depth in the somewhat botched "The Magnificent Ambersons," of 1942 (which also used many of the Mercury players), than in "Citizen Kane," but his principal career in the movies has been in adaptation, as it was earlier on the stage. He has never again worked on a subject with the immediacy and impact of "Kane." His later films—even those he has so painfully struggled to finance out of his earnings as an actor—haven't been *conceived* in terms of daring modern subjects that excite us, as the very idea of "Kane" excited us. This particular kind of journalist's sense of what would be a scandal as well as a great subject, and the ability to write it, belonged not to Welles but to his now almost forgotten associate Herman J. Mankiewicz, who wrote the script, and who inadvertently destroyed the picture's chances. There is a theme that is submerged in much of "Citizen Kane" but that comes to the surface now and then, and it's the linking life story of Hearst and of Mankiewicz and of Welles—the story of how brilliantly gifted men who seem to have everything it takes to do what they want to do are defeated. It's the story of how heroes become comedians and con artists.

The Hearst papers ignored Welles—Hearst may have considered this a fit punishment for an actor—though they attacked him indirectly with sneak attacks on those associated with him, and Hearst would frequently activate his secular arm, the American Legion, against him. But the Hearst papers worked Mankiewicz over in headlines; they persecuted him so long that he finally appealed to the American Civil Liberties Union for help. There was some primitive justice in this. Hearst had never met Welles, and, besides, Welles was a kid, a twenty-five-year-old prodigy (whose daughter Marion Davies' nephew was bringing up)—hardly the sort of person one held responsible. But Mankiewicz was a friend of both Marion Davies and Hearst, and had been a frequent guest at her beach house and at San Simeon. There, in the great baronial banquet hall, Hearst liked to seat Mankiewicz on his left, so that Mankiewicz, with all his worldliness and wit (the Central Park West Voltaire, Ben Hecht had called him a few years earlier), could entertain the guest of honor and Hearst wouldn't miss any of it. Mankiewicz betrayed their hospitality, even though he liked them both. They must have presented an irresistible target. And so Hearst, the yellow-press lord who had trained Mankiewicz's generation of reporters to betray *anyone* for a story, became at last the victim of his own style of journalism.

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IN the first Academy Award ceremony, for 1927-28, Warner Brothers, which had just produced "The Jazz Singer," was honored for "Marking an Epoch in Motion Picture History." If the first decade of talkies—roughly, the thirties—has never been rivalled in wit and exuberance, this is very largely because there was already in Hollywood in the late silent period a nucleus of the best American writers, and they either lured their friends West or were joined by them. Unlike the novelists who were drawn to Hollywood later, most of the best Hollywood writers of the thirties had a shared background; they had been reporters and critics, and they knew each other from their early days on newspapers and magazines.

In his autobiography, Ben Hecht tells of being broke in New York—it was probably the winter of 1926—and of getting a telegram from Herman Mankiewicz in Hollywood: "WILL YOU ACCEPT THREE HUNDRED PER WEEK TO WORK FOR PARAMOUNT PICTURES? ALL EXPENSES PAID. THE THREE HUNDRED IS PEANUTS. MILLIONS ARE TO BE GRABBED OUT HERE AND YOUR ONLY COMPETITION IS IDIOTS. DON'T LET THIS GET AROUND." A newspaper photograph shows Mankiewicz greeting Hecht, "noted author, dramatist, and former newspaperman," upon his arrival. After Hecht had begun work at Paramount, he discovered that the studio chief, B. P. Schulberg—who at that time considered writers a waste of money—had been persuaded to hire him by a gambler's ploy: Mankiewicz had offered to tear up his own two-year contract if Hecht failed to write a successful movie. Hecht, that phenomenal fast hack who was to become one of the most prolific of all motion-picture writers (and one of the most

"Albert! You've gone and blown another fuse!"

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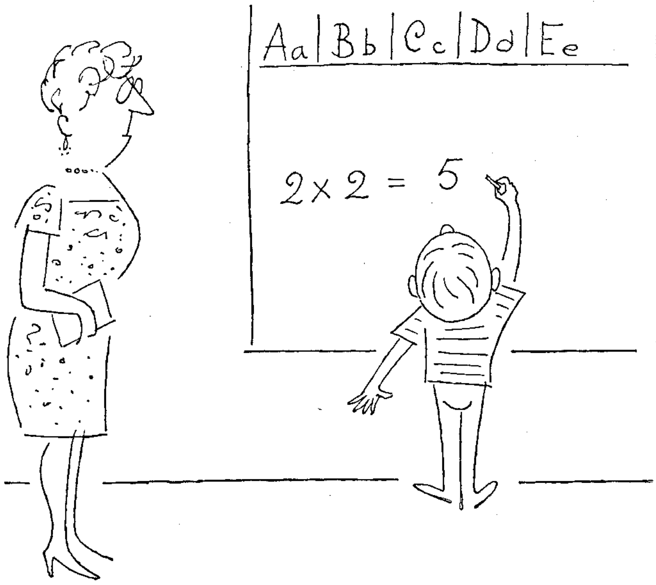
frivolously cynical about the results), worked for a week and turned out the script that became Josef von Sternberg's great hit "Underworld." That script brought Hecht the first Academy Award for an original story, and a few years later he initiated the practice of using Oscars as doorstops. The studio heads knew what they had in Hecht as soon as they read the script, and they showed their gratitude. Hecht has recorded:

> I was given a ten-thousand-dollar check as a bonus for the week's work, a check which my sponsor Mankiewicz snatched out of my hand as I was bowing my thanks.
>
> "You'll have it back in a week," Manky said. "I just want it for a few days to get me out of a little hole."
>
> He gambled valiantly, tossing a coin in the air with Eddie Cantor and calling heads or tails for a thousand dollars. He lost constantly. He tried to get himself secretly insured behind his good wife Sara's back, planning to hock the policy and thus meet his obligation. This plan collapsed when the insurance-company doctor refused to accept him as a risk.
>
> I finally solved the situation by taking Manky into the Front Office and informing the studio bosses of our joint dilemma. I asked that my talented friend be given a five-hundred-a-week raise. The studio could then deduct this raise from his salary....
>
> I left . . . with another full bonus check in my hand; and Manky, with his new raise, became the highest paid writer for Paramount Pictures, Inc.

The bait that brought the writers in was money, but those writers who, like Mankiewicz, helped set the traps had their own reason: conviviality. Mankiewicz's small joke "Don't let this get around" came from a man who lived


Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee
2 × 2 = 5

for talk, a man who saw moviemaking as too crazy, too profitable, and too *easy* not to share with one's friends. By the early thirties, the writers who lived in Hollywood or commuted there included not only Mankiewicz and Hecht and Charles MacArthur but George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, and Nathanael West and his brother-in-law S. J. Perelman, and Preston Sturges, Dorothy Parker, Arthur Kober, Alice Duer Miller, John O'Hara, Donald Ogden Stewart, Samson Raphaelson (the New York *Times* reporter who wrote the play "The Jazz Singer"), Gene Fowler, and Nunnally Johnson, and such already famous playwrights as Philip Barry, S. N. Behrman, Maxwell Anderson, Robert Sherwood, and Sidney Howard. Scott Fitzgerald had already been there for his first stretch, in 1927, along with Edwin Justus Mayer, and by 1932 William Faulkner began coming and going, and from time to time Ring Lardner and Moss Hart would turn up. In earlier periods, American writers made a living on newspapers and magazines; in the forties and fifties, they went into the academies (or, once they got to college, never left). But in the late twenties and the thirties they went to Hollywood. And though, apparently, they one and all experienced it as prostitution of their talents—joyous prostitution in some cases—and though more than one fell in love with movies and thus suffered not only from personal frustration but from the corruption of the great, still new art, they nonetheless as a group were responsible for that sustained feat of careless magic we call "thirties comedy." "Citizen Kane" was, I think, its culmination.

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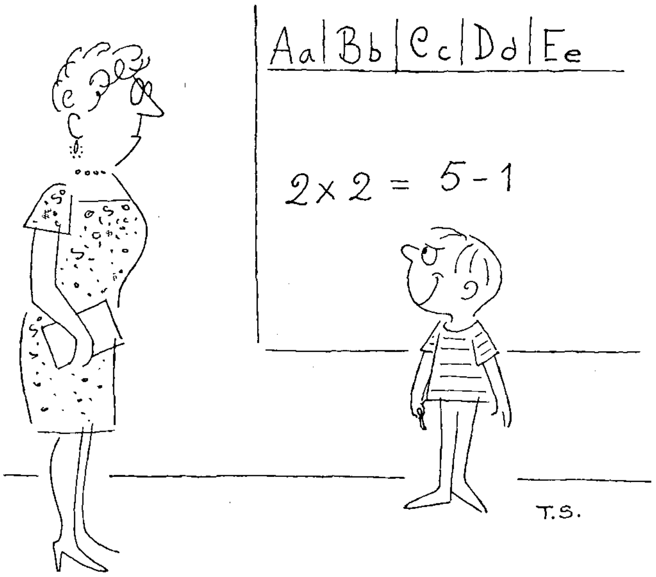
HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ, born in New York City in 1897, was the first son of a professor of education, who then took a teaching position in Wilkes-Barre, where his second son, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, was born in 1909, and where the boys and a sister grew up. Herman Mankiewicz graduated from Columbia in 1916, and after a period as managing editor of the *American Jewish Chronicle* he became a flying cadet with the United States Army in 1917 and, in 1918, a private first class with the Fifth Marines, 2nd Division, A.E.F. In 1919 and 1920, he was the director of the American Red Cross News Service in Paris, and after returning to this country to marry a great beauty, Miss Sara Aaronson, of Baltimore, he took his bride overseas with him while he worked as a foreign correspondent in Berlin from 1920 to 1922, doing political reporting for George Seldes on the Chicago *Tribune*. During that time, he also sent pieces on drama and books to the New York *Times* and *Women's Wear*. When he came home, he took a job as a reporter for the New York *World*. He was a gifted, prodigious writer, who contributed to *Vanity Fair*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and many other magazines, and, while still in his twenties, collaborated with Heywood Broun, Dorothy Parker, Robert E. Sherwood, and others on a revue ("Round the Town"), and collaborated with George S. Kaufman on a play ("The Good Fellow") and with Marc Connelly on another play ("The Wild Man of Borneo"). From 1923 to 1926, he was at the *Times*, backing up George S. Kaufman in the drama department; while he was there, he also became the first regular theatre critic for *The New Yorker*, writing weekly from June, 1925, until January, 1926, when he was offered a motion-picture contract and left for Hollywood. The first picture he wrote was the Lon Chaney success "The Road to Mandalay." In all, he worked on over seventy movies. He went on living and working in Los Angeles until his death, in 1953. He left three children: Don, born in Berlin in 1922, who is a novelist ("Trial") and a writer for television ("Marcus Welby, M.D.") and the movies (co-writer of "I Want to Live!"); Frank, born in New York in 1924, who became a lawyer, a journalist, a Peace Corps worker, and Robert Kennedy's press assistant, and is now a columnist and television commentator; and Johanna, born in Los Angeles in 1937, who is a journalist (on *Time*) and is married to Peter Davis, the writer of the Emmy Award-winning TV program "Hunger in America."

Told this way, Herman Mankiewicz's career sounds exemplary, but these are just the bare bones of the truth. Even though it would be easy to document this official life of the apparently rising young man with photographs of Mankiewicz in his Berlin days dining with the Chancellor, Mankiewicz in his newspaperman days outside the Chicago *Tribune* with Jack Dempsey, and so on, it would be hard to explain his sudden, early aging and the thickening of his features and the transparently cynical look on his face in later photographs.

It was a lucky thing for Mankiewicz that he got the movie job when he did, because he would never have risen at the *Times*, and though he wrote regularly for *The New Yorker* (and remarked of those of the Algonquin group who didn't, "The part-time help of wits is no better than the full-time help of half-wits"), *The New Yorker*, despite his pleas for cash, was paying him partly in stock, which wasn't worth much at the time. Mankiewicz drank heavily, and the drinking newspaperman was in the style of the *World* but not in the style of the *Times*. In October, 1925, he was almost fired. The drama critic then was Brooks Atkinson, and the drama editor was George S. Kaufman, with Mankiewicz second in line and Sam Zolotow third. Mankiewicz was sent to cover the performance of Gladys Wallis, who was the wife of the utilities magnate Samuel Insull, as Lady Teazle in "School for Scandal." Mrs. Insull, who had abandoned her theatrical career over a quarter of a century before, was, according to biographers, bored with being a nobody when her husband was such a big somebody. She was fifty-six when she resumed her career, as Lady Teazle, who is meant to be about eighteen. The play had opened in Chicago, where, perhaps astutely, she performed for charity (St. Luke's Hospital), and the press had described her as brilliant. The night of the New York opening, Mankiewicz came back to the office drunk, started panning Mrs. Insull's performance, and then fell asleep over his typewriter. As Zolotow recalls it, "Kaufman began to read the review, and it was so venomous he was outraged. That was the



only time I ever saw Kaufman lose his temper." The review wasn't printed. The *Times* suffered the humiliation of running this item on October 23, 1925:

> A NEW SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
>
> The *School for Scandal*, with Mrs. Insull as Lady Teazle, was produced at the Little Theatre last night. It will be reviewed in tomorrow's *Times*.

Mankiewicz was in such bad shape that night that Kaufman told Zolotow to call Sara Mankiewicz and have her come get him and take him home. Mrs. Mankiewicz recalls that he still had his head down on his typewriter when she arrived, with a friend, to remove him. She says he took it for granted that he was fired, but nevertheless went to work promptly the next day. Zolotow recalls, "In the morning, Herman came down to the office and asked me to talk to Mr. Birchall, the assistant managing editor, on his behalf. Herman had brought a peace offering of a bottle of Scotch and I took it to Birchall. He had a red beard, and he tugged at it and he stabbed the air a few times with his index finger and said, 'Herman is a bad boy, a bad boy.' But he took the bottle and Herman kept his job until he got the movie offer."

The review—unsigned—that the *Times* printed on October 24, 1925, was a small masterpiece of tact:

> As Lady Teazle, Mrs. Insull is as pretty as she is diminutive, with a clear smile and dainty gestures. There is a charming grace in her bearing that makes for excellent deportment. But this Lady Teazle seems much too innocent, too thoroughly the country lass that Joseph terms her, to lend credit to her part in the play.

Scattered through various books, and in the stories that are still told of him in Hollywood, are clues that begin to give one a picture of Herman Mankiewicz, a giant of a man who mongered his own talent, a man who got a head start in the race to "sell out" to Hollywood. The pay was fantastic. After a month in the movie business, Mankiewicz—though his Broadway shows had not been hits, and though this was in 1926, when movies were still silent—signed a year's contract giving him $400 a week and a bonus of $5,000 for each story that was accepted, with an option for a second year at $500 a week and $7,500 per accepted story, the company guaranteeing to accept at least four stories per year. In other words, his base pay was $40,800 his first year and $56,000 his second; actually, he wrote so many stories that he made much more. By the end of 1927, he was head of Paramount's scenario department, and in January, 1928, there was a newspaper item reporting that he was in New York "lining up a new set of newspaper feature writers and playwrights to bring to Hollywood," and that "most of the newer writers on Paramount's staff who contributed the most successful stories of the past year were selected by 'Mank.' " One reason that Herman Mankiewicz is so little known today is, ironically, that he went to Hollywood so early, before he had gained a big enough reputation in the literary and theatrical worlds. Screenwriters don't make names for themselves; the most famous ones are the ones whose names were famous before they went to Hollywood, or who made names later in the theatre or from books, or who, like Preston Sturges, became directors.

Mankiewicz and other *New Yorker* writers in the twenties and the early thirties were very close to the world of the theatre; many of them were writing plays, writing about theatre people, reviewing plays. It's not surprising that within a few years the magazine's most celebrated contributors were in Hollywood writing movies. Of the ten friends of the editor Harold Ross who were in the original prospectus as advisory editors, six became screenwriters. When Mankiewicz gave up the drama critic's spot, in 1926, he was replaced by Charles Brackett, and when Brackett headed West, Robert Benchley filled it while commuting, and then followed. Dorothy Parker, the book reviewer Constant Reader, went West, too. Nunnally Johnson, who was to work on over a hundred movies, was a close friend of Harold Ross's and had volunteered to do the movie reviewing in 1926 but had been told that that job was for "old ladies and fairies." Others in the group didn't agree: Benchley had written on movies for the old *Life* as early as 1920, and John O'Hara later took time out from screenwriting to become the movie critic for *Newsweek*—where he was to review "Citizen Kane." The whole group were interested in the theatre and the movies, and they were fast, witty writers, used to regarding their work not as deathless prose but as stories written to order for the market, used also to the newspaperman's pretense of putting a light value on what they did—the "Look, no hands" attitude. Thus, they were well prepared to become the scenarists and gag writers of the talkies.

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THE comic muse of the most popular "daring" late silents was a carefree, wisecracking flapper. Beginning in 1926, Herman Mankiewicz worked on an astounding number of films in that spirit. In 1927 and 1928, he did the titles (the printed dialogue and explanations) for at least twenty-five films that starred Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels, Nancy Carroll, Esther Ralston, George Bancroft, Thomas Meighan, Jack Holt, Richard Dix, Wallace Beery, and other public favorites. He worked on the titles for Jules Furthman's script of "Abie's Irish Rose," collaborated with Anita Loos on the wisecracks for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and did the immensely successful "The Barker" and "The Canary Murder Case," with William Powell, Louise Brooks, James Hall, and Jean Arthur. By then, sound had come in, and in 1929 he did the script as well as the dialogue for "The Dummy," with Ruth Chatterton and Fredric March (making his screen début), wrote William Wellman's "The Man I Love," with Richard Arlen, Pat O'Brien, and Mary Brian, and worked for Josef von Sternberg and many other directors.

Other screenwriters made large contributions, too, but probably none larger than Mankiewicz's at the beginning of the sound era, and if he was at that time one of the highest-paid writers in the world, it was because he wrote the kind of movies that were disapproved of as "fast" and immoral. His heroes weren't soft-eyed and bucolic; he brought good-humored toughness to the movies, and energy and astringency. And the public responded, because it was eager for modern American subjects. Even those of us who were children at the time loved the fast-moving modern-city stories. The commonplaceness—even tawdriness—of the imagery was such a relief from all that silent "poetry." The talkies were a great step down. It's hard to make clear to people who didn't live through the transition how sickly and unpleasant many of those "artistic" silent pictures were—how you wanted to scrape off all that mist and sentiment.

Almost from the time the motion-picture camera was invented, there had been experiments with sound and attempts at synchronization, and the public was more than ready for talking pictures. Many of the late silents, if one looks at them now, seem to be trying to talk to us, crying out for sound. Despite the legend of paralysis of the medium when sound first came in, there was a burst of inventiveness. In musicals, directors like René Clair and, over here, Ernst Lubitsch and, to a lesser degree, Rouben Mamoulian didn't use sound just for lip synchronization; they played with sound as they had played with images, and they tried to use sound without losing the movement of silents or the daring of silent editing. Some of the early talkies were static and inept; newly imported stage directors literally staged the action, as if the space were stage space, and the technicians had to learn to handle the microphones. But movies didn't suddenly become stagebound because of the microphone. Many of the silents had always been stagebound, for the sufficient reason that they had been adapted from plays—from the war-horses of the repertory, because they had proved their popularity, and from the latest Broadway hits, because the whole country wanted to see them. The silent adaptations were frequently deadly, not just because of construction based on the classical unities, with all those entrances and exits and that painful emptiness on the screen of plays worked out in terms of absolutely essential characters only, but because everything kept stopping for the explanatory titles and the dialogue titles.

Even in the movies adapted from novels or written directly for the screen, the action rarely went on for long; silents were choked with titles, which were perhaps, on the average, between ten and twenty times as frequent as the interruptions for TV commercials. The printed dialogue was often witty, and often it was essential to an understanding of the action, but it broke up the rhythm of performances and the visual flow, and the titles were generally held for the slowest readers, so that one lost the mood of the film while staring at the dialogue for the third scanning. (It seems to me, thinking back on it, that we were so eager for the movie to go on that we gulped the words down and then were always left with them for what, to our impatience, seemed an eternity, and that the better the movie, the more quickly we tried to absorb and leap past the printed words, and the more frustrating the delays became.) The plain fact that many silent movies were plays without the spoken dialogue, plays deprived of their very substance, was what made the theatre-going audience—and the Broadway crowd of writers—so contemptuous of them. Filmed plays without the actors' voices, and with the deadening delays for the heterogeneous audience to read the dialogue, were an abomination. Many of the journalists and playwrights and wits of the Algonquin Round Table had written perceptively about motion pictures (Alexander Woollcott, who managed to pan some of the greatest films, was an exception); they had, in general, been cynical only about the slop and the silent filmed plays. But though they had been active in the theatre, there had been no real place for them in movies; now, with the introduction of sound, they could bring to the screen the impudence that had given Broadway its flavor in the twenties—and bring it there before the satirical references were out of date. Sound made it possible for them to liberate movies into a new kind of contemporaneity.

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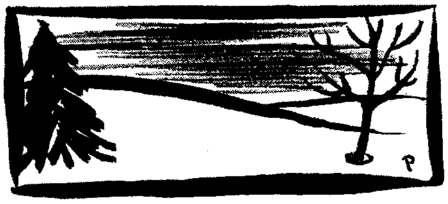
THERE is an elaborate body of theory that treats film as "the nocturnal voyage into the unconscious," as Luis Buñuel called it, and for a director such as Buñuel "the cinema seems to have been invented to express the life of the subconscious." Some of the greatest work of D. W. Griffith and other masters of the silent film has a magical, fairy-tale appeal, and certainly Surrealists like Buñuel, and other experimental and avant-garde filmmakers as well, have drawn upon this dreamlike vein of film. But these artists were the exceptions; much of the dreamy appeal to the "subconscious" and to "universal" or "primitive" fantasies was an appeal to the most backward, not to say reactionary, elements of illiterate and semi-literate mass society. There was a steady load of calendar-art guck that patronized "the deserving poor" and idealized "purity" (i.e., virginity) and "morality" (i.e., virginity plus charity). And all that is only one kind of movie anyway. Most of the dream theory of film, which takes the audience for passive dreamers, doesn't apply to the way one responded to silent comedies—which, when they were good, kept the audience in a heightened state of consciousness. When we join in laughter, it's as if the lights were on in the theatre. And not just the Mack Sennett comedies and Keaton and Chaplin kept us fully awake but the spirited, bouncy comediennes, like Colleen Moore and Marion Davies, and the romantic comedy "teams," and the suave, "polished" villains, like William Powell. My favorite movies as a child were the Bebe Daniels comedies—I suppose they were the movie equivalent of the series books one reads at that age. During 1927 and 1928, Paramount brought a new one out every few months; Bebe, the athletic madcap, would fence like Douglas Fairbanks, or she would parody Valentino by kidnapping and taming a man, or she might be a daredevil newsreel camerawoman or a cub reporter.



I did not know until I started to look into the writing of "Citizen Kane" that the man who wrote "Kane" had worked on some of those pictures, too—that Mankiewicz had, in fact, written (alone or with others) about forty of the films I remember best from the twenties and thirties (as well as many I didn't see or don't remember). Mankiewicz didn't work on *every* kind of picture, though. He didn't do Westerns, and once, when a studio attempted to punish him for his customary misbehavior by assigning him to a Rin Tin Tin picture, he turned in a script that began with the craven Rin Tin Tin frightened by a mouse and reached its climax with a house on fire and the dog taking a baby *into* the flames. I had known about Mankiewicz's contribution to "Kane" and a few other films, but I hadn't realized how extensive his career was. I had known that he was the producer of "Million Dollar Legs" (with W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie and Lyda Roberti) and "Laughter" (with Fredric March and Nancy Carroll), but I hadn't known, for example, that he had produced two of the Marx Brothers films that I've always especially liked, the first two made in Hollywood and written directly for

"Back home, nobody gave fiddledeedee for me or my prophecies."

• •

the screen—"Monkey Business" and "Horse Feathers"—and part of "Duck Soup" as well. A few years ago, some college students asked me what films I would like to see again just for my own pleasure, and without a second's thought I replied "Duck Soup" and "Million Dollar Legs," though at that time I had no idea there was any connection between them. Yet surely there is a comic spirit that links them—even the settings, Freedonia and Klopstokia, with Groucho as Prime Minister of one and Fields as President of the other—and now that I have looked into Herman Mankiewicz's career it's apparent that he was a key linking figure in just the kind of movies my friends and I loved best.

When the period of the great silent comedians, with their international audience, was over, a new style of American comedy developed. One couldn't really call a colloquial, skeptical comedy a "masterpiece," as one could sometimes call a silent comedy a masterpiece, especially if the talkie looked quite banal and was so topical it felt transient. But I think that many of us enjoyed these comedies more, even though we may not have felt very secure about the aesthetic grounds for our enjoyment. The talking comedies weren't as aesthetically pure as the silents, yet they felt liberating in a way that even great silents didn't. The elements to which we could respond were multiplied; now there were vocal nuances, new kinds of timing, and wonderful new tricks, like the infectious way Claudette Colbert used to break up while listening to someone. It's easy to see why Europeans, who couldn't follow the slang and the jokes and didn't understand the whole satirical frame of reference, should prefer our action films and Westerns. But it's a bad joke on our good jokes that film enthusiasts here often take their cues on the American movie past from Europe, and so they ignore the tradition of comic irreverence and become connoisseurs of the "visuals" and "mises en scène" of action pictures, which are usually too silly even to be called reactionary. They're sub-reactionary—the antique melodramas of silent days with noise added—a mass art better suited, one might think, to Fascism, or even feudalism, than to democracy.

There is another reason the American talking comedies, despite their popularity, are so seldom valued highly by film aestheticians. The dream-art kind of film, which lends itself to beautiful visual imagery, is generally the creation of the "artist" director, while the astringent film is more often directed by a competent, unpretentious craftsman who can be made to look very good by a good script and can be turned into a bum by a bad script. And this competent craftsman may be too worldly and too practical to do the "imaginative" bits that sometimes help make the reputations of "artist" directors. Ben Hecht said he shuddered at the touches von Sternberg introduced into "Underworld": "My head villain, Bull Weed, after robbing a bank, emerged with a suitcase full of money and paused in the crowded street to notice a blind beggar and give him a coin—before making his getaway." That's exactly the sort of thing that quantities of people react to emotionally as "deep" and as "art," and that many film enthusiasts treasure—the inflated sentimental with a mystical drip. The thirties, though they had their own load of sentimentality, were the hardest-headed period of American movies, and their plainness of style, with its absence of false "cultural" overtones, has never got its due aesthetically. Film students—and their teachers—often become interested in movies just because they are the kind of people who are emotionally affected by the blind-beggar bits, and they are indifferent by temperament to the emancipation of American movies in the thirties and the role that writers played in it.

I once jotted down the names of some movies that I didn't associate with any celebrated director but that had nevertheless stayed in my memory over the years, because something in them had especially delighted me—such rather obscure movies as "The Moon's Our Home" (Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda) and "He Married His Wife" (Nancy Kelly, Joel McCrea, and Mary Boland). When I looked them up, I discovered that Dorothy Parker's name was in the credits of "The Moon's Our Home" and John O'Hara's in the credits of "He Married His Wife." Other writers worked on those films, too, and perhaps they were the ones who were responsible for what I responded to, but the recurrence of the names of that group of writers, not just on rather obscure remembered films but on almost *all* the films that are generally cited as proof of the vision and style of the most highly acclaimed directors of that period, suggests that the writers—and a particular group of them, at that—may for a brief period, a little more than a decade, have given American talkies their character.

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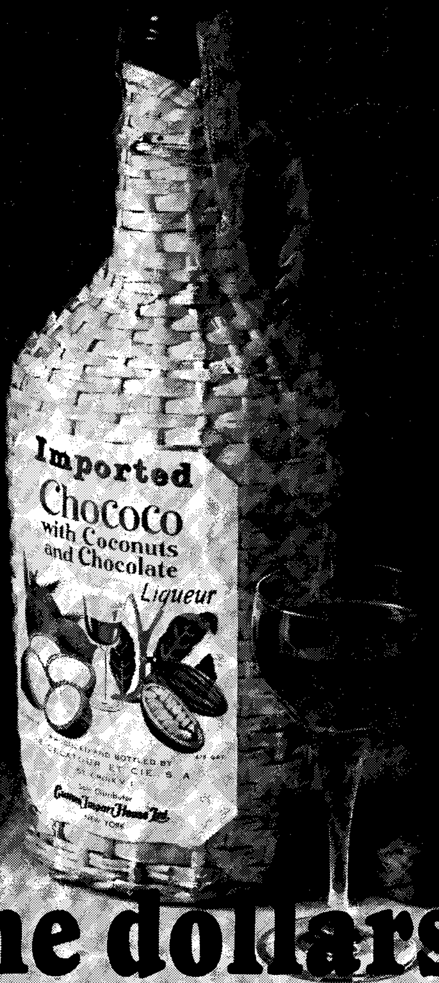
THERE is always a time lag in the way movies take over (and broaden and emasculate) material from the other arts—whether it is last season's stage success or the novels of the preceding decade or a style or an idea that has run its course in its original medium. (This does not apply to a man like Jean-Luc Godard, who is not a mass-medium movie director.) In most productions of the big studios, the time lag is enormous. In the thirties, after the great age of musical comedy and burlesque, Hollywood, except for Paramount, was just discovering huge operettas. After the Broadway days of Clifton Webb, Fred Astaire, the Marx Brothers, Fanny Brice, W. C. Fields, and all the rest, M-G-M gave us Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, and Universal gave us Deanna Durbin. This is the history of movies. J. D. Salinger has finally come to the screen through his imitators, and Philip Roth's fifties romance arrived at the end of the sixties. It may be that for new ideas to be successful in movies, the way must be prepared by success in other media, and the audience must have grown tired of what it's been getting and be ready for something new. There are always a few people in Hollywood who are considered mad dreamers for trying to do in movies things that have already been done in the other arts. But once one of them breaks through and has a hit, he's called a genius and everybody starts copying him.

The new spirit of the talkies was the twenties moved West in the thirties. George S. Kaufman was writing the Marx Brothers stage shows when he and Mankiewicz worked together at the *Times;* a little later, Kaufman directed the first Broadway production of "The Front Page." Kaufman's collaborators on Broadway plays in the twenties and the early thirties included Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, Ring Lardner, Morrie Ryskind, and Moss Hart as well as Mankiewicz—the nucleus of the Algonquin-to-Hollywood group. Nunnally Johnson says that the two most brilliant men he has ever known were George S. Kaufman and Herman Mankiewicz, and that, on the whole, Mankiewicz was the more brilliant of the two. I think that what Mankiewicz did in movies was an offshoot of the gag comedy that Kaufman had initiated on Broadway; Mankiewicz spearheaded the movement of that whole Broadway style of wisecracking, fast-talking, cynical-sentimental entertainment onto the national scene. Kaufman's kind of impersonal, visionless comedy, with its single goal of getting the audience to laugh, led to the degeneration of the Broadway theatre, to its play doctors and gimmickry and scattershot jokes at defenseless targets, and so it would be easy to look down on the movie style that came out of it. But I don't think the results were the same when this type of comedy was

Award
Robt Day

"You're through, Merriweather. Clear your desk and be out of the building by the end of the day."



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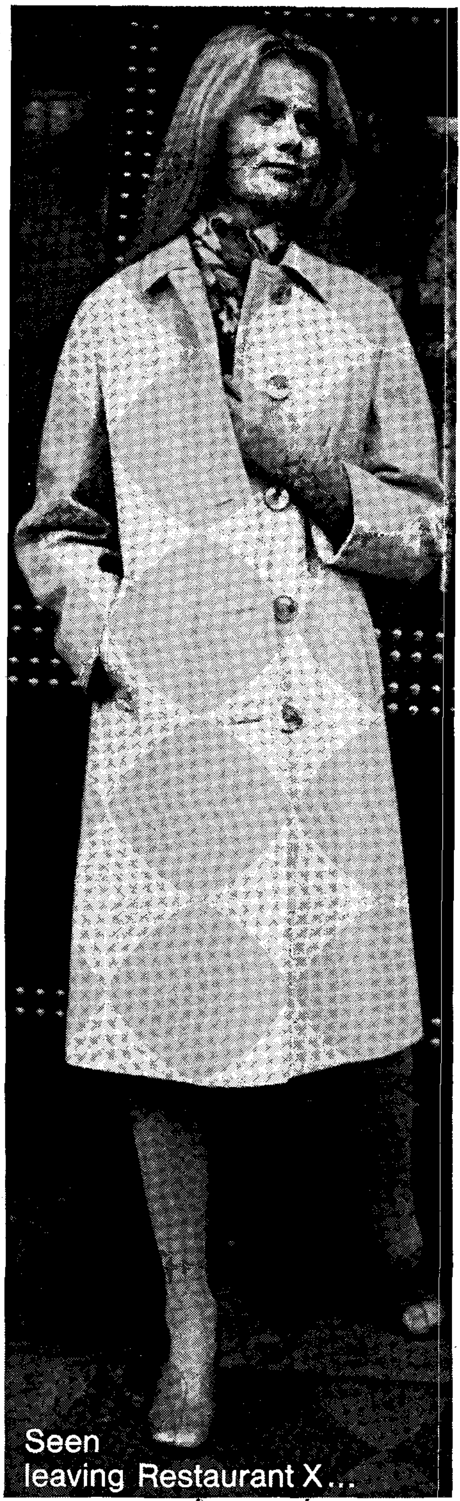

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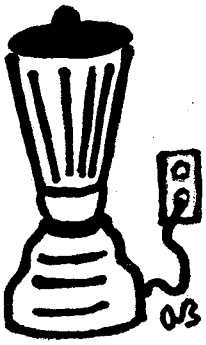
transplanted to movies; the only bad long-range consequences were to the writers themselves.

Kaufman fathered a movement that is so unmistakably the bastard child of the arts as to seem fatherless; the gag comedy was perfectly suited to the commercial mass art of the movies, so that it appears to be an almost inevitable development. It suited the low common denominator of the movies even better than it suited the needs of the relatively selective theatre audience, and the basic irresponsibility of this kind of theatre combined with the screenwriters' lack of control over their own writing to produce what one might call the brothel period of American letters. It was a gold rush, and Mankiewicz and his friends had exactly the skills to turn a trick. The journalists' style of working fast and easy and working to order and not caring too much how it was butchered was the best kind of apprenticeship for a Hollywood hack, and they had loved to gather, to joke and play games, to lead the histrionic forms of the glamorous literary life. Now they were gathered in cribs on each studio lot, working in teams side by side, meeting for lunch at the commissary and for dinner at Chasen's, which their old friend and editor Harold Ross had helped finance, and all over town for drinks. They adapted each other's out-of-date plays and novels, and rewrote each other's scripts. Even in their youth in New York, most of them had indulged in what for them proved a vice: they were "collaborators"—dependent on the fun and companionship of joint authorship, which usually means a shared shallowness. Now they collaborated all over the place and backward in time; they collaborated promiscuously, and within a few years were rewriting the remakes of their own or somebody else's rewrites. Mankiewicz adapted Kaufman and Ferber's "The Royal Family" and "Dinner at Eight," turned Alice Duer Miller's "Come Out of the Kitchen" into "Honey," and adapted George Kelly's "The Show-Off" and James Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times" and works by Laurence Stallings and other old friends while Ben Hecht or Preston Sturges or Arthur Kober was working over something of his. They escaped the cold, and they didn't suffer from the Depression. They were a colony—expatriates without leaving the country—and their individual contributions to the scripts that emerged after the various rewrites were almost impossible to assess, because their attitudes were so similar; they made the same kind of jokes, because they had been making them to each other for so long. In Hollywood, they sat around building on to each other's gags, covering up implausibilities and dull spots, throwing new wisecracks on top of jokes they had laughed at in New York. Screenwriting was an extension of what they used to do for fun, and now they got paid for it. They had liked to talk more than to write, and this weakness became their way of life. As far as the official literary culture was concerned, they dropped from sight. To quote a classic bit of dialogue from Budd Schulberg's "The Disenchanted":

> "Bane had two hits running on Broadway at the same time. Even Nathan liked 'em. Popular 'n satirical. Like Barry, only better. The critics kept waiting for him to write that great American play."
>
> "What happened to him?"
>
> "Hollywood."



Hollywood destroyed them, but they did wonders for the movies. In New York, they may have valued their own urbanity too highly; faced with the target Hollywood presented, they became cruder and tougher, less tidy, less stylistically elegant, and more iconoclastic, and in the eyes of Hollywood they were slaphappy cynics, they were "crazies." They were too talented and too sophisticated to put a high value on what they did, too amused at the spectacle of what they were doing and what they were part of to be respected the way a writer of "integrity," like Lillian Hellman, was later to be respected—or, still later, Arthur Miller. Though their style was often flippant and their attitude toward form casual to the point of contempt, they brought movies the subversive gift of sanity. They changed movies by raking the old moralistic muck with derision. Those sickly Graustarkian romances with beautiful, pure highborn girls and pathetic lame girls and dashing princes in love with commoners, and all the Dumas and Sabatini and Blasco-Ibáñez, now had to compete with the freedom and wildness of American comedy. Once American films had their voice and the Algonquin group was turned loose on the scripts, the revolting worship of European aristocracy faded so fast that movie stars even stopped bringing home Georgian princes. In the silents, the heroes were often simpletons. In the talkies,

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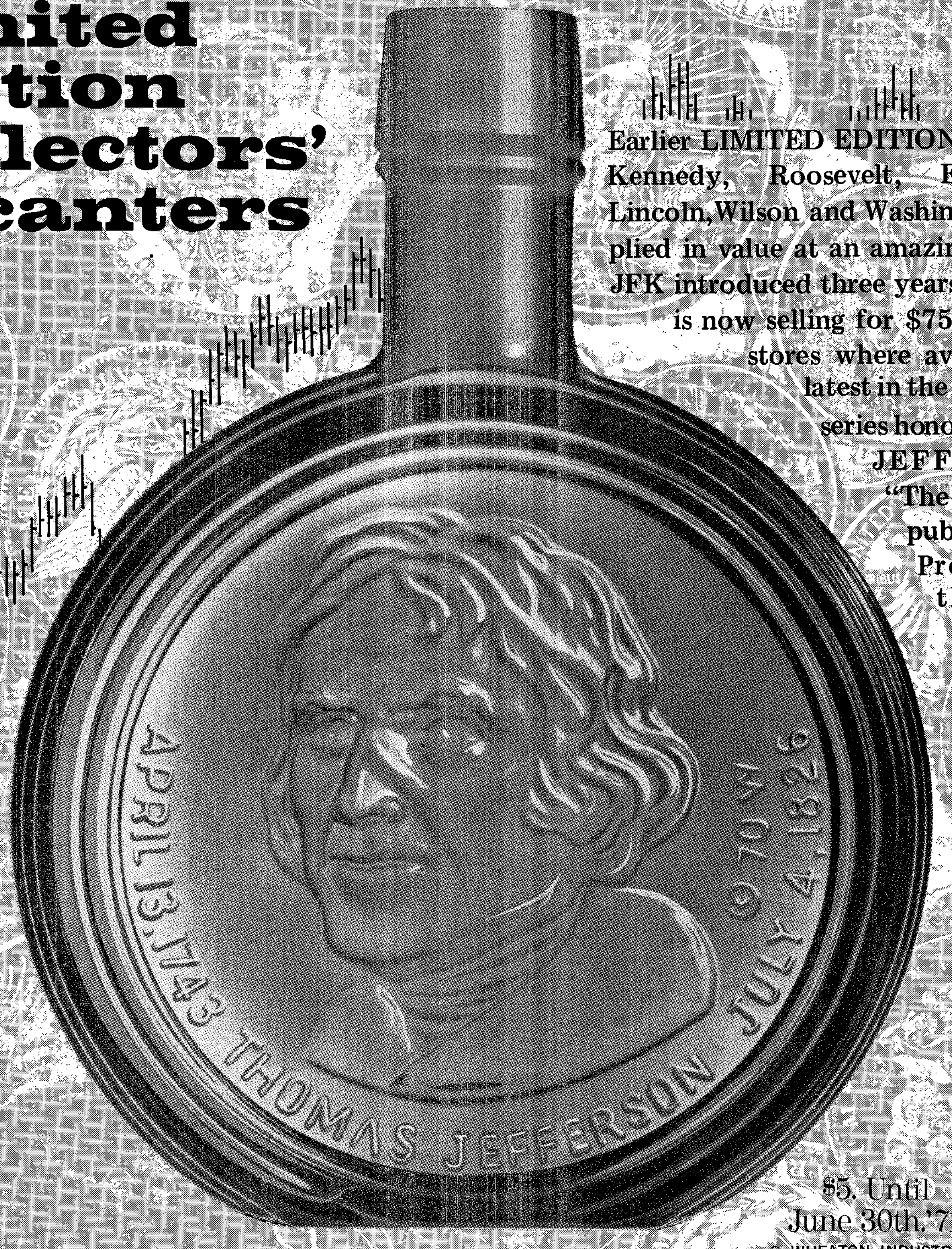

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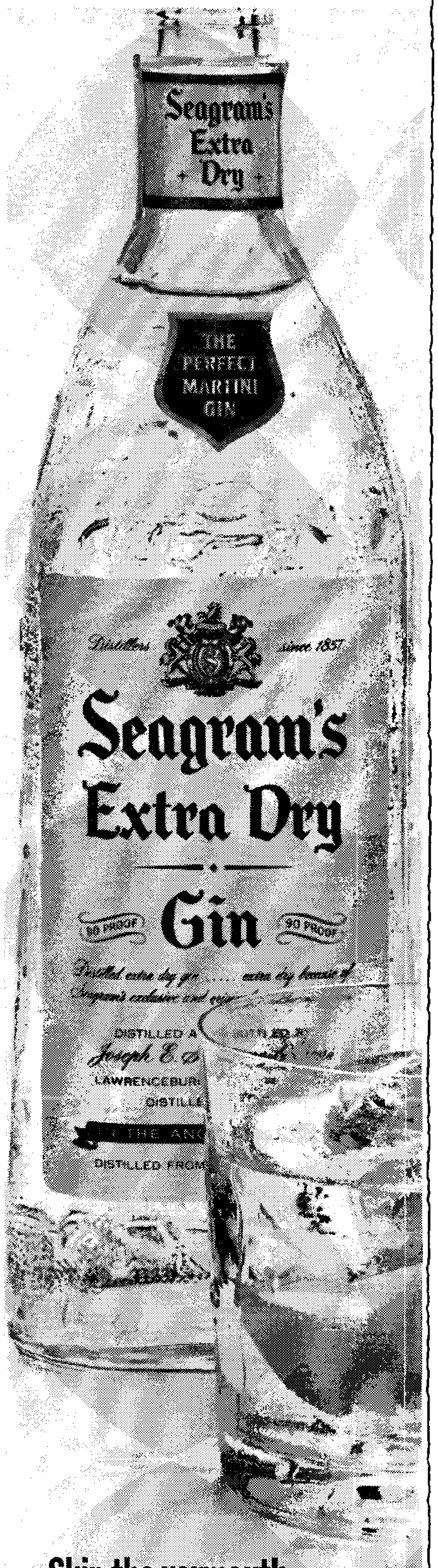

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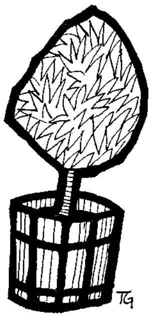
the heroes were to be the men who weren't fooled, who were smart and learned their way around. The new heroes of the screen were created in the image of their authors: they were fast-talking newspaper reporters.

That Walter Burns whose entrance in "The Front Page" Kerr described was based on Walter Howey, who was the city editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, at $8,000 a year, until Hearst lured him away by an offer of $35,000 a year. Howey is generally considered the "greatest" of all Hearst editors—by those who mean one thing by it, and by those who mean the other. He edited Hearst's New York *Mirror* at a time when it *claimed* to be ten per cent news and ninety per cent entertainment. The epitome of Hearstian journalism, and a favorite of Hearst's until the end, he was one of the executors of Hearst's will. At one time or another, just about all the Hollywood writers had worked for Walter Howey and/or spent their drinking hours with friends who did. He was the legend: the classic model of the amoral, irresponsible, irrepressible newsman who cares about nothing but scoops and circulation. He had lost an eye (supposedly in actual fighting of circulation wars), and Ben Hecht is quoted as saying you could tell which was the glass eye because it was the warmer one. Hecht used him again in "Nothing Sacred," as Fredric March's editor—"a cross between a Ferris wheel and a werewolf"—and he turns up under other names in other plays and movies. In a sense, all those newspaper plays and movies were already about Hearst's kind of corrupt, manic journalism.



The toughest-minded, the most satirical of the thirties pictures often featured newspaper settings, or, at least, reporters—especially the "screwball" comedies, which had some resemblances to later "black" comedy and current "freaky" comedy but had a very different spirit. A newspaper picture meant a contemporary picture in an American setting, usually a melodrama with crime and political corruption and suspense and comedy and romance. In 1931, a title like "Five Star Final" or "Scandal Sheet" signalled the public that the movie would be a tough modern talkie, not a tearjerker with sound. Just to touch a few bases, there was "The Front Page" itself, in 1931, with Pat O'Brien as the reporter and Adolphe Menjou as Walter Burns; Lee Tracy as the gossip columnist in "Blessed Event" and as the press agent in "Bombshell;" Clark Gable as the reporter in "It Happened One Night;" Paul Muni giving advice to the lovelorn in "Hi, Nellie;" Spencer Tracy as the editor in "Libeled Lady;" Stuart Erwin as the correspondent in "Viva Villa!;" Jean Harlow stealing the affections of a newspaperman from girl reporter Loretta Young in "Platinum Blonde;" Jean Arthur as the girl reporter in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town;" a dozen pictures, at least, with George Bancroft as a Walter Howey-style bullying editor; all those half-forgotten pictures with reporter "teams"—Fredric March and Virginia Bruce, or Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur, or Loretta Young and Tyrone Power ("Love Is News"); Cary Grant as the editor and Joan Bennett as the reporter in "Wedding Present;" and then Cary Grant as Walter Burns in "His Girl Friday," with Rosalind Russell as the reporter; and then Cary Grant and James Stewart (who had been a foreign correspondent in "Next Time We Love") both involved with a newsmagazine in "The Philadelphia Story," in 1940. Which takes us right up to "Citizen Kane," the biggest newspaper picture of them all—the picture that ends with the introduction of the cast and a reprise of the line "I think it would be fun to run a newspaper."

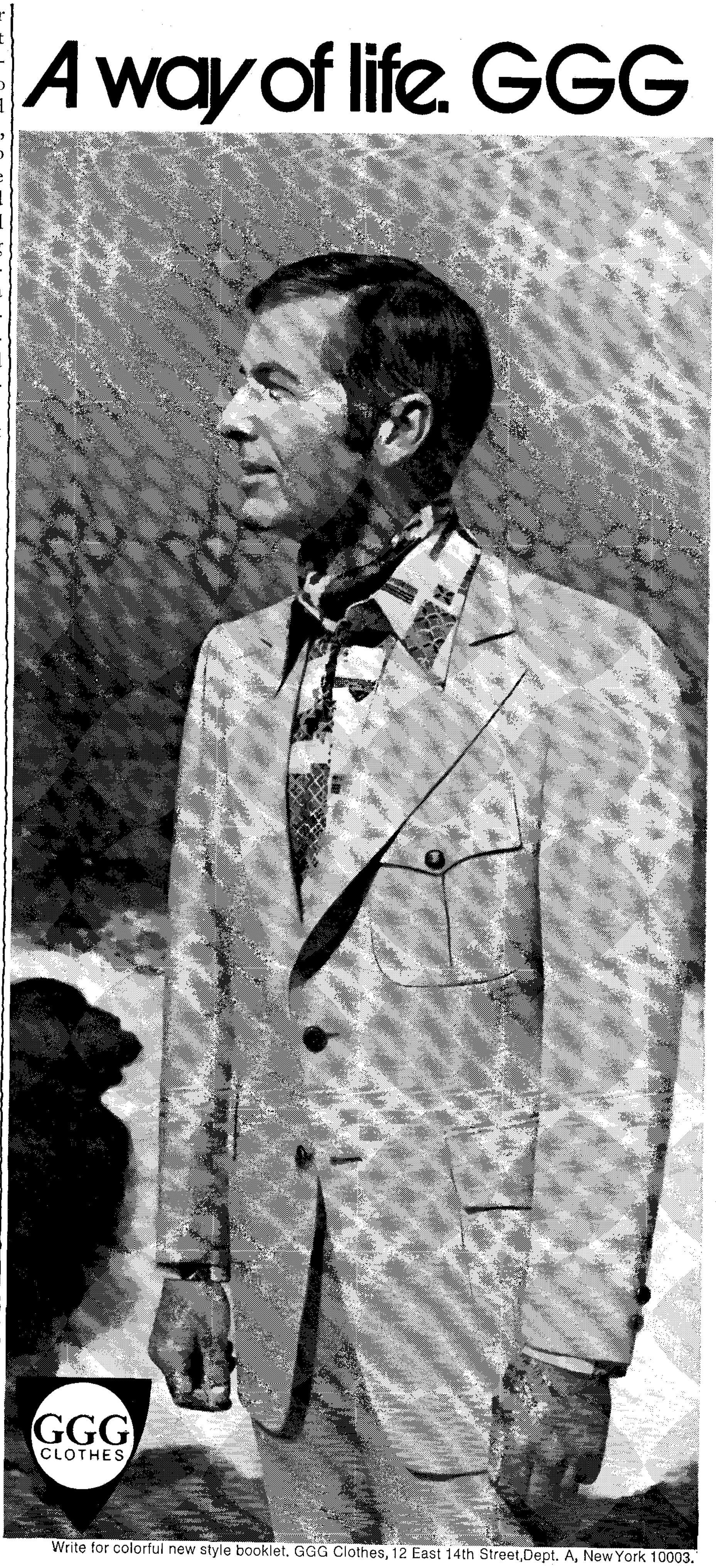
•

AFTER years of swapping stories about Howey and the other werewolves and the crooked, dirty press, Mankiewicz found himself on story-swapping terms with the power behind it all, Hearst himself. When he had been in Hollywood only a short time, he met Marion Davies and Hearst through his friendship with Charles Lederer, a writer, then in his early twenties, whom Ben Hecht had met and greatly admired in New York when Lederer was still in his teens. Lederer, a child prodigy, who had entered college at thirteen, got to know Mankiewicz, the MacArthurs, Moss Hart, Benchley, and their friends at about the same time or shortly after he met Hecht, and was immediately accepted into a group considerably older than he was. Lederer was Marion Davies' nephew—the son of her sister Reine, who had been in operetta and musical comedy. In Hollywood, Charles Lederer's life seems to have revolved around his aunt, whom he adored. (Many others adored her also, though "Citizen Kane" was to give the world a different—and false—impression.) She was childless, and Lederer was very close to her; he spent a great deal of his time at her various dwelling places, and took his friends to meet both her and Hearst. The world of letters being small and surprising, Charles Lederer was among those who worked on the adaptation of "The Front Page" to the screen in 1931 and again when it was remade as "His Girl Friday" in 1940, and, the world being even smaller than that, Lederer married Orson Welles' ex-wife, Virginia Nicholson Welles, in 1940, at San Simeon. (She married two prodigies in succession; the marriage to Welles had lasted five years and produced a daughter.)

Hearst was so fond of Lederer that on the evening of the nuptials he broke his rule of one cocktail to guests before dinner and no hard liquor thereafter. A guest who gulped the cocktail down was sometimes able to swindle another, but this is the only occasion that I can find recorded on which Hearst dropped the rule—a rule that Marion Davies customarily eased by slipping drinks to desperate guests before Hearst joined them but that nevertheless made it possible for Hearst to receive, and see at their best, some of the most talented alcoholics this country has ever produced. Not all writers are attracted to the rich and powerful, but it's a defining characteristic of journalists to be drawn to those who live at the center of power. Even compulsive drinkers like Mankiewicz and Dorothy Parker were so fascinated by the great ménage of Hearst and his consort—and the guest lists of the world-famous—that they managed to stay relatively sober for the evenings at Marion Davies' beach house (Colleen Moore described it as "the largest house on the beach—and I mean the beach from San Diego to the Canadian border") and the weekends at San Simeon.

If "Kane" has the same love-hate as "The Front Page," the same joyous infatuation with the antics of the unprincipled press, it's because Mankiewicz, like Hecht and MacArthur, revelled in the complexities of corruption. And Hearst's life was a *spectacle*. For short periods, this was intoxication enough. A man like Hearst seems to embody more history than other people do; in his company a writer may feel that he has been living in the past and on the outskirts and now he's living in the dangerous present, right where the decisions are really made.

Hearst represented a new type of power. He got his first newspaper in 1887, when he was twenty-four, by asking his father for it, and, in the next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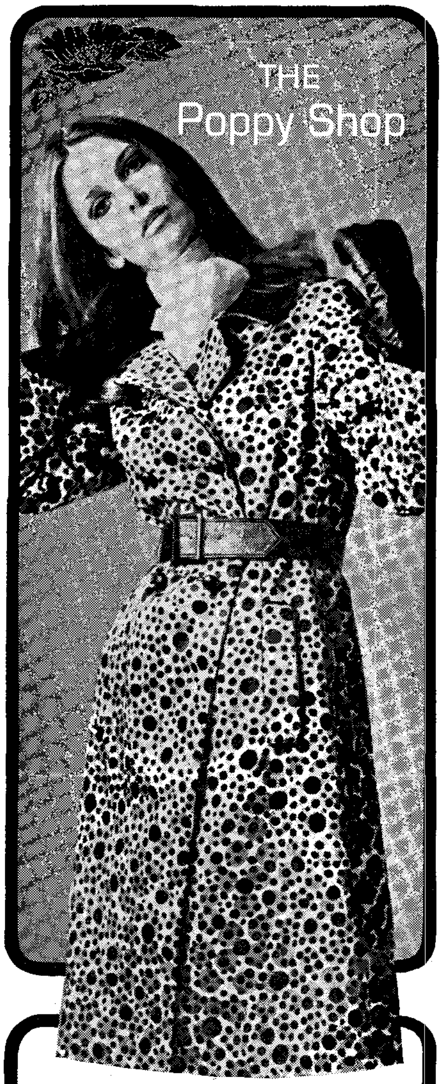

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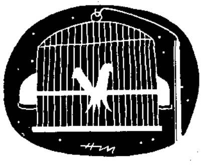
three decades, when, for the first time, great masses of people became literate, he added more and more papers, until, with his empire of thirty newspapers and fifteen magazines, he was the most powerful journalist and publisher in the world. He had brought the first comic strips to America in 1892, and his battling with Pulitzer a few years later over a cartoon character named the Yellow Kid gave rise to the term "yellow journalism." Because there was no tradition of responsibility in this new kind of popular journalism, which was almost a branch of show business, Hearst knew no restraints; perhaps fortunately, he was unguided. Ultimately, he was as purposeless about his power as the craziest of the Roman emperors. His looting of the treasures of the world for his castle at San Simeon symbolized his imperial status. Being at his table was being at court, and the activities of the notables who were invited there were slavishly chronicled in the Hearst papers.



The new social eminence of the Mankiewiczes, who sometimes visited San Simeon for as long as ten days at a time, can be charted from Louella Parsons' columns. By the end of 1928, Louella was announcing Mankiewicz's writing assignments with a big bold headline at the top of the column, and was printing such items as:

> One of the few scenario writers in Hollywood who didn't have to unlearn much that he had learned is Herman Mankiewicz. Herman came to Paramount directly from the stage, and naturally he knows the technique just as well as if he hadn't written movies in the interval.

It was worth another item in the same column that Herman Mankiewicz had been observed "taking his son down Hollywood Boulevard to see the lighted Christmas trees." In 1931, the Mankiewiczes were so prominent that they were among those who gave Marion Davies a homecoming party at the Hotel Ambassador; the other hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg, Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, John Gilbert, Lewis Milestone, Hedda Hopper, and so on. Hedda Hopper, who worked as a movie columnist for a rival newspaper chain but was a close friend of Marion Davies (to whom, it is said, she owed her job), was also an enthusiastic reporter of Mankiewicz's activities during the years when he and his ravishing Sara were part of the Hearst-Davies social set.

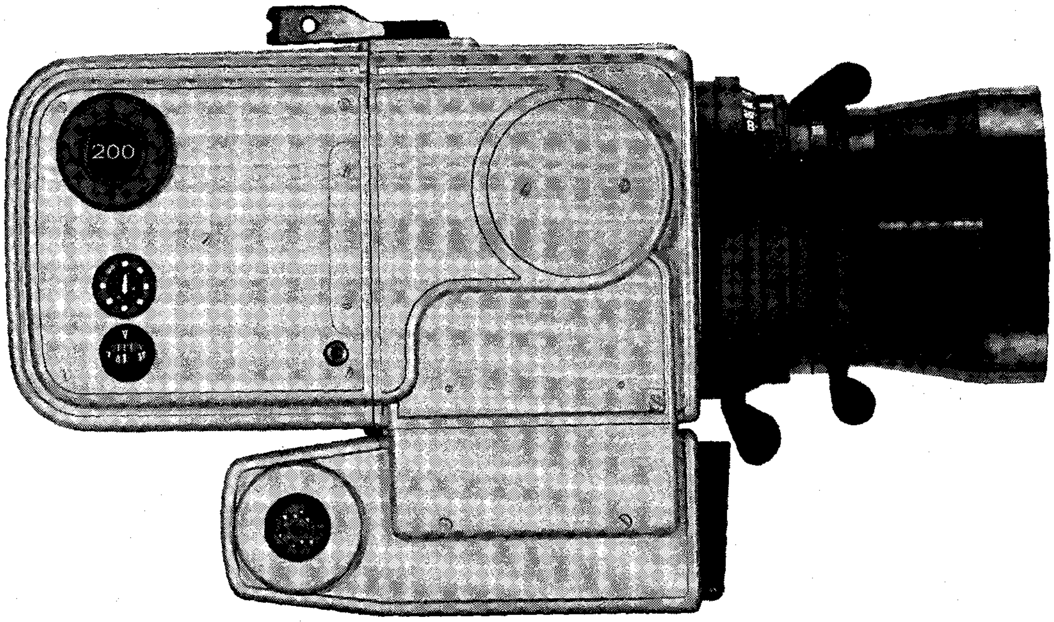
When writers begin to see the powerful men operating in terms of available alternatives, while they have been judging them in terms of ideals, they often develop "personal" admiration for the great bastards whom they have always condemned and still condemn. Hearst was to Mankiewicz, I suspect, what Welles was to be to him a little later—a dangerous new toy. And he needed new toys constantly to keep off the booze. Mankiewicz could control himself at San Simeon in the late twenties and the very early thirties, as, in those days, he could control himself when he was in charge of a movie. Producing the Marx Brothers comedies kept him busy and entertained for a while. With the title of "supervisor" (a term for the actual working producer, as distinguished from the studio executive whose name might appear above or below the name of the movie), he worked on their pictures from the inception of the ideas through the months of writing and then the shooting. But he got bored easily, and when he started cutting up in the middle of preparing "Duck Soup," in 1933, he was taken off the picture. When the Marx Brothers left Paramount and went to M-G-M, he joined them again, in the preparation of "A Night at the Opera," in 1935, and the same thing happened; he was replaced as supervisor by his old boss George S. Kaufman.

His credits began to taper off after 1933, and in 1936 Mankiewicz didn't get a single credit. That year, he published an article called "On Approaching Forty," a brief satirical account of what had happened to him as a writer. It began:

> Right before me, as I write, is a folder in which my wife keeps the blotters from Mr. Eschner, the insurance man, Don's first report card, the letter from the income tax people about the gambling loss at Tia Juana, the press photograph of me greeting Helen Kane (in behalf of the studio) at the Pasadena Station and my literary output. There are four separate pieces of this output and they are all excellent. I hope some friend will gather them into a little book after my death. There is plenty of ninety point Marathon in the world, and wide margins can't be hard to find.

He includes those tiny pieces in their entirety, and after one of them—the first three sentences of a short story—he comments:

> I moved to Hollywood soon after I had made this notation and was kept so busy with one thing and another—getting the pool filled, playing the Cadillac and Buick salesmen against each other, only to compromise on a Cadillac and a Buick, after all, and locating the finance com-



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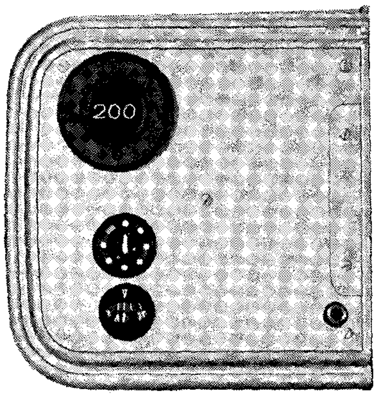

The camera up above is the Hasselblad 500EL electrically-driven space camera.

It's the camera the astronauts used on the moon.

It's also the camera they left behind.

Only about a third of it came back.

But then the Apollo rocket that carried it was 365′ tall when it left for the moon. And only 10′ tall when it returned. So the Hasselblad didn't make out too badly, considering.

The back of the Hasselblad is the part that came back. A detachable film magazine that assured the safety of the film. And was necessary because the astronauts' bulky gloves would have made it difficult to remove film in any other way. (To appreciate the problem, try unloading your own camera wearing hockey gloves.)

As valuable as it proved to be, the removable back isn't something that was designed for NASA. Every Hasselblad on earth is made that way.

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There you are down at the water hole, photographing a rhino in black and white. When suddenly a red-billed oxpecker lands on its back. You'd love to switch to color, but you're only halfway through your roll, and you don't want to waste the rest of it.

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You can also choose the number of exposures you want, 12, 16, 24 right on up to 70. This last magazine is great for shooting continuous action, like the rhino coming to have a closer look at you.

The front, top and sides of the Hasselblad give you as many possibilities as the back. The front accepts ten different Carl Zeiss lenses, each with its own built-in Compur shutter, synchronized for flash and strobe at all speeds.

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Within the system, the 500ELM electrically-driven earth camera—cousin to the moon camera—can do a few things that even the other Hasselblads can't do.

Because this camera is electrically-operated, it can be triggered from a distance through the use of long release cords or remote radio control. And because the camera readies itself for the next shot automatically, you can shoot as many as 70 consecutive exposures without being anywhere near the camera. Which is a good way to get a shot of the rhino coming towards you, without having to be the one it's coming towards.

So you can see that the Hasselblad has even more application on earth than on the moon.

And another nice thing about using a Hasselblad on earth is that when you come back with your pictures, you also come back with your Hasselblad.

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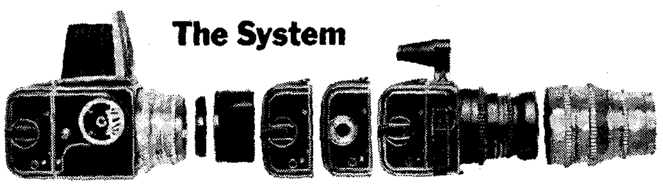

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pany's downtown office—that the first thing I knew, a story, a good deal like the one I had in mind, appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and in *Collier's*, too.

This is the end of his article:

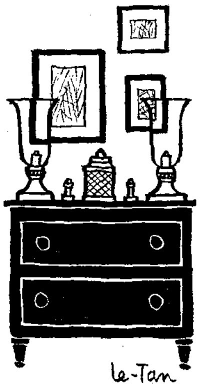
The fourth note looks rather naked now, all by itself on the desk. It says, simply:

"Write piece for *New Yorker* on reaching thirty-fifth birthday. No central idea. Just flit from paragraph to paragraph."

People who complain that my work is slipshod would be a little surprised to find that I just am *not* always satisfied with the first thing I put down. I'm changing that thirty-fifth to fortieth right now.

"On Approaching Forty" didn't come out in *The New Yorker;* it appeared in the *Hollywood Reporter*.

Ambivalence was the most common "literary" emotion of the screenwriters of the thirties, as alienation was to become the most common "literary" emotion of the screenwriters of the sixties. The thirties writers were ambivalently nostalgic about their youth as reporters, journalists, critics, or playwrights, and they glorified the hard-drinking, cynical newspaperman. They were ambivalent about Hollywood, which they savaged and satirized whenever possible. Hollywood paid them so much more money than they had ever earned before, and the movies reached so many more people than they had ever reached before, that they were contemptuous of those who hadn't made it on their scale at the same time that they hated themselves for selling out. They had gone to Hollywood as a paid vacation from their playwriting or journalism, and screenwriting became their only writing. The vacation became an extended drunken party, and while they were there in the debris of the long morning after, American letters passed them by. They were never to catch up; nor were American movies ever again to have in their midst a whole school of the richest talents of a generation.



We in the audience didn't have to wake up *afterward* to how good those films of the thirties were; in common with millions of people, I enjoyed them while they were coming out. They were immensely popular. But I did take them for granted. There was such a steady flow of bright comedy that it appeared to be a Hollywood staple, and it didn't occur to me that those films wouldn't go on being made. It didn't occur to me that it required a special gathering of people in a special atmosphere to produce that flow, and that when those people stopped enjoying themselves those pictures couldn't be made. And I guess it didn't occur to older, more experienced people, either, because for decades everybody went on asking why Hollywood wasn't turning out those good, entertaining comedies anymore.

By the end of the thirties, the jokes had soured. The comedies of the forties were heavy and pushy, straining for humor, and the comic impulse was misplaced or lost; they came out of a different atmosphere, a different *feeling*. The comic spirit of the thirties had been happily self-critical about America, the happiness born of the knowledge that in no other country were movies so free to be self-critical. It was the comedy of a country that didn't yet hate itself. Though it wasn't until the sixties that the self-hatred became overt in American life and American movies, it started to show, I think, in the phony, excessive, duplicit use of patriotism by the rich, guilty liberals of Hollywood in the war years.

•

IN the forties, a socially conscious film historian said to me, "You know, Paramount never made a good movie," and I brought up the names of some Paramount movies—"Easy Living" and "Trouble in Paradise" and lovely trifles like "Midnight"—and, of course, I couldn't make my point, because those movies weren't what was thought of in the forties as a good movie. I knew I wouldn't get anywhere at all if I tried to cite "Million Dollar Legs" or "Mississippi," or pictures with the Marx Brothers or Mae West; I would be told they weren't even movies. Though Paramount made some elegant comedies in the "Continental" style, many of the best Paramount pictures were like revues—which was pretty much the style of the Broadway theatre they'd come out of, and was what I liked about them. They entertained you without trying to change your life, yet didn't congratulate you for being a slobbering bag of mush, either. But by the forties these were considered "escapist entertainment," and that was supposed to be *bad*. Many of the thirties comedies, especially the Paramount ones, weren't even "artistic" or "visual" movies—which is why they look so good on television now. They also sound good, because what that historian thought of as their irresponsibility is so much more modern than the sentimentalities of the war years. What was believed in was implicit in the styles of the heroes and heroines and in the comedy targets; the writers had an almost aristocratic disdain for putting beliefs into words. In the forties, the writers convinced themselves that they believed in everything, and they kept putting it all into so many bad words. It's no wonder the movies had no further use for a Groucho or a Mae West; one can imagine what either of them might have done to those words.

It's common to blame the McCarthyism of the fifties and the removal of blacklisted writers for the terrible, flat writing in American movies of recent years, but the writers might have recovered from McCarthyism (they might even have stood up to it) if they hadn't been destroyed as writers long before. The writing that had given American talkies their special flavor died in the war, killed not in battle but in the politics of Stalinist "anti-Fascism." For the writers, Hollywood was just one big crackup, and for most of them it took a political turn. The lost-in-Hollywood generation of writers, trying to clean themselves of guilt for their wasted years and their irresponsibility as *writers*, became political in the worst way—became a special breed of anti-Fascists. The talented writers, the major ones as well as the lightweight yet entertaining ones, went down the same drain as the clods—drawn into it, often, by bored wives, less successful brothers. They became naïvely, hysterically pro-Soviet; they ignored Stalin's actual policies, because they so badly needed to believe in something. They had been so smart, so gifted, and yet they hadn't been able to beat Hollywood's contempt for the writer. (Walter Wanger had put twenty-seven of them to work in groups in succession on the script of Vincent Sheean's "Personal History.") They lived in the city where Irving Thalberg was enshrined; Thalberg, the saint of M-G-M, had rationalized Mayer's system of putting teams of writers to work simultaneously and in relays on the same project. It had been lunatic before, but Thalberg made it seem mature and responsible to fit writers into an assembly-line method that totally alienated them and took away their last shreds of pride. And most of the Algonquin group had been in Hollywood so long they weren't even famous anymore.

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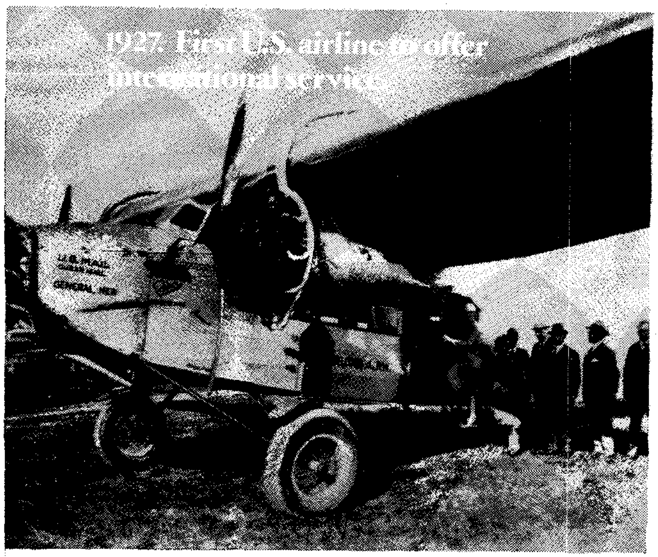
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What came out of it is history. And us. The airline that opened the Caribbean in 1927. South America in 1930. The Pacific in 1935. The Atlantic in 1939. And finally, in 1942, the world. With the first airline flight ever to circle the globe.

The airlines' airline.

Now in doing all that flying we learned a few things.

We learned so much about weather and navigation that we still set the standards for our industry.

We learned so much about airplanes that we've introduced nearly every new aircraft of the last 40 years. Including *the* passenger ship of the 70's. The quiet, spacious Boeing 747.

By 1931 we knew so much about flying that we opened a formal training school for our crews. Their skills improved so noticeably that other airlines began to ask us to train their people too. And thus we became the airline that trains other airlines.

From all this came our reputation for efficiency.

Why do we want to live it down? Mostly because a reputation for being big and efficient goes hand in hand with a reputation for being cold and impersonal. Which, we fear, may tend to keep some of you from flying with us.

And that would be a shame. For we did not build this airline for our pleasure. We built it for your pleasure. Which means we have never overlooked the amenities that make traveling enjoyable. Like food.

When you fly you get hungry.

Back in 1929 we put flight stewards aboard and started serving meals aloft, even though it "would never work."

In 1935 we served the first hot meals aboard.

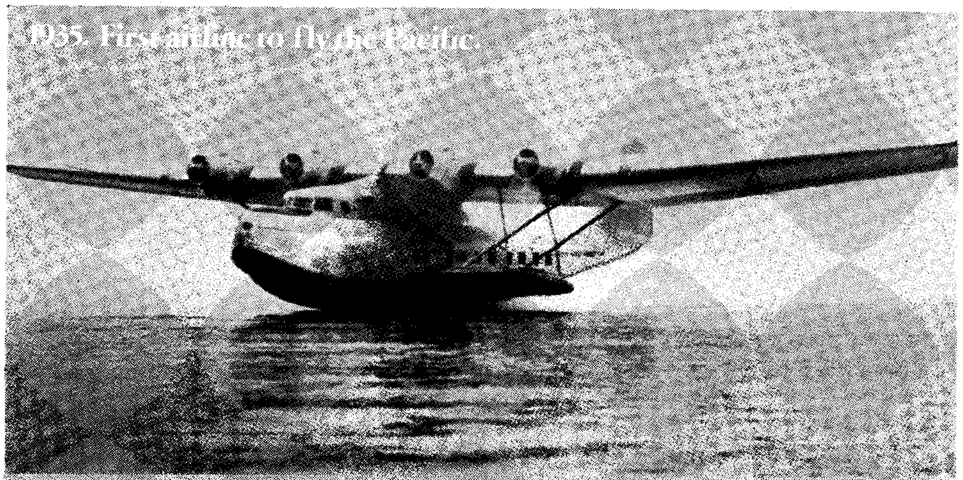
Since then our chefs have turned dining aloft into such an art that on many flights we even serve the cuisine of the country you're flying to.

At present, you can enjoy these epicurean delights on flights to England, France, Germany, Belgium/Holland, Scandinavia, Portugal and Brazil. First class *and* economy.

And you'll soon be able to enjoy them on our flights to the other side of the world. Over the Pacific to the Orient.

After you eat you get bored.

Today, most airlines make a big deal out of showing movies. And movies


1935. First airline to fly the Pacific.

1939. First airline over the Atlantic with mail and passenger service.

the world's most do you live it down?

are a big deal. They can make a long flight two or three hours shorter.

That's why we were showing movies 25 years ago. When nobody else was. Today, on most of our 747 flights you even get a choice of two for the standard $2.50. Current or classic.

After the movie, we'll put you to sleep. With music especially selected and arranged for that purpose.

Or if you prefer to relax without sleeping there are as many as eight other channels to listen to.

If you're traveling with children you can breathe a sigh of relief because we have a channel for them too. Along with a progressive rock channel for teenagers.

Of course, you may wish to be left alone with just a blanket and a pillow and a drink and a magazine. If so, you will be. That's part of our service too.

Once you get where you're going you sometimes wonder where you are.

One of the great frustrations of travel is to be standing right in the middle of an historic city like Rome not knowing which eternal wonder lies where. Yet knowing your vacation hours are slipping by.

We have a number of ways to beat this problem no matter what city (or village or valley) you're standing in. They're called tours.

We, and your Pan Am® travel agent, offer everything from pre-planned tours that provide you with a guide, to do-it-yourself tours that show you how to be your own guide.

Prices start low with a beginners tour of Europe and range up to a "Now I've Seen Everything" tour of the world.

Or you may not want a tour at all. But still may want our advice on what to wear, what to pack, where to stay, etc. If so, don't hesitate to ask.

And as you travel don't hesitate to drop in at any of our 236 offices throughout the world. We're there to answer questions, to help, to be your home away from home no matter where in the world you travel.

Now that you know what we're like, wouldn't you like to know where we go?

Good. Because we go just about everywhere.

Europe, the Near East, Africa, South America, the Caribbean, Hawaii, the South Pacific, Japan, Around The World. 122 cities in 82 lands on all six continents. And we fly from 16 cities across the United States.

But one last comment. Of all our accomplishments to date, we have yet to mention the one that makes us feel best. Our success in lowering fares.

Based on 1971 dollars, our New York to London fare in 1940 was $880. One way.

This spring* we can fly you to London, Paris, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon, and back to New York for as little as $429.

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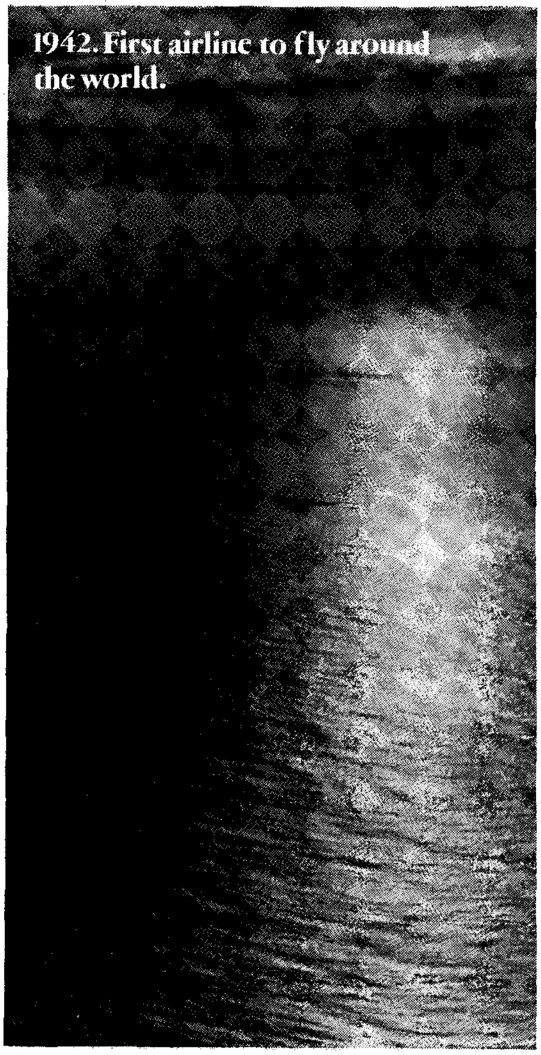

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wood atmosphere of big money and conflicting pressures. The talented—especially those who weren't using their talents to full capacity—have become desperate, impatient, unreliable, self-destructive, and also destructive, and so there has always been some validity in the businessman's argument that he couldn't afford to take chances on "geniuses." Thalberg didn't play around with a man like Mankiewicz; after throwing him off "A Night at the Opera," he didn't use him again.

The writers who had become accustomed to being assembly-line workers were ready to believe it when, in the forties, they were told that, like factory workers, they were "part of the team on the assembly line" and needed "that strengthening of the spirit which comes from identity with the labor of others." Like the producers, the Screen Writers Guild respected discipline and responsibility, but though the businessmen had never been able to organize people of talent—producers like Thalberg just kept discarding them—the union ideologues knew how. The talented rarely become bureaucrats, but the mediocre had put down roots in Hollywood—it doesn't take long in Los Angeles, the only great city that is purely modern, that hasn't even an architectural past in the nineteenth century. In the forties, the talented merged with the untalented and became almost indistinguishable from them, and the mediocre have been writing movies ever since. When the good writers tried to regain their self-respect by becoming political activists in the Stalinist style, it was calamitous to talent; the Algonquin group's own style was lost as their voice blended into the preachy, self-righteous chorus.

The comedy writers who had laughed at cant now learned to write it and were rehabilitated as useful citizens of the community of mediocrity. It was just what the newly political congratulated themselves on—their constructive, uplifting approach—that killed comedy. When they had written frivolously, knowing that they had no control over how their writing would be used, or buried, or rewritten, they may have failed their own gifts and the dreams of their youth, but the work they turned out had human dimensions; they were working at less than full capacity, but they were still honest entertainers. Their humor was the humor of those trapped by human weakness as well as by "the system," and this was basic comedy—like the jokes and camaraderie of Army men. But when they became political in that morally superior way of people who are doing something for themselves but pretending it's for others, their self-righteousness was insufferable. They may have told lies in the themes and plots of the thirties comedies, but they didn't take their own lies seriously, they didn't *believe* their own lies, the way they did in the forties. In the forties, the Screen Writers Guild and the Hollywood Writers Mobilization (for wartime morale-building) held conferences at which "responsible" writers brought the irresponsibles into line. The irresponsibles were told they were part of an army and must "dedicate their creative abilities to the winning of the war." And, in case they failed to understand the necessity for didactic, "positive" humor, there were panels and seminars that analyzed jokes and pointed out which ones might do harm. It was explained to the writers that "catch-as-catch-can," "no-holds-barred" comedy was a thing of the past. "A very funny line may make black-market dealings seem innocent and attractive," they were told, and "Respect for officers must be maintained at all times, in any scene, in any situation."

Show-business people are both giddy and desperately, sincerely intense. When Stalinism was fashionable, movie people became Stalinists, the way they later became witches and warlocks. Apparently, many of the Hollywood Stalinists didn't realize they were taking any risks; they performed propaganda services for the various shifts in Russia's foreign policy and, as long as the needs of American and Russian policy coincided, this took the form of super-patriotism. When the war was over and the Cold War began, history left them stranded, and McCarthy moved in on them. The shame of McCarthyism was not only "the shame of America" but the shame of a bunch of newly rich people who were eager to advise the world on moral and political matters and who, faced with a test, informed on their friends—and, as Orson Welles put it, not even to save their lives but to save their swimming pools. One might think that whatever they had gained emotionally from their activity they would have lost when they informed on each other, but it doesn't seem to have always worked that way. They didn't

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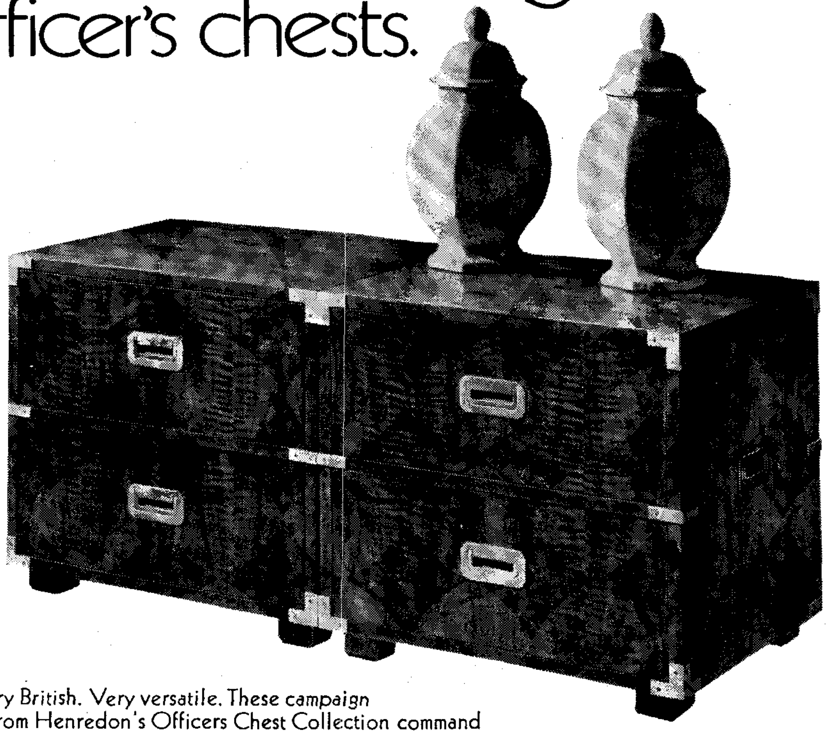

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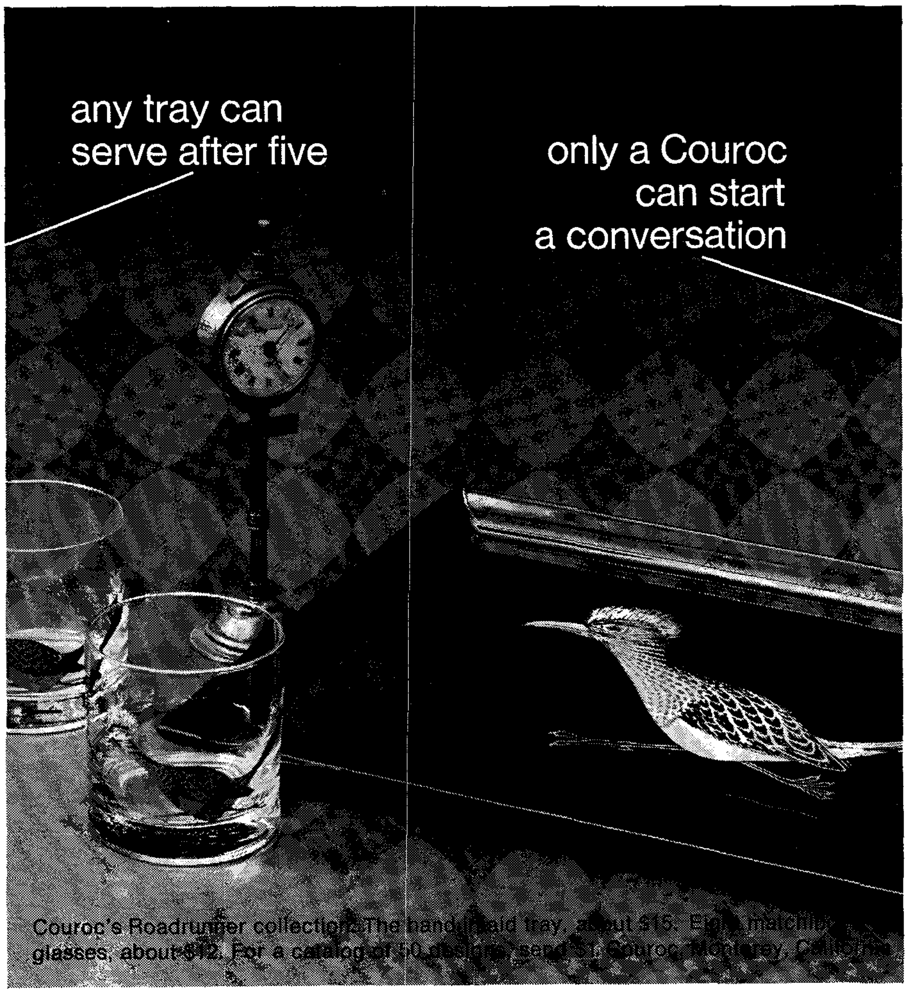

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change their ideas when they recanted before the House Un-American Activities Committee; they merely gave in and then were restored to themselves. And they often seem to regard it not as their weakness but as their martyrdom. Show-business Stalinism is basically not political but psychological; it's a fashionable form of hysteria and guilt that is by now not so much pro-Soviet as just abusively anti-American. America is their image of Hell (once again, because of Vietnam, they're in a popular position), and they go on being "political" in the same way, holding the same faith, and for the same reasons, as in the late thirties and the forties. The restoration there is fairly general. In Hollywood recently, a man who used to be "involved" told me he wanted to become more active again, and added, "But, you know, I'm scared. The people who are urging me to do more are the same ones who ratted on me last time."

Mankiewicz was too well informed politically to become a Communist Party-liner. Because he didn't support this line, he was—and only in part jokingly—considered a "reactionary" by the activists of the Screen Writers Guild. Yet he went on to write the movie they point to with pride in Hollywood, the movie they all seem to feel demonstrates what *can* be done and what movies should be doing, and it's their all-time favorite because they understand it—and correctly—as a leftist film. Its leftism is, however, the leftism of the twenties and early thirties, before the left became moralistic. There were other expressions of the tough spirit of the thirties that came after the thirties were over. There may be a little of it in the newspaper film of the fifties "Sweet Smell of Success," but the ambivalence there is harsher, grimmer, more artistically "serious" than it was in the thirties; there's some in the happy mockery of Hollywood in "Singin' in the Rain," which takes off from Kaufman and Hart's "Once in a Lifetime," and in the films of Preston Sturges, who alone somehow managed to stay funny and tart. The only writer of this whole group who became a director with an individual style, Sturges kept American comedy alive singlehanded through the mawkish forties. Maybe he was able to because he was a cynic and so politically baroque that he wasn't torn by doubts and guilts. The political show in Hollywood in the forties was just one more crazy scene to him; he'd grown up rich and eccentric in Europe, the son of that expatriate lady (called Mary in "The Loves of Isadora") who gave Isadora Duncan the fatal scarf.

But Mankiewicz climaxed an era in "Kane." He wrote a big movie that is untarnished by sentimentality, and it may be the only big biographical movie ever made in this country of which that can be said. "Kane" is unsanctimonious; it is without scenes of piety, masochism, or remorse, without "truths"—in that period when the screenwriters were becoming so politically "responsible" that they were using all the primitive devices to sell their messages, and movies once again became full of blind beggars, and omens of doom, and accidental death as punishment for moral and sexual infractions, and, of course, Maria Ouspenskaya seeing into people's hearts—the crone as guru.

●

ORSON WELLES wasn't around when "Citizen Kane" was written, early in 1940. Mankiewicz, hobbling about on a broken leg in a huge cast, was packed off—away from temptation—to Mrs. Campbell's Guest Ranch, in Victorville, California, sixty-five miles from Los Angeles, to do the script. He had a nurse and a secretary to watch over him and John Houseman to keep him working, and they all lived there for about three months—in a combination dude ranch and rest home, where liquor was forbidden and unavailable—until the first draft of "Citizen Kane," called simply and formidably "American," was completed.

That insurance-company doctor who refused to accept Mankiewicz as a risk back in 1927 had no need to be prophetic. Ben Hecht once described a summer earlier in the twenties when he and his wife and Charles MacArthur were living in a borrowed house near Woodstock, New York, with no money, and Harpo, Groucho, Chico, and Zeppo Marx and their wives, sweethearts, and children came to stay, and then Herman Mankiewicz arrived, carrying two suitcases. "He had decided to spend his vacation from the New York *Times* drama section with us," Hecht wrote. "He had not been allowed to bring any money with him because of Sara's certainty that he would spend it on liquor, and thus impair the influence of country air and sunshine. . . . Herman's larger suitcase contained sixteen bottles of Scotch and nothing else." A few weeks later, Hecht and MacArthur went in to New York to try to sell a play they'd just written, and encountered Mankiewicz, who, having sent his wife and children out of town to escape the heat, was "occupying Prince Bibesco's grand suite in the Plaza Hotel while His Highness

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capered in Long Island." Hecht went on, "We moved in with him, there being no rent to pay. We discovered, while helping Herman to undress the first night, that his torso was bound with yards of adhesive tape. He had slipped while trying to get out of the bathtub and lamed his back. When Herman was asleep, MacArthur and I rolled him on his stomach and with an indelible pencil wrote ardent and obscene love messages on his taping. We signed them Gladys and chuckled over the impending moment in Far Rockaway when Herman would undress before his keen-eyed Sara."

Not only was Mankiewicz alcoholic and maniacally accident-prone; he was a gambler, constantly in debt. There was a sequence in a thirties movie about a gambling newspaperman that was based on the way the other writers at Paramount used to line up with him when he got his check on Friday afternoon and walk with him to the bank so they could get back some of the money he'd borrowed from them during the week. His old friends say that he would bet from sheer boredom; when he ran out of big sporting events, he would bet on anything—on high-school football games or whether it would rain. He got to the point where he was bored with just betting; he wanted the stakes to be dangerously high. He once explained, "It's not fun gambling if I lose two thousand and just write a check for it. What's thrilling is to make out a check for fifteen thousand dollars knowing there's not a penny in the bank." James Thurber referred to him as an "incurable compulsive gambler." He described how Mankiewicz went to a psychiatrist to see if anything could be done about it. "I can't cure you of gambling," the analyst told him on his last visit, "but I can tell you why you do it."

By the late thirties, Mankiewicz had just about run out of studios to get fired from. His friends would get him jobs and he would lose them—sometimes in spectacular ways that became part of Hollywood legend. Perhaps the best-known is his exit from Columbia Pictures. In his biography of Harry Cohn, who was then the head of the studio, Bob Thomas describes it this way:

> The most famous incident in the Columbia dining room concerned an erratic genius named Herman J. Mankiewicz. . . . The freewheeling world of journalism seemed better suited to his temperament than did Hollywood. He possessed two failings that were inimical to the autocratic studio domains: he drank, and he was scornful of his bosses.
>
> These faculties tumbled him from the position of a major screenwriter, and he had difficulty finding jobs. His agent, Charles Feldman, proposed a post at Columbia. Cohn was interested, since he enjoyed hiring bargain talent discarded by the major studios. . . . Cohn agreed to employ him at $750 a week.
>
> "I want to make good," said Mankiewicz when he reported to William Perlberg, then Columbia's executive producer.
>
> "Fine," said the producer. . . . "But . . . don't go in the executive dining room. You know what will happen if you tangle with Cohn."
>
> Mankiewicz concurred. . . . His work habits were exemplary, and he produced many pages a day. But . . . his office was on the third floor, near the door to the executive dining room. As Riskin, Swerling, and other fellow-writers emerged *after lunch, he could hear them laughing* over wisecracks and jokes that had been told inside. Mankiewicz himself was considered one of Hollywood's premier wits and raconteurs, and he rankled over his banishment.
>
> One day Perlberg entered the dining room and was startled to find Mankiewicz sitting at the end of the table. The writer held a napkin to his mouth and promised, "I won't say a word."
>
> When Cohn entered the room, he gave Mankiewicz a warm greeting, then assumed his monarchial position at the head of the table.
>
> Cohn began the conversation: "Last night I saw the lousiest picture I've seen in years."
>
> He mentioned the title, and one of the more courageous of his producers spoke up: "Why, I saw that picture at the Downtown Paramount, and the audience howled over it. Maybe you should have seen it with an audience."
>
> "That doesn't make any difference," Cohn replied. "When I'm alone in a projection room, I have a foolproof device for judging whether a picture is good or bad. If my fanny squirms, it's bad. If my fanny doesn't squirm, it's good. It's as simple as that."
>
> There was a momentary silence, which was filled by Mankiewicz at the end of the table: "Imagine—the whole world wired to Harry Cohn's ass!"

Mankiewicz's attitude toward himself and his work is summed up in one very short, very famous story. A friend who hadn't seen him for a while asked, "How's Sara?"

Mankiewicz, puzzled: "Who?"

"Sara. Your wife, Sara."

"Oh, you mean Poor Sara."

The only evidence of an instinct for self-preservation in the life of Herman Mankiewicz is his choice of keen-eyed Sara. He was in bad shape by 1939, but Mayer kept him on the payroll—some said so that top people at M-G-M could collect their gambling winnings from him. But Mayer also seems to have had some affection for him, and Sara had become a close friend of Mayer's daughter Irene. Mayer became concerned about Mankiewicz's gambling debts, and, assuming that Mankiewicz was also concerned about

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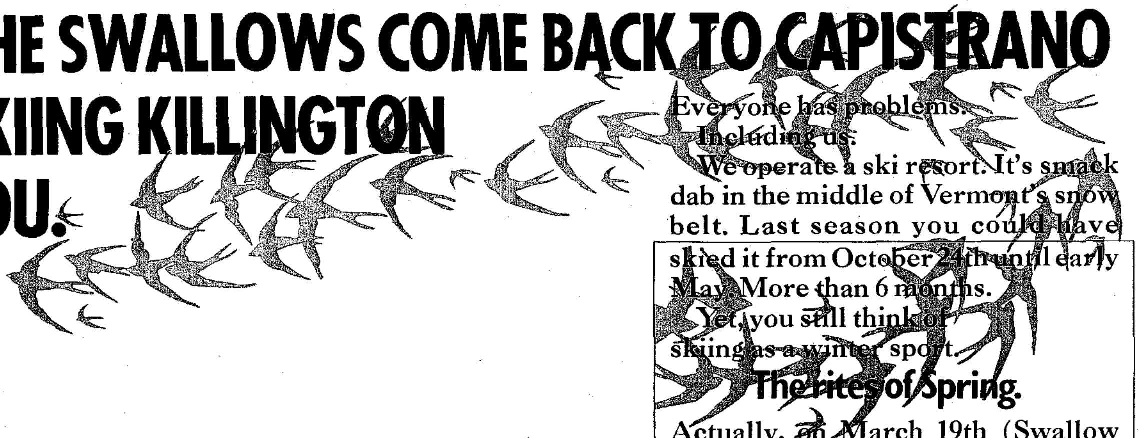

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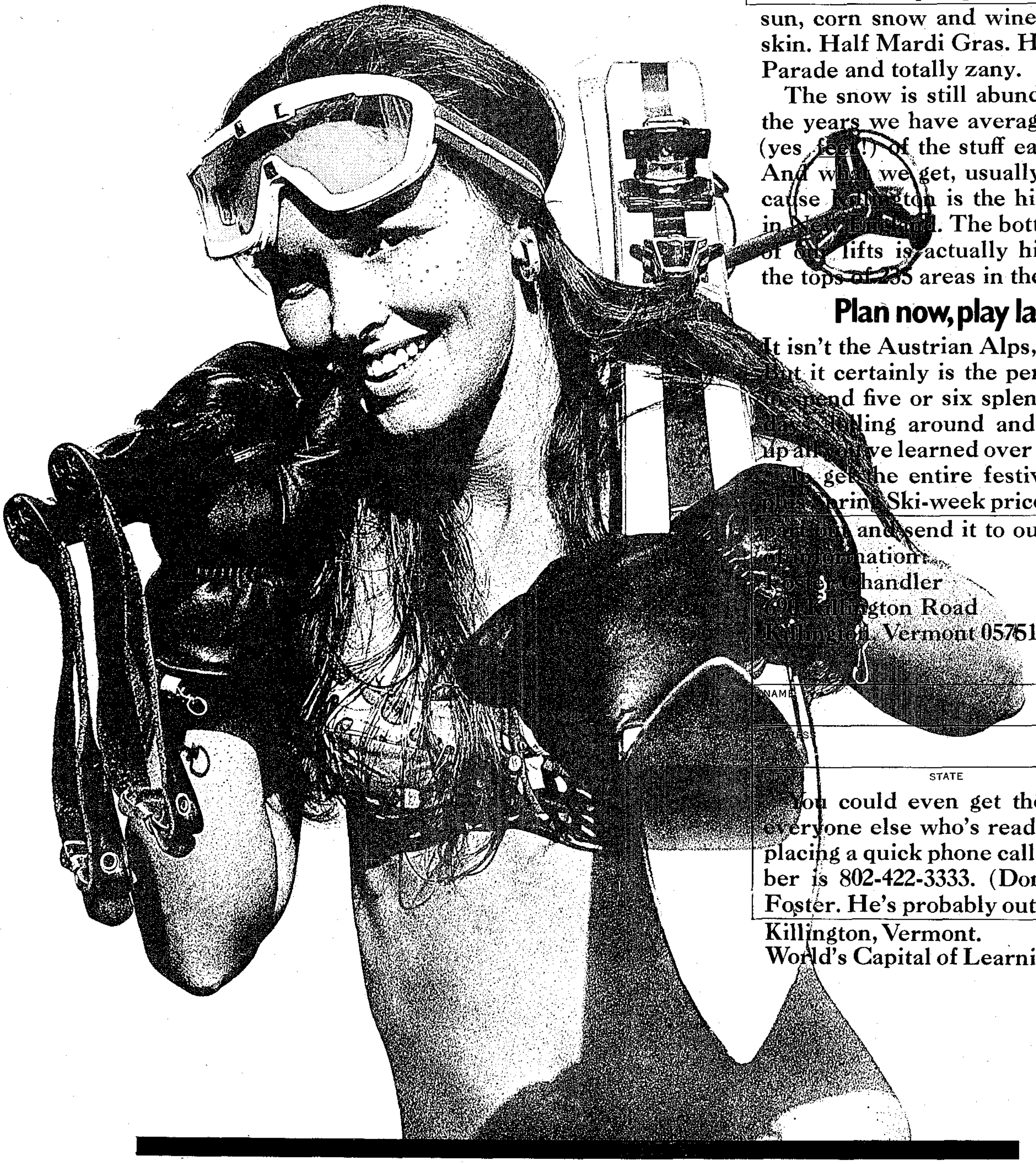
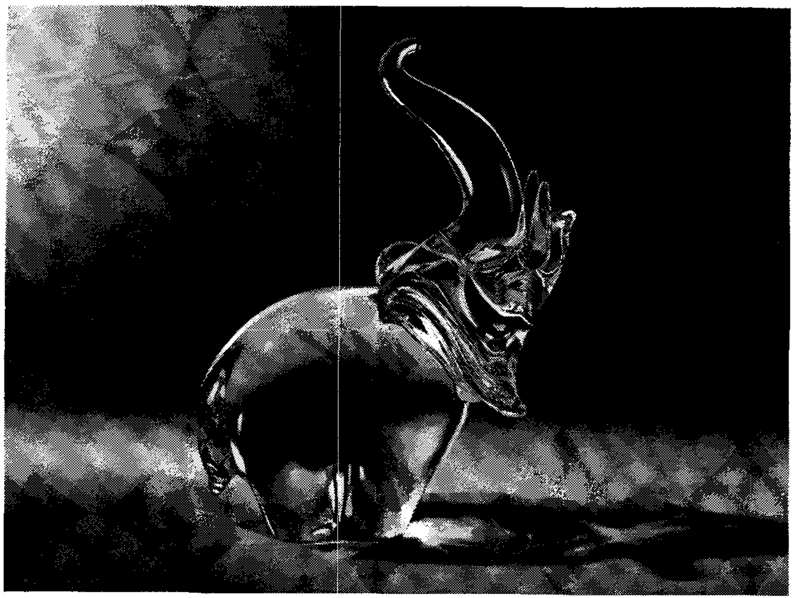


them, he concluded that if he got the debts straightened out, Mankiewicz would pull himself together. Mayer called him in and asked him how much money he needed to get financially clear. Mankiewicz came up with the figure of $30,000, and Mayer offered to advance him that sum on a new contract if he would swear a solemn vow never to gamble again. Mankiewicz went through an elaborate ritual of giving Mayer his sacred word, and walked out with the $30,000. The very next day, it is said, Mankiewicz was playing poker on the lot, and he had just raised the stakes to $10,000 when he looked up and saw Mayer standing there. Mankiewicz left the studio and didn't return. A few days after that—early in September of 1939—Thomas Phipps, a nephew of Lady Astor's, who was also employed as a writer at M-G-M, was driving to New York to court a lady there, and, with nothing better to do, Mankiewicz decided to go along. As Mankiewicz described the trip some months later, in a guest column he wrote, filling in for Hedda Hopper on vacation, it was fairly giddy right from the start. Mankiewicz said that each song on the car radio sent Phipps swooning, because either he had heard it while he was with his lady or he had heard it while he was not with her. On the outskirts of Albuquerque, the car skidded and turned over. Mankiewicz's jocular account included as the climax "thirty-four weeks in a cast in bed and thirty-two weeks in a brace." Phipps had a broken collarbone; when it healed, he proceeded on his romantic way to New York. Mankiewicz had a compound fracture of the left leg, which, together with further injuries suffered while the fracture was healing, left him with a limp for the rest of his life.

During the long recuperation—very long, because on his first night out on the town after his cast was removed, he went on crutches to Chasen's, got drunk, slipped and broke more bones, and had to be put in another cast—Mankiewicz, bedridden and in exile from the studios, began to write the Mercury Theatre's "Campbell Playhouse" radio shows, with the actors often gathered around his bed for story conferences, and even rehearsals. Welles, having come to Hollywood in July to fulfill his contract with Schaefer, had been flying to and from New York for the series; in October he arranged to have the shows originate in Los Angeles, and in November he hired Mankiewicz to write five of them. Welles had met Mankiewicz sometime earlier in New York. This



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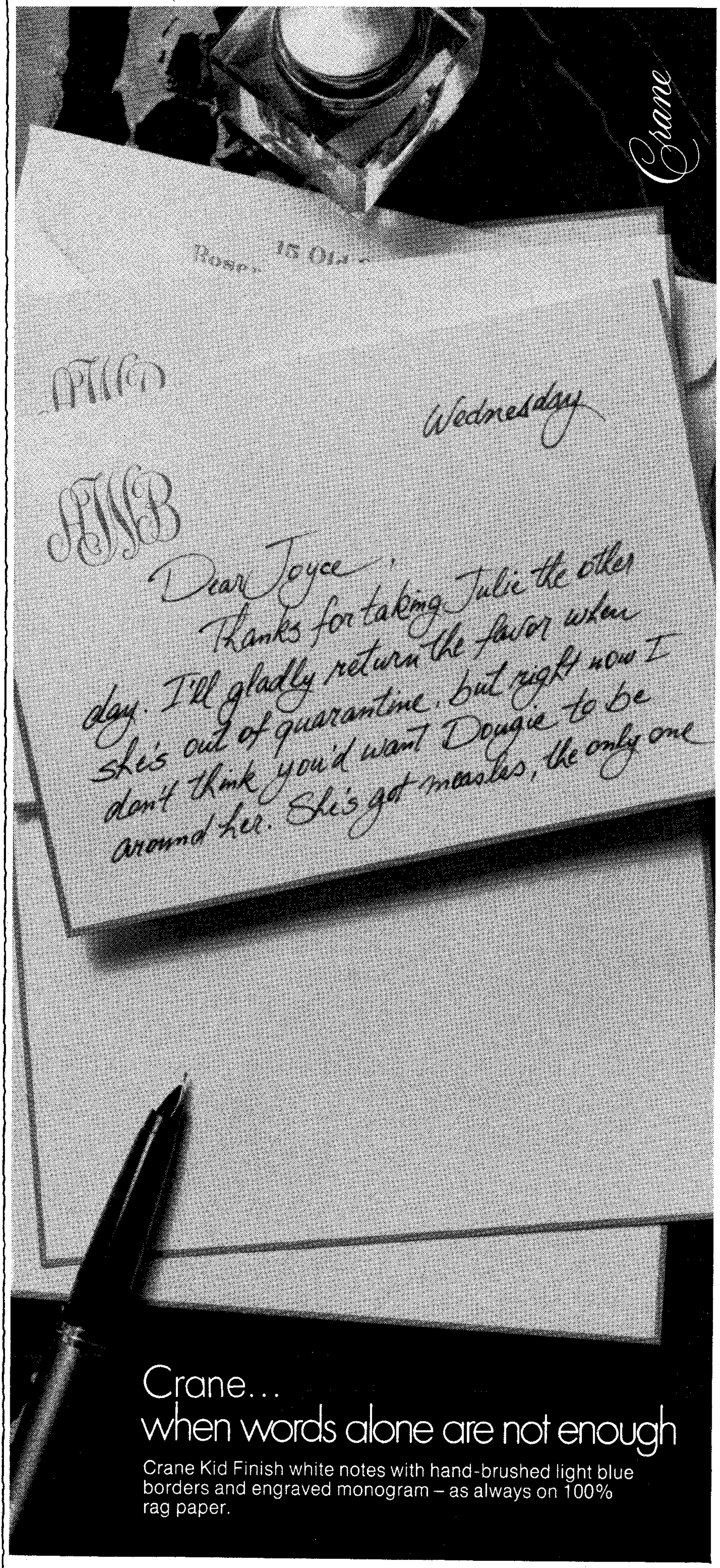
is John Houseman's recollection of those events, set down in a letter to Sara Mankiewicz after her husband's death:

> I remember so well the day Orson came back to the theatre from 21, telling me he had met this amazingly civilized and charming man. I can just see them there at lunch together—magicians and highbinders at work on each other, vying with each other in wit and savoir-faire and mutual appreciation. Both came away enchanted and convinced that, between them, they were the two most dashing and gallantly intelligent gentlemen in the Western world. And they were not so far wrong! Soon after that I met Herman myself, but I didn't get to know him until . . . he lay in bed at Tower Road, his leg in a monstrous plaster cast . . . and we started to do those peculiar collaborative radio shows in the beginning of our long conspiracy of love and hate for Maestro, the Dog-Faced Boy. Then came "Kane" and Victorville and those enchanted months of inhabiting Mrs. Campbell's ranch with our retinue of nurse and secretary and our store of Mickey Finns!

Tower Road was where the Mankiewiczes lived and the Mercury group gathered. The Dog-Faced Boy is, of course, Orson Welles (Cocteau once described him as "a dog who has broken loose from his chain and gone to sleep on the flower bed"), and the Mickey Finns were a medical concoction that was supposed to make Mankiewicz hate alcohol. It failed. The secretary, Mrs. Rita Alexander (she lent her name to the character of Susan Alexander), recalls that during her first week, before Sara Mankiewicz had had a chance to give her a briefing, Mankiewicz persuaded her to take him in to the town of Victorville, where he could get a drink. She withstood his wiles after that. He really wasn't in condition to do much drinking; the broken bones included a hip break, and he was in such poor condition that even eating presented problems. Mrs. Alexander recalls spoon-feeding him bicarbonate of soda, and recalls his courtly, formal apologies for the belches that rocked the room.

•

THERE are monsters, and there are also sacred monsters; both Welles and Mankiewicz deserve places in the sacred-monster category. Some writers on film—particularly in England—blithely say that Kane wasn't based on Hearst, using as evidence statements that Welles made to the press in early 1941, when he was trying to get the picture released. But those who think Louella Parsons got the *mistaken* idea that the picture was about Hearst don't understand what



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kind of man the young Welles was. Welles and Mankiewicz wanted to do something startling, something that would cap the invasion of the Martians—which had, after all, panicked only the boobs, and inadvertently at that, though Welles now makes it sound deliberate. This time, he and Mankiewicz *meant* to raise cain. The pun is surely theirs, and Hearst had walked right into it; he was so fond of a story called "Cain and Mabel," which he'd bought and produced as a Cosmopolitan Picture back in 1924, that he remade it late in 1936, at Warners', starring Clark Gable and Marion Davies. It had been one of her last pictures before her retirement. Cain and Mabel—it was a perfect description of Hearst and Marion. In 1960, when Welles was interviewed on British television, he said, "Kane isn't really founded on Hearst in particular." I suppose he was feeling rather expansive at that moment, and it may have seemed to limit his importance if his Kane had been based on anyone "in particular." In the same interview, he said, "You asked me did Mr. Hearst try to stop it. *He* didn't. . . . He was like Kane in that he wouldn't have stooped to such a thing." This was rather droll, but Welles seemed to mean it. He didn't seem to know much about Hearst anymore; probably he'd forgotten. One may also fairly conclude that Welles, with that grandeur which he seems to have taken over from the theatre into his personal life, was elevating Hearst, lending Hearst some of his own magnitude. More characteristically, however, his grandeur is double-edged, as in this typical statement on Gregg Toland:

> I had a great advantage not only in the real genius of my cameraman but in the fact that he, like all men who are masters of a craft, told me at the outset that there was nothing about camerawork that any intelligent being couldn't learn in half a day. And he was right.

Welles was thus telling us that he learned all there was to know about camerawork in half a day. What, one wonders, was the craft that Toland needed to master? Welles, like Hearst, and like most very big men, is capable of some very small gestures. And so was Mankiewicz, who brought his younger, more stable brother, Joe, out to Hollywood and helped him get started, but, as soon as Joe had some success, began behaving atrociously, referring to him as "my idiot brother."

Mankiewicz's ambivalence was generally on a higher level, however. There are many different kinds of senses of humor, and the one that sometimes comes through Mankiewicz anecdotes is the perverse soul of Kane himself. There is, for example, the story that Ezra Goodman tells in "The Fifty Year Decline and Fall of Hollywood." Hollywood was not often elegant and correct, but the producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., was known for the finesse of his social functions. At a dinner party that he gave for Hollywood notables, Herman Mankiewicz drank too much and threw up on the table. "A deadly hush descended over the assembled guests. . . . Mankiewicz broke the silence himself: 'It's all right, Arthur; the white wine came up with the fish.' "

The man who in those circumstances could put his host down was a fit companion for Welles. They were big eaters, big talkers, big spenders, big talents; they were not men of what is ordinarily called "good character." They were out to get not only Hearst but each other. The only religious remark that has ever been attributed to Mankiewicz was recorded on the set of "Citizen Kane": Welles walked by, and Mankiewicz muttered, "There, but for the grace of God, goes God."

•

Herman Mankiewicz didn't—to be exact—write "Citizen Kane;" he dictated it. The screenwriters may have felt like whores and they may have been justified in that feeling, but they were certainly well-paid whores. In New York, they hadn't had secretaries, but the movie business was mass culture's great joke on talent. The affectation of "Look, no hands" became the literal truth. Mankiewicz dictated the script while the nurse watched over him and John Houseman stood by in attendance. This was a cut-rate job—Mankiewicz was getting $500 a week for his ghostly labors—but it was still in the royal tradition of screenwriting. Outside the movie business, there has probably never been a writer in the history of the world who got this kind of treatment. There was an urgency about it: Welles and most of the Mercury Theatre company were in Hollywood doing their weekly radio shows and waiting while this odd little group spent the spring of 1940 in Victorville preparing the script for Orson Welles' début in films.

Welles had come to Hollywood the previous July in a burst of publicity, but his first two film projects hadn't got under way. Within a few months

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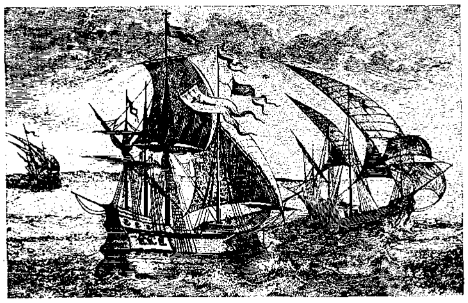

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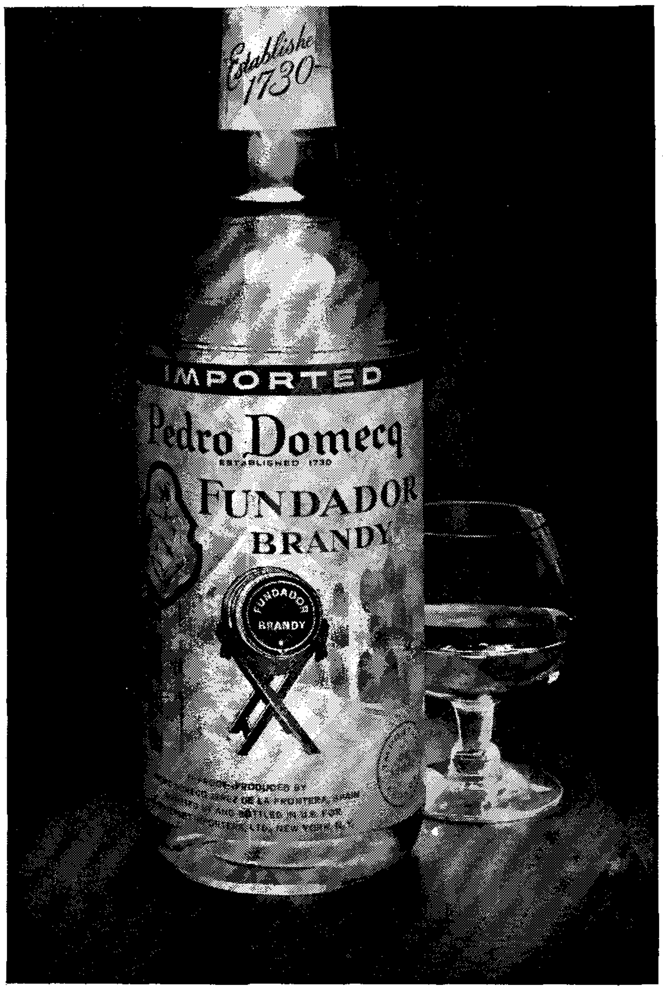
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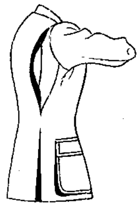

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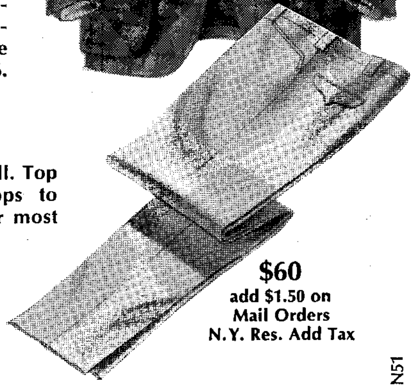

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of his arrival, he was being jeered at because nothing had happened. Although his contract with R.K.O. gave him freedom from interference, Schaefer and his legal staff had to approve the project and clear the shooting script and, of course, the budget. It had been agreed that his first project would be Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," which he had already done as a radio drama. He was to play both Marlow and Kurtz, the two leading roles, and it was reported in the trade press that he was working on the script with John Houseman and Herbert Drake, who was the Mercury's press agent. In the latter part of 1939, Welles brought actors out from New York and shot long test sequences, but the budget looked too high to the poverty-stricken studio, and the production was repeatedly postponed. He decided to do something while he was waiting—something that he could start on right away, to get the Mercury actors on the R.K.O. payroll—and he hit on a spy thriller with a political theme: "The Smiler with the Knife," from the novel by Nicholas Blake (C. Day Lewis). Welles adapted the book himself—"in seven days," according to the trade press—but this project was abandoned almost at once because of differences with Schaefer over casting. (Welles wanted to use Lucille Ball, then a contract player at R.K.O., in the lead, and Schaefer didn't think she could carry the picture. As the whole world knows, she wound up owning the studio, but Schaefer wasn't necessarily wrong; she never did carry a picture.) There was still hope for "Heart of Darkness"—and a lot of money had already been spent on it—but things seemed to be falling apart for the Mercury group. By the end of 1939, Welles was desperate for a subject that would be acceptable to R.K.O. The movie plans were up in the air, and there was dissension within the Mercury group about staying on in Hollywood with nothing definite in sight to work on. Some of the actors left to take jobs elsewhere, and some were beginning to get film roles—a development that upset Welles, because he wanted them to be "new faces" in his first film.

A policy meeting was arranged to discuss the failing fortunes of the group and to decide whether to keep them all in Los Angeles or send some of them back to New York. The more or less administrative heads of the Mercury Theatre met for dinner in an upper room at Chasen's. The group included Welles; Houseman, who had founded the Mercury Theatre with him; two all-purpose assistants, Richard Wilson and William Alland; the press agent, Drake; and several others. Houseman argued that the actors should return to New York, but nothing had been settled by the time the coffee and brandy arrived, and then Welles, in a sudden access of rage, shouted that Houseman wanted to desert him, that Houseman had always been against him, and he threw the coffee warmers—full of Sterno canned heat—at Houseman. He did not throw them very precisely, it seems; he threw them not so much with intent to hit as in Houseman's general direction. Dave Chasen, having been summoned by a waiter, opened the door, and, with the aplomb he had used back in the thirties in vaudeville, when he was the stooge of the comedian Joe Cook, he took one look—a curtain was on fire by then—and closed the door. The men in the room stamped out the fire, and Houseman went home and sent Welles a letter of resignation. The partnership was ended, and a week later Houseman left for New York.

Welles' tantrum and how it ended the partnership that had created the Mercury Theatre was the talk of the actors who gathered around Mankiewicz's bed, and it must have registered on Mankiewicz in a special way: it must have practically thrust on him the recognition of an emotional link between Welles and William Randolph Hearst, whose tantrums had been the stuff of legend among newspapermen for half a century, and whose occasional demonstrations of childishness were the gossip of guests at San Simeon. A week or two after the Chasen's dinner party, Mankiewicz proposed to Welles that they make a "prismatic" movie about the life of a man seen from several different points of view. Although Mankiewicz had been talking to friends for years about what a movie Hearst's life would make, his first suggestions for the "prismatic" movie were Dillinger and, when Welles was cool to that, Aimee Semple McPherson. Only after Welles had rejected that, too, and after they had discussed the possibilities in the life of Dumas, did he propose Hearst. Mankiewicz must have been stalling and playing games to lead Welles on, because although he was interested in both Dillinger and Aimee Semple McPherson, and subsequently did prepare scripts on them, this movie had to be a starring vehicle for Welles, and what major role could Welles play in the life of either Dillinger or Aimee? From what Mankiewicz told friends at the time, when he sprang the name Hearst, Welles leaped at it.

Welles had grown up hearing stories about Hearst from Dr. Maurice Bern-

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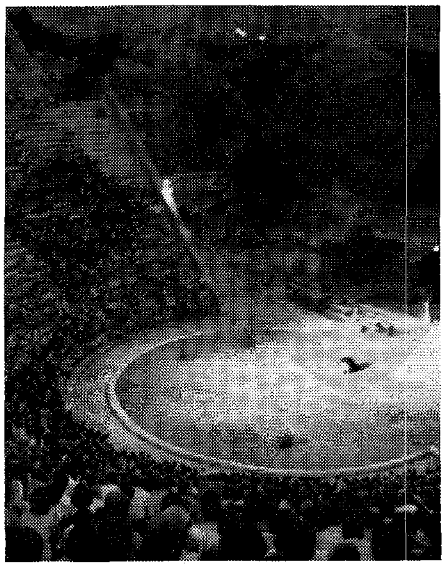

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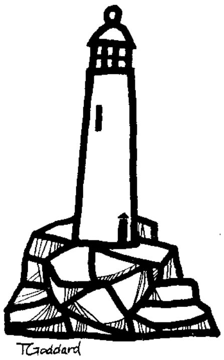
stein, who was his guardian after his parents died. Dr. Bernstein was a good friend of Ashton Stevens, who had originally been the drama critic on Hearst's flagship paper, the San Francisco *Examiner*, and had gone on to work for Hearst in Chicago. Welles himself was a Hearst-press "discovery;" it was Ashton Stevens, whom Dr. Bernstein got in touch with, who had publicized the nineteen-year-old Orson Welles when he produced "Hamlet" on a vacant second floor in Illinois. But Welles, being a knowledgeable young man, would have known a great deal about Hearst even without this personal connection, for Hearst was the unifying hatred of all liberals and leftists. Welles, with his sense of the dramatic, would have known at once what a sensational idea a movie about Hearst was. Aimee and Dillinger just didn't have the dimensions that Hearst had; Hearst was even right for Welles *physically*. Welles and Mankiewicz must have enjoyed thinking what a scandal a movie about him would make. Mankiewicz didn't need to have misgivings about repercussions, because the risks would all be Welles'. Schaefer had signed Welles up to a widely publicized four-way contract as producer, director, writer, and actor. It was understood that he would take the credit for the script, just as he did for the scripts of the radio plays. His R.K.O. contract stated that "the screenplay for each picture shall be written by Mr. Orson Welles," and Welles probably took this stipulation as no more than his due—a necessity of his station. He probably accepted the work that others did for him the way modern Presidents accept the work of speechwriters.

The title "American" suggests how Mankiewicz felt about the project. Several years before, in 1933, his friend and drinking companion Preston Sturges had written a big one, an original called "The Power and the Glory," which, when it was produced, with Spencer Tracy and Colleen Moore in the leading roles, made Tracy a star. "The Power and the Glory" was about a ruthless railroad tycoon who fails in his personal life, and it was told in flashbacks and narration from his funeral. It was an impressive picture, and it was lauded in terms similar to those later used about "Kane." "Its subject," William Troy wrote in the *Nation*, "is the great American Myth, and its theme is futility." The ballyhoo included putting a bronze tablet in the New York theatre where it opened to commemorate "the first motion picture in which narratage was used as a method of telling a dramatic story." (Hollywood, big on ballyhoo but short on real self-respect, failed to transfer the nitrate negative to safety stock, and modern prints of "The Power and the Glory" are tattered remnants.) Not only is the tycoon treated ambivalently by Sturges but in the boyhood sequence he is injured through his own arrogance, so that he acquires a jagged, lightninglike scar on his hand—the mark of Cain. The idea of the big-businessman as a Cain figure was basic to this genre, which had become popular in the Depression thirties, when many business giants of the twenties were revealed to be swindlers, or, at the very least, ruthless. In another 1933 film, "I Loved a Woman," a tycoon's mistress sang at the Chicago Opera House. (It was where the tycoons' mistresses did sing in the twenties.) In 1937, Mankiewicz himself had done a trial run on the tycoon theme (with Edward Arnold as a lumber baron) in "John Meade's Woman." To do Hearst, a much more dangerous man—the only tycoon who was also a demagogue—in a technique similar to Sturges's but from several different points of view would make a really big picture.



But there was a sizable hurdle: How could they get R.K.O. to approve this project? Welles and Mankiewicz went on talking about it for a couple of weeks, while Mankiewicz continued writing the weekly radio shows. When they decided to go ahead and try to slip it over on the studio somehow, Welles still had to find a way to get Mankiewicz to do the writing; the Mercury company couldn't be kept waiting in Los Angeles indefinitely while Mankiewicz wandered loose. Mankiewicz had had to be hauled off to sanatoriums to be dried out too many times for Welles to take chances, and the screenwriters who had worked with Mankiewicz at Metro told too many stories about his losing interest in the scripts he was assigned to and drinking so much during working hours that the other writers would load him into a studio car in midafternoon and have the driver haul him home, where Sara would unload him and put him to bed, and he would sleep it off before dinner and be ready for the night's drinking. He had just injured himself again, in his fall at Chasen's, and his bones were being reset, but soon he would be off on the town once more, despite cast or crutches, and there would be no way to hold him down to work. Welles hit on the scheme of packing Mankiewicz off to the country to recuperate. In early January, 1940, Welles flew to New York, and over lunch at "21" the young magician prevailed on Houseman to return to the Coast and do him and the Mercury one last service by running herd on Mankiewicz; only a month had passed since the fiery scene at Chasen's. (It was to be not the last but the next-to-last collaborative project of Welles and Houseman. A week after "American" was done and the troupe had left Victorville, Houseman and Welles were on bad terms again, but Mankiewicz, who was said to have read every new book by publication date, even when he was in the worst possible shape, told them that they'd be crazy if they didn't buy a new book that was just coming out, and dramatize it. Houseman went to work on it, and as a result Richard Wright's "Native Son" was adapted for the stage and produced so quickly that Welles had it playing in New York by the time "Citizen Kane" opened.)

Both Houseman and Mankiewicz unquestionably had mixed feelings about Welles by the time they found themselves at the guest ranch. Houseman admits that right from the beginning, when Mankiewicz started on the script, they planned to have Welles reenact his tantrum. It was set for the scene in which Susan leaves Kane (Welles' wife, Virginia, had brought suit for divorce during the month Welles had his tantrum), and Mankiewicz wrote it up rather floridly and with explicit directions, in a passage beginning, "Kane, in a truly terrible and absolutely silent rage . . ." When it was time to shoot the scene, the various members of the group who had been at Chasen's—or had heard about what happened there, and everybody *had*—encouraged Welles to do what he had done that night. Last year, William Alland, describing the making of the film in an interview printed in the magazine of the Directors Guild of America, said:

> There was one scene which stands out above all others in my memory; that was the one in which Orson broke up the roomful of furniture in a rage. Orson never liked himself as an actor. He had the idea that he should have been feeling more, that he intellectualized too much and never achieved the emotion of losing himself in a part.
>
> When he came to the furniture-breaking scene, he set up four cameras, because he obviously couldn't do the scene many

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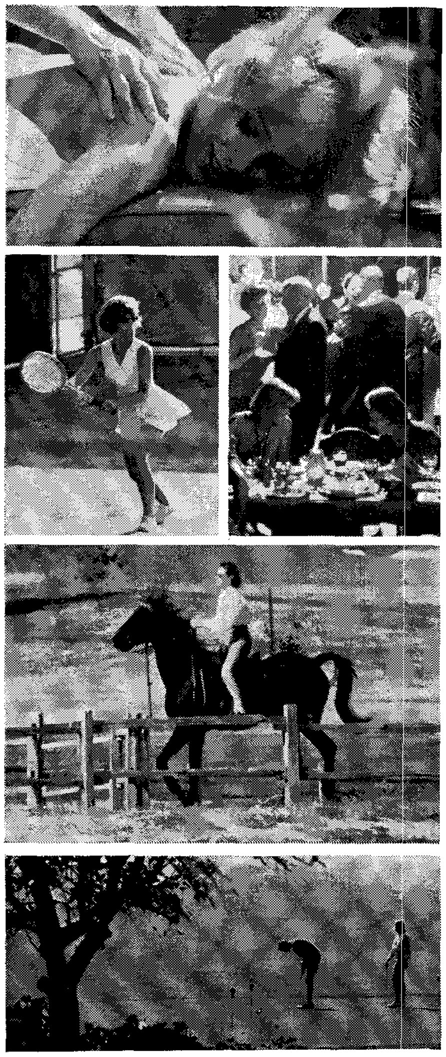

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times. He did the scene just twice, and each time he threw himself into the action with a fervor I had never seen in him. It was absolutely electric; you felt as if you were in the presence of a man coming apart.

Orson staggered out of the set with his hands bleeding and his face flushed. He almost swooned, yet he was exultant. "I really felt it," he exclaimed. "I really felt it!"

Strangely, that scene didn't have the same power when it appeared on the screen. It might have been how it was cut, or because there hadn't been close-in shots to depict his rage. The scene in the picture was only a mild reflection of what I had witnessed on that movie stage.

Writing that scene into the movie was a cruel trick on Welles, designed to make him squirm. He had been built up so much that he was by then the white hope (as it used to be called) of the theatre. In 1938, even George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart had taken him to be that; they had written one of their worst maudlin "serious" plays (and a flop)—"The Fabulous Invalid," a cavalcade-of-the-American-theatre sort of play—and had modelled its hero on Welles. The hero—the leader of a new acting company—made a classic final curtain speech to his actors:

> We haven't got very much money, but we've got youth and, I think, talent. They'll tell you the theatre is dying. I don't believe it. Anything that can bring us together like this, and hold us to this one ideal in spite of everything, isn't going to die. They'll tell you it isn't important, putting makeup on your face and play-acting. I don't believe it. It's important to keep alive a thing that can lift men's spirits above the everyday reality of their lives. We mustn't let that die. Remember—you're going to be kicked around, and a lot of the time you're not going to have enough to eat, but you're going to get one thing in return. The chance to write, and act, say the things you want to say, and do the things you want to do. And I think that's enough.

For the people who did much of the work on Welles' projects, the temptation must have been strong to expose what they considered this savior's feet of clay.

The menagerie at Mrs. Campbell's being scarcely a secret, they had many visitors (Welles himself came to dinner once or twice), and several of these visitors, as well as Houseman and Mrs. Alexander, describe how Herman Mankiewicz turned out the script that became "Citizen Kane." Mankiewicz couldn't go anywhere without help; he sat up, in the cast that covered one leg and went up to his middle, and played cribbage with Mrs. Alexander during the day, while telling her stories about Hearst and Marion Davies and San Simeon. Then, at night, from about eight-thirty to eleven-thirty or twelve, he dictated, and she would type it out so he could have it the next day. Mrs. Alexander recalls that during the first days on the job, when she was fascinated by the romantic significance of "Rosebud" and asked him how the story would turn out, he said, "My dear Mrs. Alexander, I don't know. I'm making it up as I go along." Welles was so deeply entangled in the radio shows and other activities and a romance with Dolores Del Rio at the time the script was being prepared that even when he came to dinner at Victorville, it was mainly a social visit; the secretary didn't meet him until after Mankiewicz had finished dictating the long first draft. Welles probably made suggestions in his early conversations with Mankiewicz, and since he received copies of the work weekly while it was in progress at Victorville, he may have given advice by phone or letter. Later, he almost certainly made suggestions for cuts that helped Mankiewicz hammer the script into tighter form, and he is known to have made a few changes on the set. But Mrs. Alexander, who took the dictation from Mankiewicz, from the first paragraph to the last, and then, when the first draft was completed and they all went back to Los Angeles, did the secretarial work at Mankiewicz's house on the rewriting and the cuts, and who then handled the script at the studio until after the film was shot, says that Welles didn't write (or dictate) one line of the shooting script of "Citizen Kane."

Toward the end of the period at the ranch, Mankiewicz began to realize that he'd made a very bad financial deal, and that the credit might be more important than he'd anticipated. After talks with Mrs. Alexander and the Mercury people who visited on weekends, he decided he was going to get screen credit, no matter what his bargain with Welles had been. Meanwhile, Houseman, who says that according to his original agreement to go off to the ranch he was supposed to get some kind of credit, discovered once again, and as so many others had, that it wasn't easy to get your name on anything Orson Welles was involved in. Houseman was apparently fed up with arguments, and he says he waived his claim when he saw how determined Welles was; he left for New York and got started on the preparations for "Native Son." But Mankiewicz was an experienced Hollywood hand and veteran of credit brawls who kept all his drafts and materials, and a man who relished trouble. He had ample proof of his authorship, and he took his evidence to the Screen Writers Guild and raised so much hell that Welles was forced to split the credit and take second place in the listing.

At the time the movie came out, Mankiewicz's contribution to the film was generally known. The screen credit said, "Written by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Orson Welles." The *Hollywood Reporter* simplified the credit to "Written by Herman Mankiewicz;" Burns Mantle, in his newspaper column, referred to Mankiewicz's having written it; and, of course, Ben Hecht explained to the readers of *PM*, "This movie was not written by Orson Welles. It is the work of Herman J. Mankiewicz." In that period, it was well known that if the producer of a film wanted a screenplay credit it was almost impossible to prevent him from getting it. So many producers took a writing credit as a *droit du seigneur* for a few consultations or suggestions that the Screen Writers Guild later instituted a rule calling for compulsory arbitration whenever a producer sought a credit. Under the present rules of the Guild, Welles' name would probably not have appeared. And so it was by an awful fluke of justice that when Academy Awards night came, and Welles should have got the awards he deserved as director and actor, the award he got (the only Academy Award he has ever got) was as co-author of the Best Original Screenplay.

•

THE Mercury group weren't surprised at Welles' taking a script credit; they'd had experience with this foible of his. Very early in his life as a prodigy, Welles seems to have fallen into the trap that has caught so many lesser men—believing his own publicity, believing that he really was the whole creative works, producer-director-writer-actor. Because he *could* do all these things, he imagined that he *did* do them. (A Profile of him that appeared in *The New Yorker* two years before "Citizen Kane" was made said that "outside the theatre . . . Welles is exactly twenty-three years old.") In the days before the Mercury Theatre's weekly radio shows got a sponsor, it was considered a good publicity technique to build up public identification with Welles' name, so he was credited with just about everything, and was named on the air as the writer of the Mercury shows. Probably no one but Welles believed

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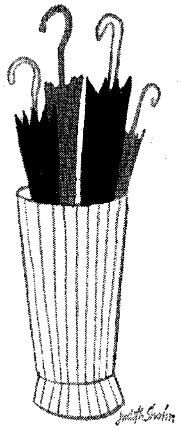
it. He had written some of the shows when the program first started, and had also worked on some with Houseman, but soon he had become much too busy even to collaborate; for a while Houseman wrote them, and then they were farmed out. By the time of the "War of the Worlds" broadcast, on Halloween, 1938, Welles wasn't doing any of the writing. He was so busy with his various other activities that he didn't always direct the rehearsals himself, either—William Alland or Richard Wilson or one of the other Mercury assistants did it. Welles might not come in until the last day, but somehow, all agree, he would pull the show together "with a magic touch." Yet when the Martian broadcast became accidentally famous, Welles seemed to forget that Howard Koch had written it. (In all the furor over the broadcast, with front-page stories everywhere, the name of the author of the radio play wasn't mentioned.) Koch had been writing the shows for some time. He lasted for six months, writing about twenty-five shows altogether—working six and a half days a week, and frantically, on each one, he says, with no more than half a day off to see his family. The weekly broadcasts were a "studio presentation" until after "The War of the Worlds" (Campbell's Soup picked them up then), and Koch, a young writer, who was to make his name with the film "The Letter" in 1940 and win an Academy Award for his share in the script of the 1942 "Casablanca," was writing them for $75 apiece. Koch's understanding of the agreement was that Welles would get the writing credit on the air for publicity purposes but that Koch would have any later benefit, and the copyright was in Koch's name. (He says that it was, however, Welles' idea that he do the Martian show in the form of radio bulletins.) Some years later, when C.B.S. did a program about the broadcast and the panic it had caused, the network re-created parts of the original broadcast and paid Koch $300 for the use of his material. Welles sued C.B.S. for $375,000, claiming that he was the author and that the material had been used without his permission. He lost, of course, but he may still think he wrote it. (He frequently indicates as much in interviews and on television.)

"Foible" is the word that Welles' former associates tend to apply to his assertions of authorship. Welles could do so many different things in those days that it must have seemed almost accidental when he didn't do things he claimed to. Directors, in the theatre and in movies, are by function (and often by character, or, at least, disposition) cavalier toward other people's work, and Welles was so much more talented and magnetic than most directors—and so much younger, too—that people he robbed of credit went on working with him for years, as Koch went on writing more of the radio programs after Welles failed to mention him during the national publicity about the panic. Welles was dedicated to the company, and he was exciting to work with, so the company stuck together, working for love, and even a little bit more money (Koch was raised to $125 a show) when they got a sponsor and, also as a result of the "War of the Worlds" broadcast, the movie contract that took them to Hollywood.



If there was ever a young man who didn't need unearned credits, it was Orson Welles, yet though he was already too big, he must have felt he needed to dazzle the world. Welles was hated in Hollywood long before he'd made a movie; he was hated almost upon his arrival. From time to time, Hollywood used to work up considerable puerile resentment against "outsiders" who dared to make movies. The scope of Welles' reputation seems to have infuriated Hollywood; it was a cultural reproach from the East, and the Hollywood people tried to protect themselves by closing ranks and making Welles a butt of their humor. Gene Lockhart composed a stupid, nasty ditty called "Little Orson Annie," which was sung at Hollywood parties; the name stuck and was used by the columnists, though Hedda Hopper supported him and suggested that Hollywood reserve judgment, and Louella Parsons, on December 31st, selected him as "the most discussed personality to come to the films in 1939." Yet for Welles, with his beard (he was growing it for the Shakespearean production he intended to stage as soon as he could pick up his Hollywood loot), to be ensconced in the Mary Pickford-Buddy Rogers estate, right next door to Shirley Temple, was too much for Hollywood. Welles became the victim of practical jokers. One night when he was dining at Chasen's, an actor cut off his tie with a table knife. Not all the jokes were so Freudian, but they were mostly ugly. Welles had come with an

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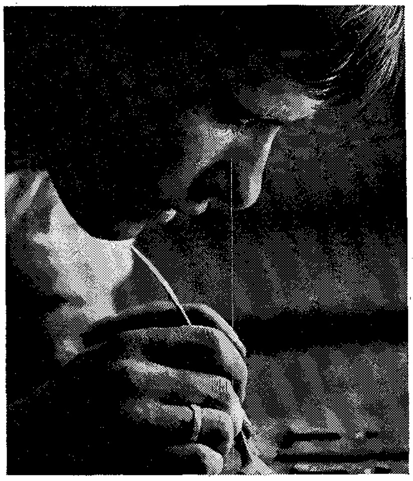
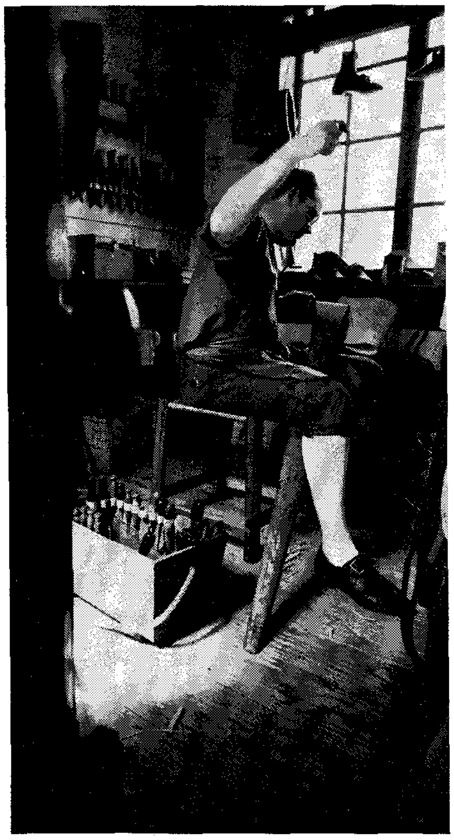
unprecedented contract. Probably the old Hollywoodians not only expected him to fall on his face but hoped he would, so that their mediocrity and prosperity would be vindicated. But Welles was the braggart who makes good. And, despite their resentment, they *were* dazzled by "Citizen Kane."

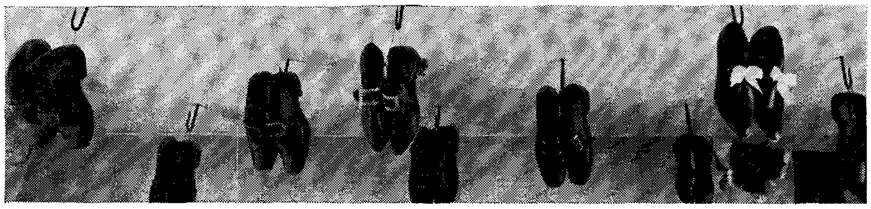
●

THE picture got a thunderous reception, even in the Hollywood press. In recent years, the rumor has spread that "Citizen Kane" opened to bad reviews—presumably on the theory that it was so far ahead of its time that it wasn't understood—and this is now recorded in many film histories. But it was very well understood by the press (who would understand a newspaper picture better?), and it got smashing reviews. It isn't, after all, a difficult picture. In some ways, it was probably better understood then than it is now, and, as far as I can determine, it was more highly praised by the American press than any other movie in history. The New York opening of "Citizen Kane," which had been scheduled for February 14, 1941, finally took place on May 1st, and a week later it opened in Los Angeles. In January, Hedda Hopper had "doubted" whether the picture would ever be released, and some of the trade press had predicted that it wouldn't be. Possibly it wouldn't have been except for the screenings that Welles arranged and the publicity that he got.

The whole industry was already involved in the picture. Although technically Welles had the right of final cut, the editor, Robert Wise, was instructed by the studio, with Welles' consent, to take a print to New York in January. Wise ran it for the heads of all the major companies and their lawyers, and for six weeks he and his then assistant, Mark Robson, who was on the Coast, fussed over the movie, making tiny, nervous changes—mostly a word here or there—that the executives and lawyers hoped would render the picture less objectionable to Hearst. Meanwhile, Schaefer had engaged Time, Inc.'s, legal specialist on invasion-of-privacy suits; the lawyer instructed Schaefer that if he made one small cut in the film, no one could win such a suit. The dangerous section was a bit of dialogue by Raymond, the butler, suggesting that the old man was senile. Schaefer says he had no difficulty persuading Welles to agree to the cut. However, at the beginning of March, Hearst sent for Walter Howey, and no one was sure what they might be poking into. "Nor are private lives to be







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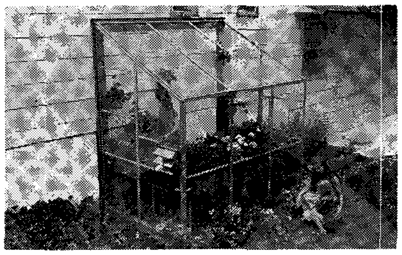

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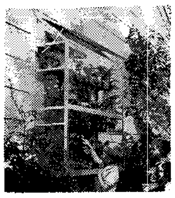

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overlooked," Hedda Hopper predicted; and her predictions were the same as threats. Hearst's maneuvers were in the true Kane spirit: In January, Hedda Hopper had warned that "the refugee situation would be looked into," which meant that there would be pressure for a legal review of whether various imported stars and directors should be allowed to remain in the country, and the industry would be attacked for employing foreigners; that is, refugees from Hitler. Three days after the press previews, the Hearst newspapers, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and other patriotic organizations went into action to rid radio of "subversives." The "subversives" they were after were William Saroyan, Maxwell Anderson, George M. Cohan, Marc Connelly, Robert E. Sherwood, Stephen Vincent Benét, Paul Green, Sherwood Anderson, and James Boyd, who were involved with Welles in a series of C.B.S. radio plays on the general theme of freedom, which, although it had been initiated by the Justice Department, was now condemned as un-American and as tending to encourage Communism. Before "Citizen Kane" was released, *PM* reported that Hearst photographers were following Welles "in G-man style," trying to get something on him, while *Variety* reported "persistent inquiries at the draft board as to why Welles hadn't been drafted." It was along about this time that Hearst himself saw the picture. Schaefer says, "Hearst personally sent to me at the studio and asked to see a print, and we let him have it. This was before it opened. There was no response, no comment. Orson knew this." Welles may have feared that Schaefer would buckle unless he squeezed him from the other side, or, as Schaefer claims, it may have been Welles' way of getting more publicity, but, for whatever reason, Welles began to issue threats: he gave R.K.O. the deadline of March 30th for releasing the picture or facing a lawsuit. On March 11th, Welles called a press conference to alert the press to the danger that the film might be suppressed, and gave out this statement:

> I believe that the public is entitled to see "Citizen Kane." For me to stand by while this picture was being suppressed would constitute a breach of faith with the public on my part as producer. I have at this moment sufficient financial backing to buy "Citizen Kane" from R.K.O. and to release it myself. Under my contract with R.K.O. I have the right to demand that the picture be released and to bring legal action to force its release. R.K.O. must release "Citizen Kane." If it does not do so immediately, I have instructed my attorney to commence proceedings.
>
> I have been advised that strong pressure is being brought to bear in certain quarters to cause the withdrawal of my picture "Citizen Kane" because of an alleged resemblance between incidents in the picture and incidents in the life of Mr. William Randolph Hearst.
>
> Any such attempts at suppression would involve a serious interference with freedom of speech and with the integrity of the moving picture industry as the foremost medium of artistic expression in the country.
>
> There is nothing in the facts to warrant the situation that has arisen. "Citizen Kane" was not intended to have nor has it any reference to Mr. Hearst or to any other living person. No statement to the contrary has ever been authorized by me. "Citizen Kane" is the story of a wholly fictitious character.
>
> The script for "Citizen Kane" was scrutinized and approved by both R.K.O. Radio Pictures and the Hays office. No one in those organizations nor anyone associated with me in the production of the picture believed that it represented anything but psychological analysis of an imaginary individual. I regret exceedingly that anyone should interpret "Citizen Kane" to have a bearing upon any living person, or should impugn the artistic purposes of its producers.

Several of the magazines responded to his plea for the pressure of publicity by reviewing the picture before it opened, obviously with the intention of helping to get it released. A review in *Time* on March 17, 1941, began:

> As in some grotesque fable, it appeared last week that Hollywood was about to turn upon and destroy its greatest creation.

It continued:

> To most of the several hundred people who have seen the film at private showings, "Citizen Kane" is the most sensational product of the U.S. movie industry. It has found important new techniques in picture-making and story-telling. . . . It is as psychiatrically sound as a fine novel. . . . It is a work of art created by grown people for grown people.

In *Newsweek*, also on March 17, 1941, John O'Hara began his review with

> It is with exceeding regret that your faithful bystander reports that he has just seen a picture which he thinks must be the best picture he ever saw.
>
> With no less regret he reports that he has just seen the best actor in the history of acting.
>
> Name of picture: "Citizen Kane."
>
> Name of actor: Orson Welles.
>
> Reason for regret: you, my dear, may never see the picture.
>
> I saw "Citizen Kane" the other night. I am told that my name was crossed off a list of persons who were invited to look at the picture, my name being crossed off because some big shot remembered I had been a newspaperman. So, for the first time in my life, I indignantly denied I was a newspaperman. Neverthe-

> less, I had to be snuck into the showing of "Citizen Kane" under a phony name. That's what's going on about this wonderful picture. Intrigue.
>
> Why intrigue? Well, because. A few obsequious and/or bulbous middle-aged ladies think the picture ought not to be shown, owing to the fact that the picture is rumored to have something to do with a certain publisher, who, for the first time in his life, or maybe the second, shall be nameless. That the nameless publisher might be astute enough to realize that for the first time in his rowdy life he had been made a human being did not worry the loyal ladies. Sycophancy of that kind, like curtseying, is deliberate. The ladies merely wait for a chance to show they can still do it, even if it means cracking a femur. This time I think they may have cracked off more than they can chew. I hope.

Along the way, O'Hara said such things as

> My intention is to make you want to see the picture; if possible, to make you wonder why you are not seeing what I think is as good a picture as was ever made.... And aside from what it does not lack, "Citizen Kane" has Orson Welles. It is traditional that if you are a great artist, no one gives a damn about you while you're still alive. Welles has had plenty of that. He got a tag put to his name through the Mars thing, just as Scott Fitzgerald, who wrote better than any man in our time, got a Jazz Age tag put to his name. I say, if you plan to have any grandchildren to see and to bore, see Orson Welles so that you can bore your grandchildren with some honesty. There never has been a better actor than Orson Welles. I just got finished saying there never has been a better actor than Orson Welles, and I don't want any of your lip.
>
> Do yourself a favor. Go to your neighborhood exhibitor and ask him why he isn't showing "Citizen Kane."

The same day—March 17, 1941—*Life*, which was to run several more features on the movie in the following months, came out with four pages of pictures and a review:

> Few movies have ever come from Hollywood with such powerful narrative, such original technique, such exciting photography. Director Welles and Cameraman Gregg Toland do brilliantly with a camera everything Hollywood has always said you couldn't do. They shoot into bright lights, they shoot into the dark and against low ceilings, till every scene comes with the impact of something never seen before. Even the sound track is new. And for narrative Welles has tapped a segment of life fearfully skirted by the U.S. cinema: the swift and brutal biography of a power-mad newspaper tycoon, a man of twisted greatness who buys or bullies his way into everything but friends' love and his nation's respect. To a film industry floundering in a rut, "Citizen Kane" offers enough new channels to explore for five years to come.

Hearst must have known he would be in for a bad time if the picture

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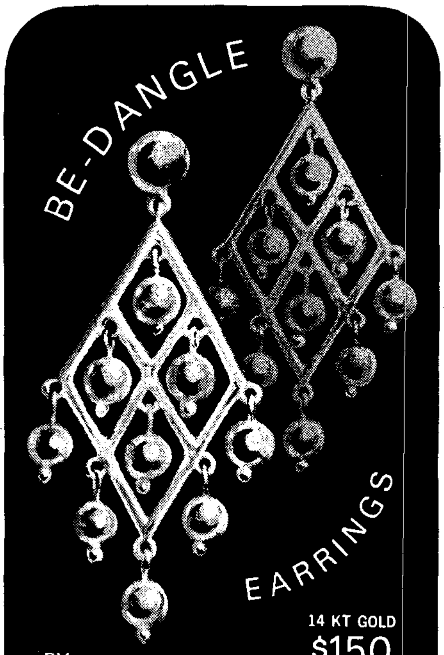

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should be withheld; the Luce magazines—*Time* and *Life*—had always been eager to embarrass him, and certainly wouldn't let the subject drop. (The financial backing that Welles said he had to buy the picture was probably from Henry Luce.) One surmises that Hearst decided not to try to block its release—though the petty harassment of R.K.O. and others involved went on, like a reflex to a blow.

Here is a representative selection from the reviews:

Variety: A film possessing the sure dollar mark.

Times (Bosley Crowther): Suppression of this film would have been a crime.... "Citizen Kane" is far and away the most surprising and cinematically exciting motion picture to be seen here in many a moon.... It comes close to being the most sensational film ever made in Hollywood.

Herald Tribune (Howard Barnes): A young man named Orson Welles has shaken the medium wide-awake with his magnificent film, "Citizen Kane." His biography of an American dynast is not only a great picture; it is something of a revolutionary screen achievement.... From any standpoint "Citizen Kane" is truly a great motion picture.

Post (Archer Winsten): It goes without saying this is the picture that wins the majority of 1941's movie prizes in a walk, for it is inconceivable that another will come along to challenge it.... Orson Welles with this one film establishes himself as the most exciting director now working.... Technically the result marks a new epoch.

PM (Cecelia Ager): Before "Citizen Kane," it's as if the motion picture was a slumbering monster, a mighty force stupidly sleeping, lying there sleek, torpid, complacent—awaiting a fierce young man to come kick it to life, to rouse it, shake it, awaken it to its potentialities, to show it what it's got. Seeing it, it's as if you never really saw a movie before: no movie has ever grabbed you, pummelled you, socked you on the button with the vitality, the accuracy, the impact, the professional aim, that this one does.

Esquire (Gilbert Seldes): Welles has shown Hollywood how to make movies.... He has made the movies young again, by filling them with life.

Cue (Jesse Zunser): It is an astounding experience to watch Orson Welles, 25-year-old Boy Genius of the Western World, in the process of creating on the screen one of the awesome products of his fertile imagination. You come away limp, much as if you had turned into Broadway and suddenly beheld Niagara Falls towering behind the Paramount Building, the Matterhorn looming over Bryant Park, and the Grand Canyon yawning down the middle of Times Square.

Hollywood Reporter: A great motion picture.... A few steps ahead of anything that has been made in pictures before.

Chicago *Journal of Commerce* (Claudia Cassidy): Anyone who has eyes in his head and ears to hear with will enjoy "Citizen Kane" for the unleashed power of its stature on the screen.

Even Kate Cameron, in the *Daily News*, gave it four stars, and on Sunday, May 4th, Bosley Crowther wrote in the *Times*, "The returns are in from most of the local journalistic precincts and Orson Welles' 'Citizen Kane' has been overwhelmingly selected as one of the great (if not the greatest) motion pictures of all time...." The *Film Daily* said, "Welles can prepare his mantel for a couple of Oscars."

•

HAD it not been for the delays and the nervous atmosphere that made the picture *seem* unpopular and so *become* unpopular, it might have swept the Academy Awards. It had taken the New York Film Critics Award with ease, but early in 1942, when the 1941 Academy Awards were given, the picture had the aroma of box-office failure—an aroma that frightens off awards in Hollywood. The picture had been nominated in nine categories, and at the ceremony, each time the title or Orson Welles' name was read, there were hisses and loud boos. The prize for the Original Screenplay was perhaps partly a love gesture to Herman Mankiewicz, one of their own; the film community had closed ranks against Orson Welles.

While the picture was being shot, Welles, like a good showman, had done his best to preserve the element of surprise, and he had been smart about keeping a tight, closed set. He didn't want interference from anybody, and even though the R.K.O. executives had read the script, when one of them "dropped in" once to see what was going on, Welles coolly called a halt in the shooting, and the Mercury players went outside and played baseball until he left. There were visitors, of course. Invitations to attend the first official day of shooting were sent to the press, and Welles was simply careful about what he shot that day. And the crew didn't go out to play baseball when Louella Parsons visited the set a few weeks later; they were just very careful, so that even though she had heard rumors that the picture was about Hearst, everything looked so innocent and Welles denied the rumors so disarmingly that she went on giving him an enthusiastic press. (She later described his outfoxing her on this occasion as "one of the classic double crosses of Hollywood.") But Mankiewicz, with his "Don't let this get around," was practically incapable of keeping a secret. He was so proud of his script that he lent a copy to Charles Lederer. In some crazily naïve way, Mankiewicz seems to have imagined that Lederer would be pleased by how good it was. But Lederer, apparently, was deeply upset and took the script to his aunt and Hearst. It went from them to Hearst's lawyers (who marked various passages) before it was returned to Mankiewicz, and thus Hearst and his associates were alerted early to the content of the film. It was probably as a result of Mankiewicz's idiotic indiscretion that the various forces were set in motion that resulted in the cancellation of the première at the Radio City Music Hall, the commercial failure of "Citizen Kane," and the subsequent failure of Orson Welles. This was how, even before the film was finished, Hearst's minions were in action, and how there was time for Mayer and his people to set about their attempt to suppress the film, and, having failed in that, to destroy it commercially.

In the aftermath of the pressures, and of the disappointing returns on the film, the members of the Academy could feel very courageous about the writing award. Mankiewicz had become a foolhardy hero in taking on Hearst; "Kane" was Mankiewicz's finest moment. They wanted him to have a prize; he deserved it and he needed it. Hollywood loves the luxury of show-business sentimentality, and Hollywood loves a comeback. The members of the Academy destroyed Orson Welles that night, but they probably felt good because their hearts had gone out to crazy, reckless Mank, their own resident loser-genius, the has-been who was washed up in the big studios, who was so far down he had been reduced to writing Welles' radio shows. At the beginning of the thirties, he had been earning $4,000 a week; at the end of the thirties, he was a ghost. What they couldn't know was that "Kane" was Welles' finest moment, too; the reason they couldn't know it was that their failure to back him that night was the turning point. Welles had made "Citizen Kane" at twenty-five, and he seemed to have the world before him. They'd had time to get used to Mank's self-destructiveness, and he'd been down on his luck so long he was easy to love; besides, they admired the pranks that had got him thrown out of one studio after another. Welles was self-destructive in a style they weren't yet accustomed to.

One may speculate that if the members of the Academy had supported Welles and voted "Citizen Kane" Best Picture of the Year, if they had backed the nation's press and their own honest

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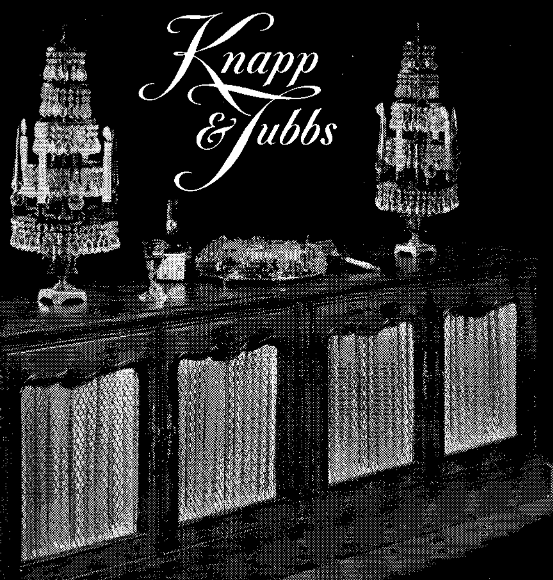

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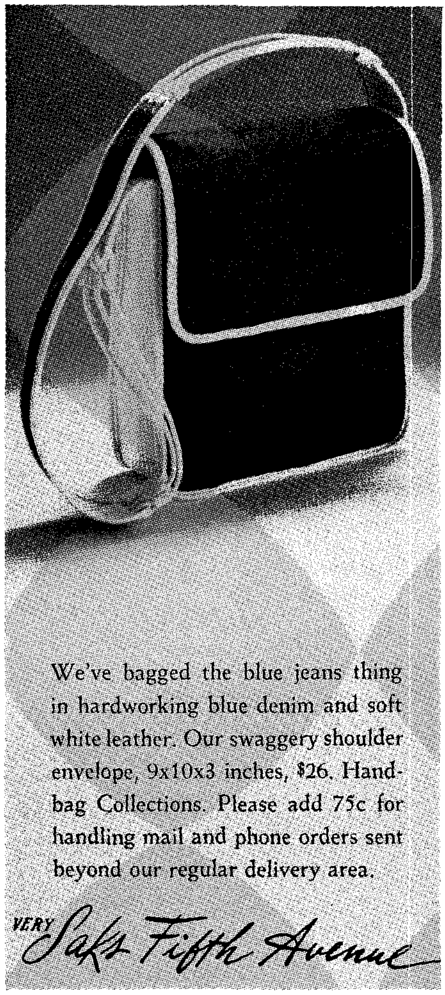
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judgment, the picture might have got into the big theatrical showcases despite the pressures against it. If they had, "Kane" might have made money, and things might have gone differently for Welles—and for American movies. The Academy had plenty of sentiment but not enough guts. And so Orson Welles peaked early. Later, as his situation changed and his fortunes sank and "Kane" became the golden opportunity of his youth, his one great chance of freedom to accomplish something, then, when he looked back, he may really have needed to believe what he was quoted as saying in France: "*Le seul film que j'aie jamais écrit du premier au dernier mot et pu mener à bien est 'Citizen Kane.'*" The literal translation is "The only film that I ever wrote from first word to last and was able to bring to a successful issue is 'Citizen Kane,'" but I think that what it means is "The picture came out well." What else can it mean when one considers the contributions of Mankiewicz and Toland and all the rest? Men cheated of their due are notoriously given to claiming more than their due. The Academy members had made their token gesture to "Citizen Kane" with the screenplay award. They failed what they believed in; they gave in to the scandal and to the business pressures. They couldn't yet know how much guilt they *should* feel: guilt that by their failure to support "Citizen Kane" at this crucial time—the last chance to make "Kane" a financial success—they had started the downward spiral of Orson Welles, who was to become perhaps the greatest loser in Hollywood history.

SCHOOL
SLOW

•

LIKE D. W. Griffith, Orson Welles came into the movies in order to make money so that he could continue in the theatre, and, like Griffith, he discovered that movies were the medium in which he could do what he had barely dreamed of doing in the theatre. Soon—even before he started on "Citizen Kane"—Welles was desperate for money to make movies. It took guile to get "Kane" approved. Robert Wise, whom the head of the R.K.O. editing department had assigned to the picture because he was close to Welles' age, says, "Orson sneaked the project onto R.K.O. He told the studio that he was merely shooting tests." Sets were built, and shooting began on June 29, 1940; the "test shots" were fully produced. The Mercury actors and associates were there anyway, most of them under personal contract to Welles, as Mankiewicz was. But Dorothy Comingore, not a member of the Mercury Theatre but a Hollywood bit player (who, as Linda Winters, had worked in Westerns and with the Three Stooges and in Blondie and Charlie Chan pictures), says that she lived on unemployment checks of $18 a week while she "tested for one month" for the role of Susan Alexander. She adds, "All these tests were incorporated into the film; they were never retaken." After a month, with the studio buzzing about how brilliant the footage was, the movie was practically a *fait accompli*, and Welles was able to bulldoze Schaefer into approving the project. All the people who were already at work on "Citizen Kane"—the cameraman, the grips, the composer, the assistants, and the actors—met at Herman Mankiewicz's house for breakfast, and Welles announced that the picture had been approved and could formally begin. They officially started on July 30, 1940, and they finished "principal photography" eighty-two shooting days later, on October 23, 1940, even though Welles—almost as accident-prone as Mankiewicz—broke his ankle during the scene when he ran down the stairs from Susan's room while yelling that he'd get Boss Gettys.

Yet it took more than guile to function in the motion-picture business at that time. It helped to be mercenary, of course, but what really counted then was not to care *too* much about your work. After "Citizen Kane," the contract that gave Welles the right of final cut was cancelled, so he did not have control of "The Magnificent Ambersons," and it was shortened and mangled. The industry was suspicious of him, and not just because of the scandal of "Kane," and the general fear of Hearst, and "Kane's" unsatisfactory financial returns. Alva Johnston described the Hollywood attitude toward Welles in an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1942, the year after "Kane" came out:

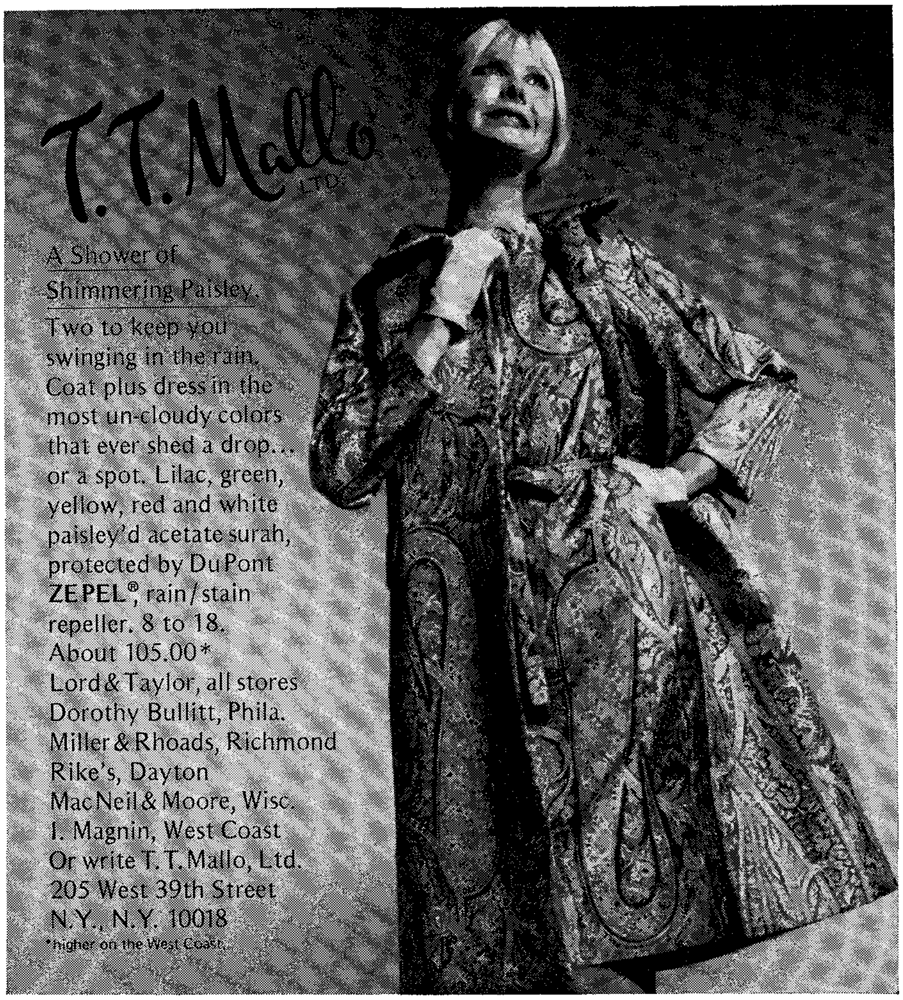
> Big agents soon lost interest in the boy genius. They learned that he wasn't interested in money. Welles became known as a dangerous Red because, when his first picture project was shelved after the studio had wasted a good deal of money on it, he offered to make another picture for nothing.
>
> Genius got a bad name on account of Welles. It was brought into complete disrepute by Saroyan. The gifted Armenian came to Hollywood with a small agent and insisted on working without a salary,

leaving it to M-G-M to set a value on his services after his work was completed. He said, "I'll trust the studio." The $10,000,000-a-year agency business is wholly based on the motto "Don't trust the studio." Since the Welles and Saroyan affairs, it has been practically impossible to interest a big agent in an intellectual giant.

When you write straight reporting about the motion-picture business, you're writing satire. Motion-picture executives prefer to do business with men whose values they understand. It's very easy for these executives—businessmen running an art—to begin to fancy that they are creative artists themselves, because they are indeed very much like the "artists" who work for them, because the "artists" who work for them are, or have become, businessmen. Those who aren't businessmen are the Hollywood unreliables—the ones whom, it is always explained to you, the studios can't hire, because they're crazy. As soon as movies became Welles' passion, and he was willing to work on any terms, he was finished in the big studios—they didn't trust him. And so, somehow, Welles aged before he matured—and not just physically. He went from child prodigy to defeated old man, though today, at fifty-five, he is younger by a decade or two than most of the big American directors.

In later years, Welles, a brilliant talker, was to give many interviews, and as his power in the studios diminished, his role in past movies grew larger. Sometimes it seems that his only power is over the interviewers who believe him. He is a masterful subject. The new generation of film historians have their own version of "Look, no hands": they tape-record interviews. Young interviewers, particularly, don't bother to check the statements of their subjects—they seem to regard that as outside their province—and thus leave the impression that the self-aggrandizing stories they record are history. And so, as the years go on, if one trusts what appears in print, Welles wrote not only "Kane" but just about everything halfway good in any picture he ever acted in, and in interviews he's beginning to have directed anything good in them, too. Directors are now the most interviewed group of people since the stars in the forties, and they have told the same stories so many times that not only they believe them, whether they're true or false, but everybody is beginning to.

This worship of the director is cyclical—Welles or Fellini is probably adored no more than von Stroheim or von Sternberg or De Mille was in his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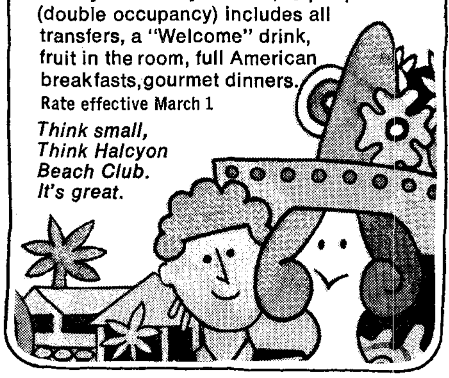

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heyday—but such worship generally doesn’t help in sorting out what went into the making of good pictures and bad pictures. The directors try to please the interviewers by telling them the anecdotes that have got a good response before. The anecdotes are sometimes charming and superficial, like the famous one—now taken for motion-picture history—about how Howard Hawks supposedly discovered that “The Front Page” would be better if a girl played the reporter Hildy, and thus transformed the play into “His Girl Friday” in 1940 (“I was going to prove to somebody that ‘The Front Page’ had the finest modern dialogue that had been written, and I asked a girl to read Hildy’s part and I read the editor, and I stopped and I said, ‘Hell, it’s better between a girl and a man than between two men’ ”). Now, a charming story is not nothing. Still, this is nothing but a charming and superficial story. “His Girl Friday” turned out joyously, but if such an accident did cause Hawks to see how easy it was to alter the play, he still must have done it rather cynically, in order to make it conform to the box-office patterns then current. By the mid-thirties—after the surprise success of “It Happened One Night”—the new independent, wisecracking girl was very popular, especially in a whole cycle of newspaper pictures with rival girl and boy reporters. Newspaper pictures were now “romantic comedies,” and, just as the movies about lady fliers were almost all based on Amelia Earhart, the criminal-mouthpiece movies on William Fallon, and the gossip-column movies on Walter Winchell, the movies about girl reporters were almost all based on the most highly publicized girl reporter—Hearst’s Adela Rogers St. Johns. Everybody had already been stealing from and unofficially adapting “The Front Page” in the “wacky” romantic newspaper comedies, and one of these rewrites, “Wedding Present,” in 1936 (by Adela Rogers St. Johns’ then son-in-law Paul Gallico), had tough editor (Cary Grant) and smart girl reporter (Joan Bennett) with square fiancé (Conrad Nagel). This was the mold that “The Front Page” was then squeezed into to become “His Girl Friday,” with Cary Grant, Rosalind Russell, and Ralph Bellamy (already a favorite square from “The Awful Truth”) in the same roles, and Rosalind Russell was so obviously playing Adela Rogers St. Johns that she was dressed in an imitation of the St. Johns girl-reporter striped suit.

Some things that students now, seeing films out of the context of the cy-

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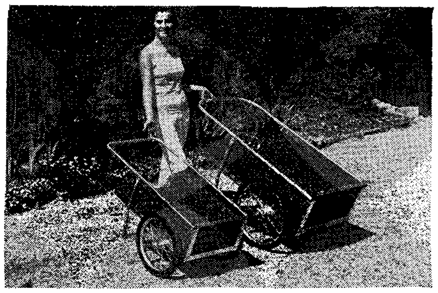

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cles they were part of, may take to be brilliant inventions were fairly standard; in fact, the public at the time was so familiar with the conventions of the popular comedies that the clichés were frequently spoofed within the pictures. But today, because of the problems peculiar to writing the history of modern mass-art forms, and because of the jumbled circumstances in which movies survive, with knowledge of them acquired in haphazard fashion from television, and from screenings here and there, film enthusiasts find it simpler to explain movies in terms of the genius-artist-director, the schoolbook hero—the man who did it all. Those who admire "Citizen Kane," which is constructed to present different perspectives on a man's life, seem naïvely willing to accept Welles' view of its making; namely, that it is his sole creation.

Howard Hawks must wonder what the admiration of the young is worth when he learns from them that he invented overlapping dialogue in "His Girl Friday," since it means that they have never bothered to look at the text of the original Hecht and MacArthur play. Welles, too, has been said to have invented overlapping dialogue, and just about everything else in "Kane." But unearned praise is insulting, and a burden; Welles sometimes says, "I drag my myth around with me." His true achievements are heavy enough to weigh him down. Welles is a great figure in motion-picture history: he directed what is almost universally acclaimed as the greatest American film of the sound era; he might have become the greatest all-around American director of that era; and in his inability to realize all his artistic potentialities he is the greatest symbolic figure in American film history since Griffith.

—PAULINE KAEL

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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The 26-year-old lawyer last Monday filed his first case as a member of the bar in the District of Columbia. It's a $2.7 billion lawsuit. That's right, $2,700,000. —*David R. Francis in the Christian Science Monitor.*

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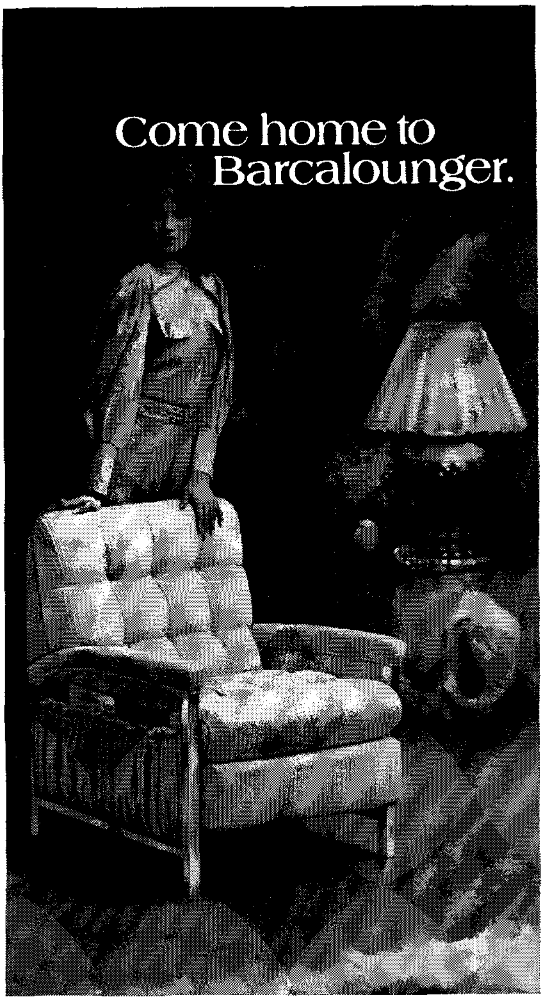

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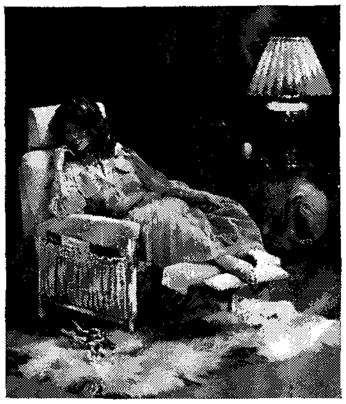

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IF ever there was a born playwright and satirist, it is John Guare—as we had a chance of anticipating from his "Muzeeka," of 1968. Now, in "The House of Blue Leaves," which opened last week at the Truck and Warehouse, he can be seen monkeying around with a variety of American dreams, circa 1965, as they afflict and finally destroy a middle-aged keeper at the Central Park Zoo who has a knack for imitating cheap Tin Pan Alley songs. The keeper's name is Artie Shaughnessy, and the action of the play takes place in his living room in Sunnyside, Queens, on October 4, 1965—the day the Pope flew to New York to address the United Nations General Assembly (and perhaps to end the war in Vietnam, and perhaps, by blessing Artie's sheet music, to speed him to Hollywood and an Academy Award). Mr. Guare has built a savage farce around a very sad story indeed. Artie is married to a woman recently gone mad and charmingly nicknamed Bananas. He wants to put her into a hospital (the house of the title); skip off to California with one Bunny Flingus, the woman downstairs, who is eagerly egging him on; and go to work for his oldest friend, a successful movie director. Bunny is played by that searing comedienne Anne Meara, and so hair-raising, so appallingly funny is her delivery that it is almost impossible to believe that every word she speaks did not originate on her own sharp tongue. The wife balks at the idea of the sanatorium; she is scared to death of shock treatments ("If she needs 'em, she gets 'em," says Bunny), which sound to her exactly like the ovens of concentration camps. Actually, this play could be considered a whole series of shock treatments, and often I was as horrified at myself for laughing (which I did a lot) as I was at what I saw and heard on the stage. The plot, as is true of the plots of all good farces, is wild, arbitrary, and dependent on outrageousness for its effect. Among the other characters who appear in it are a movie actress who was deafened in an explosion during the making of her latest vehicle, "Warmonger;" the son of the Shaughnessys, A.W.O.L. after twenty-one days in the Army, who constructs a homemade bomb, his target being the Pope; three larky nuns who have been watching the Pope's motorcade from the roof of the Shaughnessys' apartment building; and the movie director himself, in a state of great emotional stress (as well he might be). The Pope escapes, by the way, but the bomb does go off, taking its toll of the cast.

True, there is much too much of "The House of Blue Leaves," and in places it is almost unbearably crass and bitter. On the other hand, the theatrical ideas are truly original, and the lines—each firmly grounded in the character who speaks it—are imaginative and stylish and very funny. Mr. Guare also has one of the most delicate ears around for the fatuous, tawdry cliché triumphantly delivered, and for the names—Jackie Kennedy, Cardinal Spellman, Sandra Dee—that are both talismans and stars in the firmament. His ferocity (and the priceless spirit behind that ferocity) seems somehow dated in the muted, discouraged atmosphere of 1971, but that makes it all the more valuable.

The stunning, breakneck production was directed with admirable clarity by Mel Shapiro. Although Harold Gould strongly portrays the hero's many changes of mood—his desperation, his sudden spurts of hope and his equally sudden collapses into hopelessness—his performance is too strenuous, at least for me, and I suspect for Artie Shaughnessy. As poor Bananas, Katherine Helmond is pathetic, exasperating, and, creeping about in her nightgown with her hair streaming down her back, as spooky as the first Mrs. Rochester in "Jane Eyre." Miss Helmond is quite wonderful in a very complex part. William Atherton, as the son; Margaret Linn, as the movie actress; and Frank Converse, as the movie director, are all more than satisfactory.

LAST year, in a Profile of the Berrigan brothers in this magazine, Francine du Plessix Gray told the story of their raid, along with seven of their Catholic colleagues, on the draft board of the small Maryland town of Catonsville, and of their burning of the draft records there. Now, in "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine," as presented by the Phoenix at the Good Shepherd-Faith Church, Father Daniel Berrigan states his own case, and that of Father Philip and the others, in a script that he adapted (with some aid from Saul Levitt) from actual testimony at their trial in Baltimore in October, 1968. The scene is the courtroom. At each performance, a jury is picked from the audience, although the whole audience is actually the jury and the words of the defendants are addressed to all of us. Ed Flanders, who plays Father Daniel and looks extraordinarily like him (Michael Kane, who plays Father Philip, looks extraordinarily like *him*, too), acts as a kind of go-between or compère, stepping out of the action to talk to us and then back into it. The nine defendants are questioned in turn by the government prosecutor and by their own defense lawyer, and even after the jury has filed out they continue to talk (which seemed odd courtroom procedure to me, but it may have happened). What made them do what they did? That is the burden of the testimony, and in each instance that testimony is the story of their own lives—some as missionaries in places like Uganda or Guatemala—and of their beliefs and, above all, of their disillusionment with the United States as it has moved, in their opinion, against revolutionaries and rebels at home and all over the world. From time to time, the judge interrupts, begging them to stick to the point and reminding them and the jury of exactly what the trial is all about. He is a very tolerant judge, though, and when he addresses the jurors, directing them to decide on the basis of the facts rather than according to their sympathies, one feels that he has had to impose the same discipline upon himself. In a sense, it is the judge (very well played by William Schallert) who embodies whatever conflict there is in the script.

Under Gordon Davidson's direction, everybody does well, the actors making clear the zeal and quiet passion of the Nine, their camaraderie, and their utter indifference to the verdict. They are prepared to take the consequences of their actions; they even appear to seek a verdict of guilty to further their cause. Sam Waterston, Gwen Arner, Joe Ponazecki, Richard Jordan, and Nancy Malone are especially good. And yet "The Catonsville Nine" as a whole is disappointing, and not only because the ground it covers is so familiar. There is a moral complacency about it that makes it far less affecting than Mrs. Gray's article. My interest held throughout, but I felt that more was expected of me emotionally than I could supply. Nevertheless, the production is an accomplished one. —EDITH OLIVER

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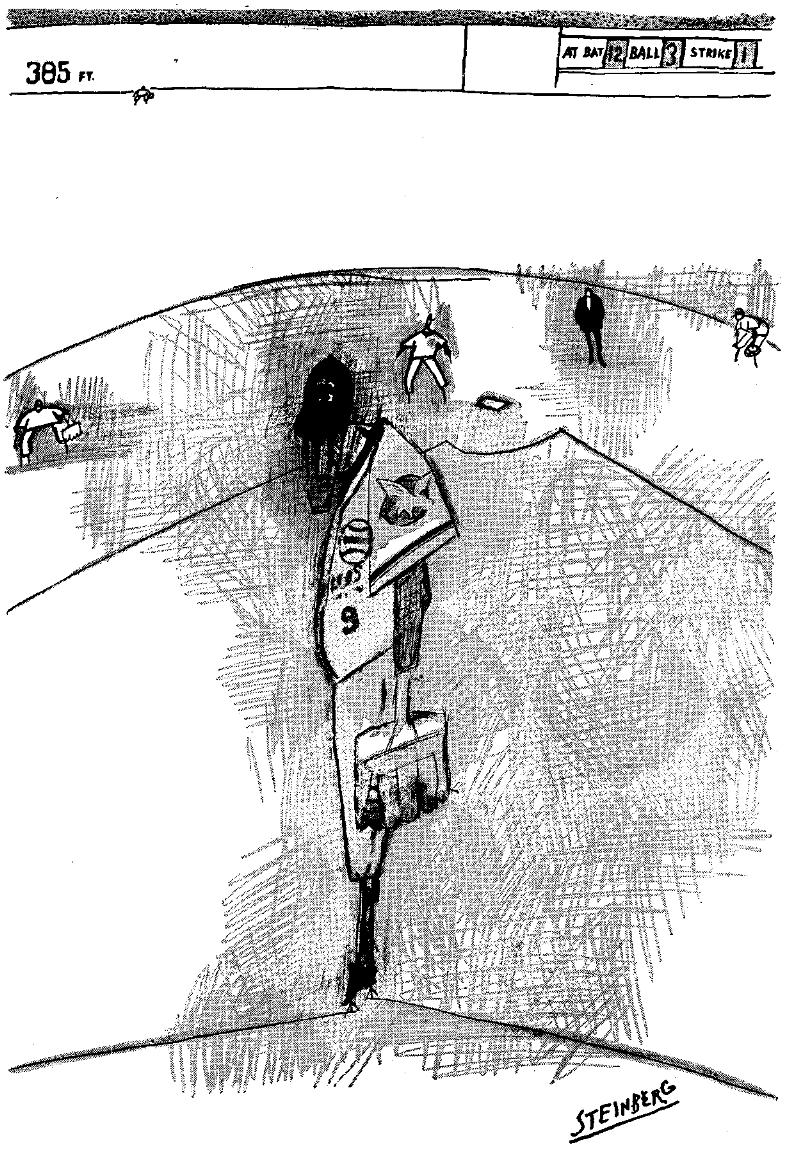

SPORTS are too much with us. Late and soon, sitting and watching—mostly watching on television—we lay waste our powers of identification and enthusiasm and, in time, attention as more and more closing rallies and crucial putts and late field goals and final playoffs and sudden deaths and world records and world championships unreel themselves ceaselessly before our half-lidded eyes. Professional leagues expand like bubble gum, ever larger and thinner, and the extended sporting seasons, now bunching, and overlapping at the ends, conclude in exhaustion and the wrong weather. So, too, goes the secondary business of sports—the news or non-news off the field. Sports announcers (ex-halfbacks in Mod hairdos) bring us another live, exclusive interview in depth with the twitchy coach of some as yet undefeated basketball team, or with a weeping (for joy) fourteen-year-old champion female backstroker, and the sports pages, now almost the largest single part of the newspaper, brim with salary disputes, medical bulletins, franchise maneuverings, all-star ballots, drug scandals, closeup biogs, after-dinner tributes, union tactics, weekend wrapups, wire-service polls, draft-choice trades, clubhouse gossip, and the latest odds. The American obsession with sports is not a new phenomenon, of course, except in its current dimensions, its excessive excessiveness. What *is* new, and what must at times unsettle even the most devout and unselective fan, is a curious sense of loss. In the midst of all these successive spectacles and instant replays and endless reportings and recapitulations, we seem to have forgotten what we came for. More and more, each sport resembles all sports; the flavor, the special joys of place and season, the unique displays of courage and strength and style that once isolated each game and fixed it in our affections have disappeared somewhere in the noise and crush.

Of all sports, none has been so buffeted about by this unselective proliferation, so maligned by contemporary cant, or so indifferently defended as baseball. Yet the game somehow remains the same, obdurately unaltered and comparable only with itself. Baseball has one saving grace that distinguishes it—for me, at any rate—from every other sport. Because of its pace, and thus the perfectly observed balance, both physical and psychological, between opposing forces, its clean lines can be restored in retrospect. This inner game—baseball in the mind—has no season, but it is best played in the winter, without the distraction of other baseball news. At first, it is a game of recollections, recapturings, and visions. Figures and occasions return, enormous sounds rise and swell, and the interior stadium fills with light and yields up the sight of a young ballplayer—some hero perfectly memorized—just completing his own, unique swing and now racing toward first. See the way he runs? Yes, that's him! Unmistakable, he leans in, still following the distant flight of the ball with his eyes, and takes his big turn at the base. Yet this is only the beginning, for baseball in the mind is not a mere returning. In time, this easy summoning up of restored players, winning hits, and famous rallies gives way to reconsiderations and reflections about the sport itself. By thinking about baseball like this—by playing it over, keeping it warm in a cold season—we begin to make discoveries. With luck, we may even penetrate some of its mysteries.

One of those mysteries is its vividness—the absolutely distinct inner vision we retain of that hitter, that eager base runner, of however long ago. My father was talking the other day about some of the ballplayers he remembered. He grew up in Cleveland, and the Indians were his team. Still are. "We had Nap Lajoie at second," he said. "You've heard of him. A great big broad-shouldered fellow, but a beautiful fielder. He was a rough customer. If he didn't like an umpire's call, he'd give him a faceful of tobacco juice. The shortstop was Terry Turner—a smaller man, and blond. I can still see Lajoie picking up a grounder and wheeling and floating the ball over to Turner. Oh, he was quick on his feet! In right field we had Elmer Flick, now in the Hall of Fame. I liked the center fielder, too. His name was Harry Bay, and he wasn't a heavy hitter, but he was very fast and covered a lot of ground. They said he could circle the bases in twelve seconds flat. I saw him get a home run inside the park—the ball hit on the infield and went right past the second baseman and out to the wall, and Bay beat the relay. I remember Addie Joss, our great southpaw. Tall, and an elegant pitcher. I once saw him pitch a perfect game. He died young."

My father has been a fan all his life, and he has pretty well seen them all. He has told me about the famous last game of the 1912 World Series, in Boston, and seeing Fred Snodgrass drop that fly ball in the tenth inning, when the Red Sox scored twice and beat the Giants. I looked up Harry Bay and those other Indians in the *Baseball Encyclopedia*, and I think my father must have seen that inside-the-park homer in the summer of 1904. Lajoie batted .376 that year, and Addie Joss led the American League with an earned-run average of 1.59, but the Indians finished in fourth place. 1904. . . . Sixty-seven years have gone by, yet Nap Lajoie is in plain view, and the ball still floats over to Terry Turner. Well, my father is eighty-one now, and old men are great rememberers of the distant past. But I am fifty, and I can also bring things back: Lefty Gomez, skinny-necked and frighteningly wild, pitching his first game at Yankee Stadium, against the White Sox and Red Faber in 1930. Old John McGraw, in a business suit and a white fedora, sitting lumpily in a dark corner of the dugout at the Polo Grounds and glowering out at the field. Babe Ruth, wearing a new, bright-yellow glove, trotting out to right field—a swollen ballet dancer, with those delicate, almost feminine feet and ankles. Ruth at the plate, uppercutting and missing, staggering with the force of his swing. Ruth and Gehrig hitting back-to-back homers. Gehrig, in the summer of 1933, running bases with a bad leg in a key game against the Senators; hobbling, he rounds third, closely followed by young Dixie Walker, then a Yankee. The throw comes in to the plate, and the Washington catcher—it must have been Luke Sewell—tags out the sliding Gehrig and, in the same motion, the sliding Dixie Walker. A double play at the plate. The Yankees lose the game; the Senators go on to a pennant. And, back across the river again, Carl Hubbell. My own great southpaw, tall and elegant. Hub pitching: the loose motion; two slow, formal bows from the waist, glove and hands held almost in front of his face as he pivots, the long right leg (in long, peculiar pants) striding; and the ball, angling oddly, shooting past the batter. Hubbell walks gravely back to the bench, his pitching arm, as always, turned the wrong way round, with the palm out. Screwballer.

Any fan, as I say, can play this private game, extending it to extraordinary varieties and possibilities in his mind. Ruth bats against Sandy Koufax

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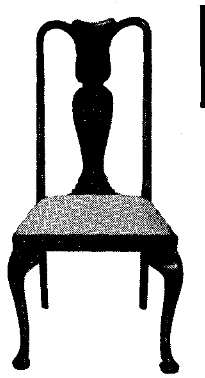

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or Sam McDowell. . . . Hubbell pitches to Ted Williams, and the Kid, grinding the bat in his fists, twitches and blocks his hips with the pitch; he holds off but still follows the ball, leaning over and studying it like some curator as it leaps in just under his hands. Why this vividness, even from an imaginary confrontation? I have watched many other sports, and I have followed some—football, hockey, tennis—with eagerness, but none of them yields these permanent interior pictures, these ancient and precise excitements. Baseball, I must conclude, is intensely remembered because only baseball is so intensely watched. The game forces intensity upon us. In the ballpark, scattered across an immense green, each player is isolated in our attention, utterly visible. Watch that fielder just below us. Little seems to be expected of him. He waits in easy composure, his hands on his knees; when the ball at last soars or bounces out to him, he seizes it and dispatches it with swift, haughty ease. It all looks easy, slow, and, above all, safe. Yet we know better, for what is certain in baseball is that someone, perhaps several people, will fail. They will be searched out, caught in the open, and defeated, and there will be no confusion about it or sharing of the blame. This is sure to happen, because what baseball requires of its athletes, of course, is nothing less than perfection, and perfection cannot be eased or divided. Every movement of every game, from first pitch to last out, is measured and recorded against an absolute standard, and thus each success is also a failure. Credit that strikeout to the pitcher, but also count it against the batter's average; mark this run unearned, because the left fielder bobbled the ball for an instant and a runner moved up. Yet, faced with this sudden and repeated presence of danger, the big-league player defends himself with such courage and skill that the illusion of safety is sustained. Tension is screwed tighter and tighter as the certain downfall is postponed again and again, so that when disaster does come—a half-topped infield hit, a walk on a close three-and-two call, a low drive up the middle that just eludes the diving shortstop—we rise and cry out. It is a spontaneous, inevitable, irresistible reaction.

Televised baseball, I must add, does not seem capable of transmitting this emotion. Most baseball is seen on the tube now, and it is presented faithfully and with great technical skill. But the medium is irrevocably two-dimensional; even with several cameras, television cannot bring us the essential distances of the game—the simultaneous

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flight of a batted ball and its pursuit by the racing, straining outfielders, the swift convergence of runner and ball at a base. Foreshortened on our screen, the players on the field appear to be squashed together, almost touching each other, and, watching them, we lose the sense of their separateness and lonesome waiting.

This is a difficult game. It is so demanding that the best teams and the weakest teams can meet on almost even terms, with no assurance about the result of any one game. In March, 1962, in St. Petersburg, the world-champion Yankees played for the first time against the newborn New York Mets—one of the worst teams of all time—in a game that each badly wanted to win; the winner, to nobody's real surprise, was the Mets. Last season, the world-champion Orioles won a hundred and eight games and lost fifty-four; the lowest cellar team, the White Sox, won fifty-six games and lost a hundred and six. This looks like an enormous disparity, but what it truly means is that the Orioles managed to win two out of every three games they played, while the White Sox won one out of every three. That third game made the difference—and a kind of difference that can be appreciated when one notes that the winning margin given up by the White Sox to all their opponents during the season averaged 1.1 runs per game. Team form is harder to establish in baseball than in any other sport, and the hundred-and-sixty-two-game season not uncommonly comes down to October with two or three teams locked together at the top of the standings on the final weekend. Each inning of baseball's slow, searching time span, each game of its long season are essential to the disclosure of its truths.

Form is the imposition of a regular pattern upon varying and unpredictable circumstances, but the patterns of baseball, for all the game's tautness and neatness, are never regular. Who can predict the winner and shape of today's game? Will it be a brisk, neat two-hour shutout? A languid, error-filled 12–3 laugher? A riveting three-hour, fourteen-inning deadlock? What other sport produces these manic swings? For the players, too, form often undergoes terrible reversals; in no other sport is a champion athlete so often humiliated or a journeyman so easily exalted. The surprise, the upset, the total turnabout of expectations and reputations—these are delightful commonplaces of baseball. Al Gionfriddo, a part-time Dodger outfielder, stole second base in the ninth inning of the fourth game of the 1947 World Series to help set up Lavagetto's game-winning double (and the only Dodger hit of the game) off the Yankees' Bill Bevens. Two days later, Gionfriddo robbed Joe DiMaggio with a famous game-saving catch of a four-hundred-and-fifteen-foot drive in deepest left field at Yankee Stadium. Gionfriddo never made it back to the big leagues after that season. Another irregular, the Mets' Al Weis, homered in the fifth and last game of the 1969 World Series, tying up the game that the Mets won in the next inning; it was Weis's third homer of the year and his first ever at Shea Stadium. And so forth. Who remembers the second game of the 1956 World Series—an appallingly bad afternoon of baseball in which the Yankees' starter, Don Larsen, was yanked after giving up a single and four walks in less than two innings? It was Larsen's *next* start, the fifth game, when he pitched his perfect game.

There is always a heavy splash of luck in these reversals. Luck, indeed, plays an almost predictable part in the game; we have all seen the enormous enemy clout into the bleachers that just hooks foul at the last instant, and the half-checked swing that produces a game-winning blooper over second. Everyone complains about baseball luck, but I think it adds something to the game that is nearly essential. Without it, such a rigorous and unforgiving pastime would be almost too painful to enjoy.

No one, it becomes clear, can conquer this impossible and unpredictable game. Yet every player tries, and now and again—very rarely—we see a man who seems to have met all the demands, challenged all the implacable averages, spurned the mere luck. He has defied baseball, even altered it, and for a time at least the game is truly his. One thinks of Willie Mays, in the best of his youth, batting at the Polo Grounds, his whole body seeming to leap at the ball as he swings in an explosion of exuberance. Or Mays in center field, playing in so close that he appears at times to be watching the game from over the second baseman's shoulder, and then that same joyful leap as he takes off after a long, deep drive and runs it down, running so hard and so far that the ball itself seems to stop in the air and wait for him. One thinks of Jackie Robinson in a close game—any close game—playing the infield and glaring in at the enemy hitter, hating him and daring him, refusing to be beaten. And Sandy Koufax pitching in the last summers before

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he was disabled, in that time when he pitched a no-hitter every year for four years. Kicking swiftly, hiding the ball until the last instant, Koufax throws in a blur of motion, coming over the top, and the fast ball, appearing suddenly in the strike zone, sometimes jumps up so immoderately that his catcher has to take it with his glove shooting upward, like an infielder stabbing at a bad-hop grounder. I remember some batter taking a strike like that and then stepping out of the box and staring back at the pitcher with a look of utter incredulity—as if Koufax had just thrown an Easter egg past him.

Joe DiMaggio batting sometimes gave that same impression—the suggestion that the old rules and dimensions of baseball no longer applied to him, and that the game had at last grown unfairly easy. I saw DiMaggio once during his famous hitting streak in 1941; I'm not sure of the other team or the pitcher—perhaps it was the Tigers and Bobo Newsom—but I'm sure of DiMaggio pulling a line shot to left that collided preposterously with the bag at third base and ricocheted halfway out to center field. That record of hitting safely in fifty-six straight games seems as secure as any in baseball, but it does not awe me as much as the fact that DiMadge's old teammates claim they *never* saw him commit an error of judgment in a ballgame. Thirteen years, and never a wrong throw, a cutoff man missed, an extra base passed up. Well, there was one time when he stretched a single against the Red Sox and was called out at second, but the umpire is said to have admitted later that he blew the call.

And one more for the pantheon: Carl Yastrzemski. To be precise, Yaz in September of the 1967 season, as his team, the Red Sox, fought and clawed against the White Sox and the Twins and the Tigers in the last two weeks of the closest and most vivid pennant race of our time. The presiding memory of that late summer is of Yastrzemski approaching the plate, once again in a situation where all hope rests on him, and settling himself in the batter's box—touching his helmet, tugging at his belt, and just touching the tip of the bat to the ground, in precisely the same set of gestures—and then, in a storm of noise and pleading, swinging violently and perfectly . . . and hitting. In the last two weeks of that season, Yaz batted .522—twenty-three hits for forty-four appearances: four doubles, five home runs, sixteen runs batted in. In the final two games, against the Twins, both of which the Red Sox *had* to win for the pennant, he went seven for

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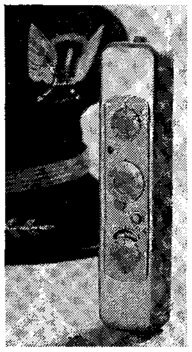

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eight, won the first game with a homer, and saved the second with a brilliant, rally-killing throw to second base from deep left field. (He cooled off a little in the World Series, batting only .400 for seven games and hitting three homers.) Since then, the game and the averages have caught up with Yastrzemski, and he has never again approached that kind of performance. But then, of course, neither has anyone else.

ONLY baseball, with its statistics and isolated fragments of time, permits so precise a reconstruction from box score and memory. Take another date—October 7, 1968, at Detroit, the fifth game of the World Series. The fans are here, and an immense noise—a cheerful, 53,634-man vociferosity—utterly fills the green, steep, high-walled box of Tiger Stadium. This is a good baseball town, and the cries have an anxious edge, for the Tigers are facing almost sure extinction. They trail the Cardinals by three games to one, and never for a moment have they looked the equal of these defending world champions. Denny McLain, the Tigers' thirty-one-game winner, was humiliated in the opener by the Cardinals' Bob Gibson, who set an all-time Series record by striking out seventeen Detroit batters. The Tigers came back the next day, winning rather easily behind their capable left-hander, Mickey Lolich, but the Cardinals demolished them in the next two games, scoring a total of seventeen runs and again brushing McLain aside; Gibson has now struck out twenty-seven Tigers, and he will be ready to pitch again in the Series if needed. Even more disheartening is Lou Brock, the Cards' left fielder, who has already lashed out eight hits in the first four games and has stolen seven bases in eight tries; Bill Freehan, the Tigers' catcher, has a sore arm. And here, in the very top of the first, Brock leads off against Lolich and doubles to left; a moment later, Curt Flood singles, and Orlando Cepeda homers into the left-field stands. The Tigers are down, 3–0, and the fans are wholly stilled.

In the third inning, Brock leads off with another hit—a single—and there is a bitter overtone to the home-town cheers when Freehan, on a pitchout, at last throws him out, stealing, at second. There is no way for anyone to know, of course, that this is a profound omen; Brock has done his last damage to the Tigers in this Series. Now it is the fourth, and hope and shouting return. Mickey Stanley leads off the Detroit half with a triple that lands, two inches fair, in the right-field corner. He scores on a fly. Willie Horton also triples. With two out, Jim Northrup smashes a hard grounder directly at the Cardinal second baseman, Javier, and at the last instant the ball strikes something on the infield and leaps up and over Javier's head, and Horton scores. Luck! Luck twice over, if you remember how close Stanley's drive came to falling foul. But never mind; it's 3–2 now, and a game again.

But Brock is up, leading off once again, and an instant later he has driven a Lolich pitch off the left-field wall for a double. Now Javier singles to left, and Brock streaks around third base toward home. Bill Freehan braces himself in front of the plate, waiting for the throw; he has had a miserable Series, going hitless in fourteen at-bats so far, and undergoing those repeated humiliations by the man who is now racing at him at full speed—the man who must surely be counted, along with Gibson, as the Series hero. The throw comes in chest-high on the fly from Willie Horton in left; ball and base runner arrive together; Brock does not slide. Brock does not slide, and his left foot, just descending on the plate, is banged away as he collides with Freehan. Umpire Doug Harvey shoots up his fist: Out! It is a great play. Nothing has changed, the score is still 3–2, but everything has changed; something has shifted irrevocably in this game.

In the seventh inning, with one out and the Tigers still one run shy, Tiger manager Mayo Smith allows Lolich to bat for himself. Mickey Lolich has hit .114 for the season, and Smith has a pinch-hitter on the bench named Gates Brown, who hit .370. But Lolich got two hits in his other Series start, including the first homer of his ten years in baseball. Mayo, sensing something that he will not be able to defend later if he is wrong, lets Lolich bat for himself, and Mickey pops a foolish little fly to right that falls in for a single. Now there is another single. A walk loads the bases, and Al Kaline comes to the plate. The noise in the stadium is insupportable. Kaline singles, and the Tigers go ahead by a run. Norm Cash drives in another. The Tigers win this searching, turned-about, lucky, marvellous game by 5–3.

Two days later, back in St. Louis, form shows its other face as the Tigers rack up ten runs in the third inning and win by 13–1. McLain at last has his Series win. So it is Lolich against Gibson in the finale, of course. Nothing happens. Inning after inning goes by, zeros accumulate on the score-

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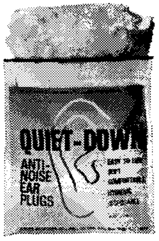

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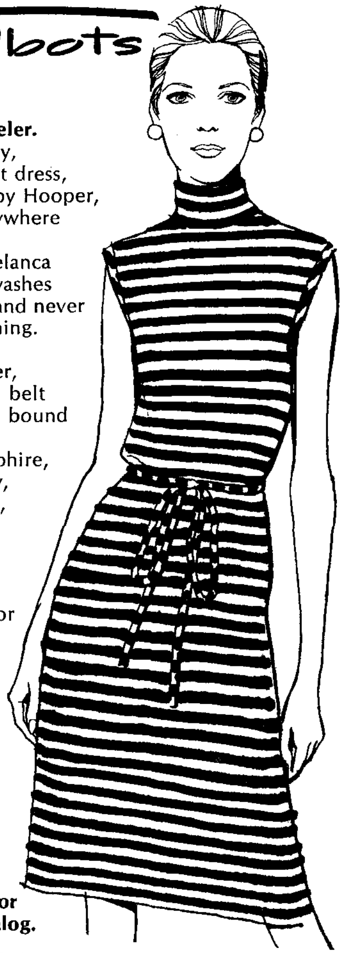

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board, and anxiety and silence lengthen like shadows. In the sixth, Lou Brock singles. Daring Lolich, daring the Tiger infielders' nerves, openly forcing his luck, hoping perhaps to settle these enormous tensions and difficulties with one more act of bravado, he takes an enormous lead off first, draws the throw from Lolich, breaks for second, and is erased, just barely, by Cash's throw. A bit later, Curt Flood singles, and, weirdly, he, too, is picked off first and caught in a rundown. Still no score. Gibson and Lolich, both exhausted, pitch on. With two out in the seventh, Cash singles, for the Tigers' second hit of the day. Horton is safe on a slow bouncer that *just* gets through the left side of the infield. Jim Northrup hits the next pitch deep and high but straight at Flood, who is the best center fielder in the National League. Flood starts in and then halts, stopping so quickly that his spikes churn up a green flap of turf; he turns and races back madly, but the ball sails over his head for a triple. Disaster. Suddenly, irreversibly, it has happened. Two runs are in, Freehan doubles in another, and, two innings later, the Tigers are Champions of the World.

I think I will always remember those two games—the fifth and the seventh—perfectly. And I remember something else about the 1968 Series when it was over—a feeling that almost everyone seemed to share: that Bob Gibson had not lost that last game, and the Cardinals had not lost the Series. Certainly no one wanted to say that the Tigers had not won it, but there seemed to be something more that remained to be said. It was something about the levels and demands of the sport we had seen—as if the baseball itself had somehow surpassed the players and the results. It was the baseball that won.

ALWAYS, it seems, there is something more to be discovered about this game. Sit quietly in the upper stand and look at the field. Half close your eyes against the sun, so that the players recede a little, and watch the movements of baseball. The pitcher, immobile on the mound, holds the inert white ball, his little lump of physics. Now, with abrupt gestures, he gives it enormous speed and direction, converting it suddenly into a line, a moving line. The batter, wielding a plane, attempts to intercept the line and acutely alter it, but he fails; the ball, a line again, is redrawn to the pitcher, in the center of this square, the diamond. Again the pitcher studies his task—the projection of his next line through the

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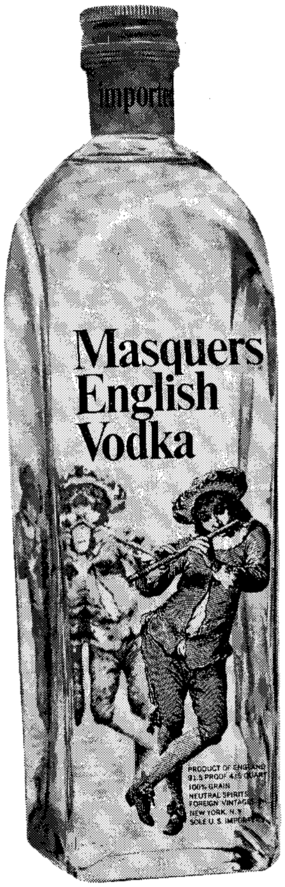
smallest possible segment of an invisible seven-sided solid (the strike zone has depth as well as height and width) sixty feet and six inches away; again the batter considers his even more difficult proposition, which is to reverse this imminent white speck, to redirect its energy not in a soft parabola or a series of diminishing squiggles but into a beautiful and dangerous new force, of perfect straightness and immense distance. In time, these and other lines are drawn on the field; the batter and the fielders are also transformed into fluidity, moving and converging, and we see now that all movement in baseball is a convergence toward fixed points—the pitched ball toward the plate, the thrown ball toward the right angles of the bases, the batted ball toward the as yet undrawn but already visible point of congruence with either the ground or a glove. Simultaneously, the fielders hasten toward that same point of meeting with the ball, and both the base runner and the ball, now redirected, toward their encounter at the base. From our perch, we can sometimes see three or four or more such geometries appearing at the same instant on the green board below us, and, mathematicians that we are, can sense their solution even before they are fully drawn. It is neat, it is pretty, it is satisfying. Scientists speak of the profoundly moving aesthetic beauty of mathematics, and perhaps the baseball field is one of the few places where the rest of us can glimpse this mystery.

The last dimension is time. Within the ballpark, time moves differently, marked by no clock except the events of the game. This is the unique, unchangeable feature of baseball, and perhaps explains why this sport, for all the enormous changes it has undergone in the past decade or two, remains somehow rustic, unviolent, and introspective. Baseball's time is seamless and invisible, a bubble within which players move at exactly the same pace and rhythms as all their predecessors. This is the way the game was played in our youth and in our fathers' youth, and even back then—back in the country days—there must have been the same feeling that time could be stopped. Since baseball time is measured only in outs, all you have to do is succeed utterly; keep hitting, keep the rally alive, and you have defeated time. You remain forever young. Sitting in the stands, we sense this, if only dimly. The players below us—Mays, DiMaggio, Ruth, Snodgrass—swim and blur in memory, the ball floats over to Terry Turner, and the end of this game may never come. —ROGER ANGELL



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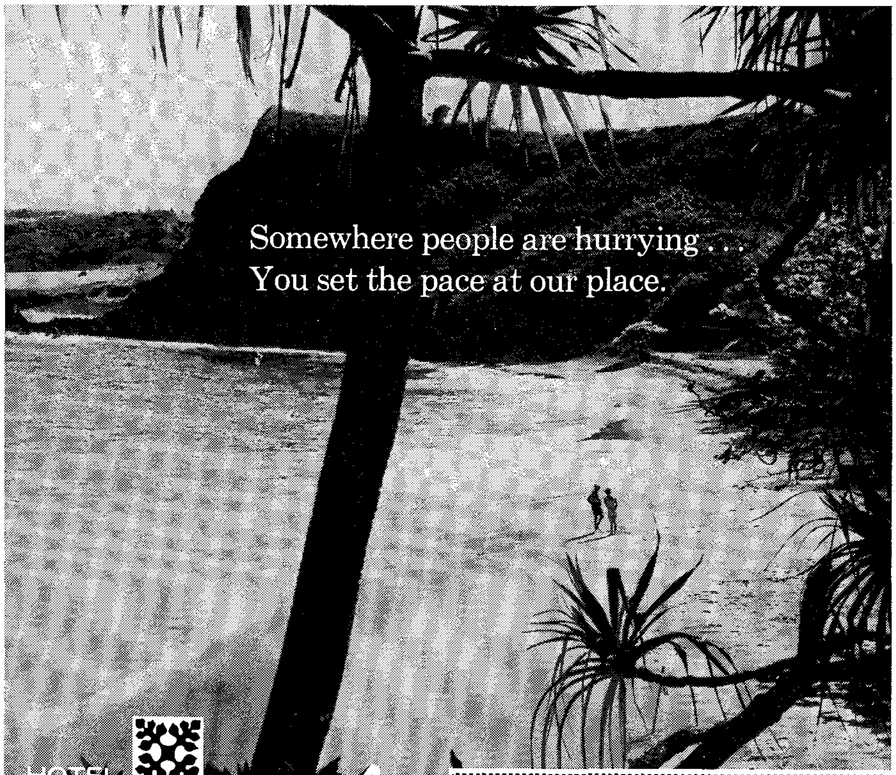
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U.S. JOURNAL: CENTER JUNCTION, IOWA

JIM, TEX, AND THE ONE-ARMED MAN

JIM BERRY came to Center Junction in 1962 and didn't do much that anybody approved of from then until the time he left, rather suddenly, last June. A native of Nashville, Tennessee, he had ended up in Center Junction because a decrepit house there happened to become available some time after he married a woman from a nearby town. He hadn't been in the house long before he was in an argument with the town council about whether he could be forced to install a septic tank. His steadiest source of support for a houseful of children and stepchildren seemed to be Aid for Dependent Children payments—a form of welfare small-town people in Iowa tend to consider a government subsidy for random breeding. Some people in Center Junction say they found Jim Berry a likable person when he was sober, but nobody liked him when he was drunk. Dorothy's Tap, the only tavern in town, wouldn't serve him. When Jim Berry drank, one citizen recalls, "he was always a-needlin' and a-pushin'." He owned a shotgun and a rifle and a pistol, and it was said that he could throw a knife well enough to take the bark off a tree. There were stories in Center Junction about people who had called Jim Berry's bluff and faced him down—the way a Western-movie hero might face somebody down in a bar—but a lot of people, aware, perhaps, that they really might not act like a Western-movie hero if Berry started needling them, feared and resented him. Someone who asks a citizen of Center Junction for an explanation of why Jim Berry was so belligerent when drunk is likely to get a simple, direct answer. "He had Indian blood in him," the citizen will say. "Liquor makes 'em wild."

People found it irritating that Berry always seemed to get away with things. Nobody in Center Junction has ever got away with much. Most people who live in Center Junction live there because they were born there. Since there isn't any work to speak of in the town itself—it's a fading little farm town of only about two hundred people—a lot of people drive to work every day in places like Monticello or Anamosa or even Cedar Rapids, thirty miles away. Some of their children get tired of driving and move to Cedar Rapids. Jim Berry never woke up early on a cold morning to drive to the Cuckler Steel Span Company, in Monticello. He was an upholsterer by trade, but he worked at it only sporadically. After an operation on his back a few years ago, he began drawing Social Security disability payments. People in Center Junction muttered that his back seemed all right for hunting or fishing or leaning over a bar. Nothing serious seemed to happen to Berry when the deputy sheriff picked him up for drunkenness or driving without a license. People in Center Junction often say that Jim Berry once killed a child on the highway in the southwestern part of the state. In fact, a manslaughter charge against him was dismissed; he served a few months for leaving the scene of an accident. When people mention the case, they seem angry not only that a child died but also that Berry seemed to have got away with something.

Center Junction people admit that when Berry did do upholstery it was excellent work—work that made it easy to believe him when he said that in Nashville he and his brother did the jobs for the city's top four decorators. In fact, people in Center Junction say that Jim Berry was good at whatever interested him. "There ain't nothing Jim couldn't tell you; there ain't nothing he couldn't fix, or even make," one of them has said. "I don't know what his I.Q. was supposed to be, but something fantastic." A couple of years ago, Berry took a correspondence course in electronics. He fixed a few radios and television sets—and fixed them well—but the main result of the course was that he became an avid Citizen's Band radio operator, installing an elaborate rig in the shed he sometimes used as an upholstery shop. He got to know Citizen's Band slang, so that, wanting to sign off to another CBer and send regards to the man's wife, he could say, "Seventy-threes, good buddy, and a stack of eighty-eights for the XYL." He even went to a couple of CB jamborees. He was particularly proud of having the most powerful station in the area. ("Jim had to be top of the hill," one of the townspeople says.) By "skipping" signals off the ionosphere, CBers often operate at distances much greater than the

"Now then, the reason for this tangled web is that we are practicing to deceive."

hundred and fifty miles permitted by F.C.C. regulations, and Berry boasted of being able to talk to West Germany every morning. Because skipping is against the regulations, CBers who do it identify themselves with "skip handles" rather than real names or call letters, and often use the handles even for legal conversations. Berry liked to call himself the Bald-Headed Hippie or Freddy the Freeloader for long-distance broadcasting. The skip handle he preferred locally was Buckshot.

AROUND June of 1969, Jim Berry got into a CB conversation with a man who had an even more powerful station than he did—a man called Tex Yarborough, who lived in Maquoketa, Iowa, about twenty-five miles east. It turned out that Tex Yarborough and Jim Berry had a lot in common—although Tex was only about thirty, a dozen years younger than Jim. Like Jim, Tex had ended up in his wife's home county, having come up from Dallas a couple of years before. He had three rifles and a pistol. Tex was a machinist by trade, but, like Jim, he didn't make a fetish out of steady work. In fact, he didn't work for the year he knew Jim Berry. (When Mrs. Yarborough was asked later how her husband managed, with no income, to support a wife, three children, a roomful of radio equipment, and three cars, each car with its own CB mobile unit, she said, "Credit. We had good credit.") Like Berry, Tex was a proud son of his home state. He ordinarily wore cowboy boots and a cowboy hat, and he apparently claimed at times to be a cousin of Ralph Yarborough, who was then the senior senator from Texas. Tex had been in trouble for offenses like passing bad checks and assault and battery, and he had been in jail in Texas. His skip handles were Short Stuff, Tex, and Dirty Pierre.

Jim Berry and Tex Yarborough became friends. They spent a lot of time talking on the radio—to each other and to people like Lumberjack and Blue Goose and Sparkplug and the Mustanger. That fall, they met often to go hunting or fishing or drinking. They had their differences. Jim believed that Tex sometimes "threw a carrier" on him—that is, keyed his microphone so that people talking on weaker stations would be cut off. (Center Junction people claim that Jim was in the habit of throwing carriers himself.) One night, when Jim and Tex returned to the Yarborough house after visiting a few taverns, they had a

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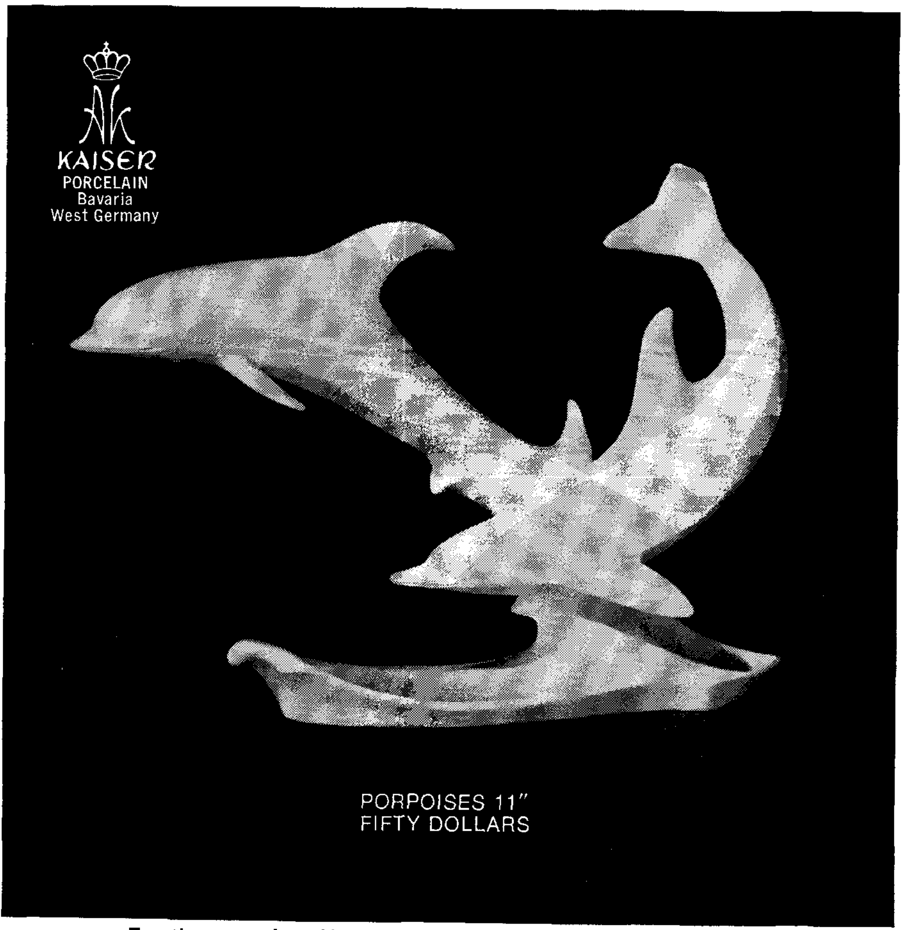

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scuffle that consisted of—depending on which story is believed—Tex's knocking Jim down for making an offensive remark to Mrs. Yarborough or Jim's trying to help Tex to bed drunk and being attacked for his trouble. But Tex put in some radio equipment for Jim, and Jim, in return, agreed to make some new cushions and a skirt for the Yarboroughs' couch—a project that was only half finished when a fire in Jim's shed burned up the rest of Tex's material. According to Berry, there was even talk about a partnership: in a building Yarborough knew about in Maquoketa, Jim would do upholstering while Tex acted as salesman and deliverer. That was supposedly the project Jim wanted to talk about when he asked Tex to come by—about a year after they had met—and they went to Lou's Place in Monticello, where they met the one-armed man.

Lou's Place, identified by a Hamm's Beer sign on a side street in Monticello, has a beer-company décor. There is a Schlitz clock, a Miller's clock, and three Hamm's clocks. Calendars are by Budweiser, Pabst, and Hamm's; lamps by Pabst, Hamm's, and Schlitz. About the only objects of non-brewery art are three tapestries—peacocks, mountain goats, and horses—that Lou (Louise Garrett) bought once from a foreign-looking travelling man. In Lou's Place, people often argue in loud voices and men use bad language in front of women, who use bad language back. But the most abusive customer can usually be put out by a barmaid, who may be only five feet two but has the advantage of being sober, of having put out a number of similarly abusive customers in the past, and of holding the power to refuse service indefinitely. Jim and Tex arrived at about noon on a Friday in June—Tex a heavyset man wearing his customary cowboy boots and cowboy hat, Jim a taller, thinner man with a small, tired-looking face. They had come in about the same time the day before, and Bonnie Balsiger, the barmaid on duty, remembered them well—particularly Tex Yarborough. "He told me, 'I don't know how I ended up in a dumpy little town like this,' " she said later. "I told him that no one drug him into the town and if he didn't like it he could get the hell out of it." At one point in that first afternoon, Bonnie, leaning over the bar to pick up a glass, had noticed that Yarborough had a knife in his lap. He was talking about using it to slice up Jim Berry.

"You're going to have to forgive me for what I'm going to have to do," Tex told Bonnie.

"Whatever you're going to do, don't do it in here," she said. She ordered Tex to put away the knife or get out, and he put away the knife. He and Jim had spent the rest of the afternoon drinking together. "He was real picky, real boisterous, real loudmouthed," Bonnie said later of Tex. "The kind you have to cool down."

On Friday afternoon, Tex and Jim spent some time drinking with a group of pipeline workers, including a one-armed man named Jim Leonard. Wet weather had stopped work on a gas line being laid near what Jim Leonard remembered as "some little ole bitty place south of Anamosa." He had come into Lou's Place to ask his boss for an advance on his wages so he could drive home for the weekend to Bald Knob, Arkansas, where he and a number of other pipeliners live between jobs—relying on two subscriptions to a pipeline newsletter from Houston to keep them informed about where the next job might be. He had stayed around for a few hours to drink. Leonard's boss, agreeing to the advance, had laid a hundred-dollar bill on the table. The hundred-dollar bill was just about the conversational high point in a long afternoon at Lou's Place that was otherwise marked by Lou's telling Tex Yarborough that he was being too argumentative to be allowed at the pipeliners' table and by a number of people present getting into an argument about something called a water dog. (Jim Berry said water dogs were very common in Tennessee—"kind of like a lizard but with skin like a catfish"—and made excellent bait for striped bass. The other side questioned not only whether a water dog made good bait for striped bass but whether there *was* such a thing as a water dog. For Lou's Place, the argument was, as Jim Berry later described it, "a regular argument—a group argument.") At one point in the afternoon, Berry had asked Jim Leonard, the one-armed man, for a ride home—Center Junction being, in a manner of speaking, on the way to Bald Knob—and at about seven they left for Berry's house, stopping on the way so that Berry could buy a pint of Jim Beam.

At Center Junction, Berry showed Leonard his radio set and his guns, and then they sat down for a drink in the living room—a room with a floor of

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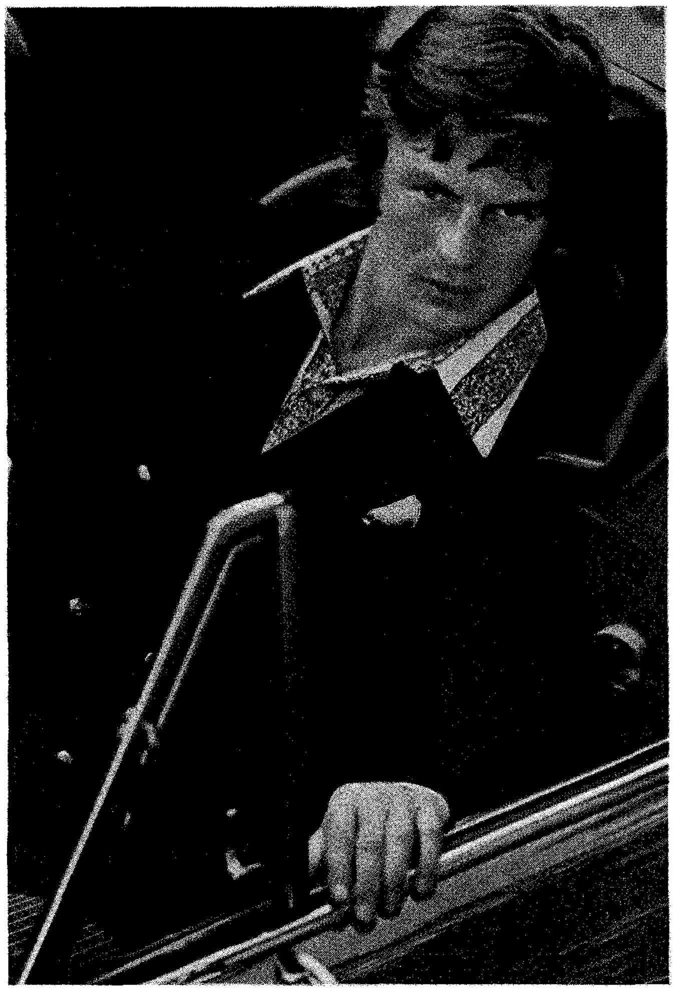

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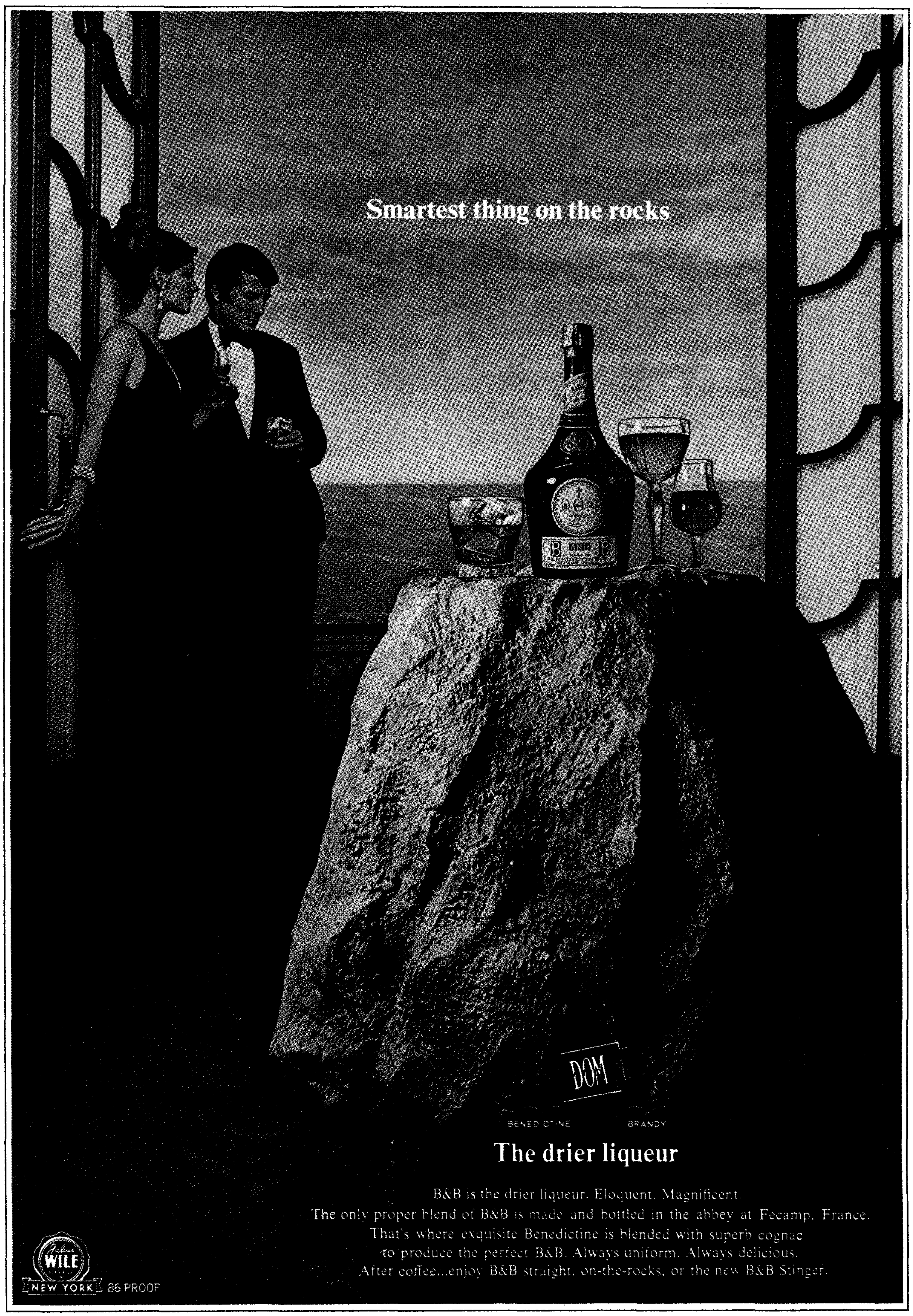

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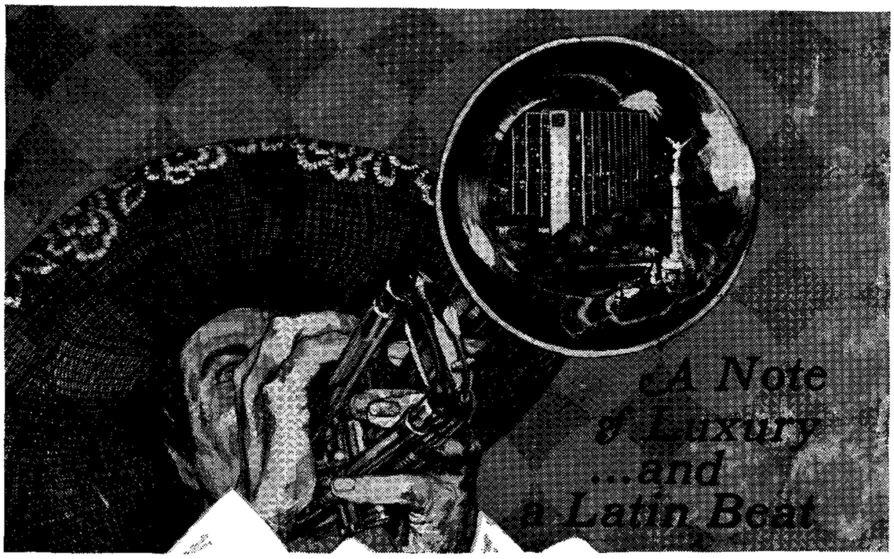
worn linoleum and walls decorated with a three-dimensional picture of the Statue of Liberty and an operating cuckoo clock and a picture of a saucer-eyed soldier over a passage about mother love ("A mother's love is like a rose hung on your chest . . ."). Mrs. Berry was not living with her husband at the time—she and the children were in an apartment in Anamosa, the county seat—and Berry made a phone call to Maquoketa trying, fruitlessly, to find a couple of girls. Not long after that, Tex Yarborough came in the door. "I want that hundred-dollar bill," he said to Jim Leonard. There was a brief scuffle, and then Leonard ran out to the front yard, only to be caught by Yarborough and knocked to the ground. Suddenly the one-armed man kicked at Yarborough and jumped to his feet. "They're trying to kill me!" he shouted. "They're trying to rob me!" And, with a terrified look on his face, he ran down the street—at a speed he later estimated at five hundred miles an hour. Tex slowly walked back up to the house, where Jim Berry was standing in the doorway, holding his 20-gauge shotgun. Tex was only a couple of feet from the door when Jim fired the gun. Tex seemed to stand still for a moment. Then he turned and walked off the porch into the yard. "You shot me, you rat," he said. "You shot me." He walked across the street and sat down next to an old stump. Then he got up and walked back across the street and crawled into the front seat of the one-armed man's car. He was there when the ambulance arrived. The deputy sheriff came and took Jim Berry to jail in Anamosa. One of the neighbors locked Tex Yarborough's car. The motor was still running, and so was the Citizen's Band mobile unit.

TEX YARBOROUGH died later that evening, from the damage done by a shotgun wound in the stomach. When Jim Berry came to trial in Anamosa last fall, he said that he had shot Tex in self-defense—that Tex had been holding what seemed like a knife when he stood over the one-armed man, that Tex had muttered, "You're next, Berry, you son of a bitch," as he slowly approached the door, that Tex had reached for the gun. The way the events were seen by some people who live in a neat white house across the street—people who wouldn't have been surprised at just about anything they saw going on in Jim Berry's ragged front yard—Yarborough stepped onto the porch, the screen door flew open, and he was shot. Jim Leonard—re-



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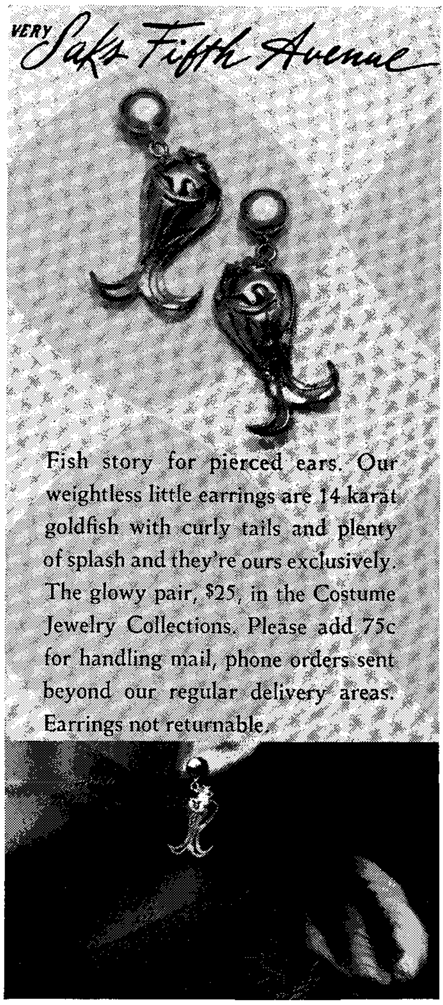

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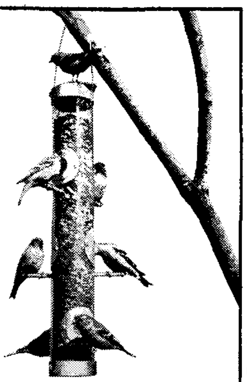

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ferred to by everybody involved as "the one-armed man"—said that he, too, had seen something that he thought was a knife in Yarborough's hand, and that Yarborough had said, "Give me that money or I'll cut your goddam throat." The prosecution pointed out that Berry had said nothing about a knife until a few hours after he was in custody—at which point the deputy sheriff had returned to look around the yard, finding only a cowboy hat. The jury failed to reach a verdict.

A lot of people in Center Junction were outraged that Jim Berry had apparently got away with something again. As his second trial approached, and the news got out that the county had hired a special prosecutor from Cedar Rapids to help the county attorney, it was said around town that if Berry was found innocent and returned to Center Junction, some of his neighbors would sell their houses and leave. The second trial was held in Cedar Rapids, so not many Center Junction people could attend regularly, but a number of them showed up for the closing arguments—the men identifiable by the start of beards being grown for this summer's Center Junction centennial celebration. Berry's mother came up from Tennessee for the trial. (In answer to a reporter's question, she said that Jim's grandmother on his father's side had been part Indian; she volunteered the information that Jim, as a fourteen-year-old who had managed to join the Navy during the war, had had his picture in papers all over the country for collecting so many dimes for the campaign against polio.) The evidence was much the same as it had been at the first trial. Berry again testified that Tex had told him about past acts of violence—about pulling a man off a barstool at the Wagon Wheel in Maquoketa and stomping his face in, about beating a man's brains out with a frying pan. The jury, after two days of deliberation, failed to reach a verdict. The jurors had seemed attentive but puzzled. Why didn't Berry just lock the door if he had been threatened? But why would he shoot Tex Yarborough if he hadn't been threatened? But then why would people spend a weekday afternoon at Lou's Place arguing about water dogs?

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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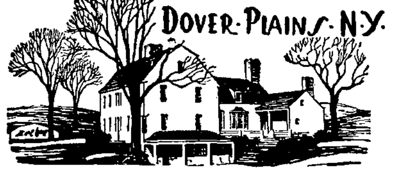

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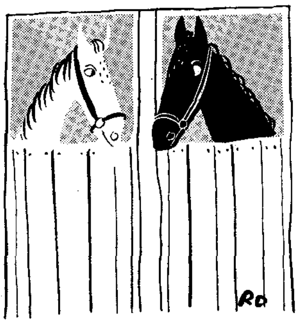
THE RACE TRACK

Back to Bowie

THERE were no rustlings of spring at last week's opening of Bowie, in Maryland. It was cold and raining, and the track was muddy, but the crowd of more than nine thousand didn't seem to mind. It's said that Bowie horseplayers are impervious to the weather, and it could be. Besides, both the clubhouse and the grandstand are winterized, and the whole place has been prettied up. Old-timers who remember Bowie when it was called "the little track in the pines" would hardly know the place. The meeting will run through April 17th, with the hundred-thousand-dollar John B. Campbell Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward, at a mile and a sixteenth, on April 3rd. The opening day's highlight was the Belair Purse, at six furlongs, for fillies and mares, and Battle Message, who had been running at Liberty Bell, led all the way, to win by a length from Exclusive Dancer. Dee Dee Luxe was third.



FILLIES and mares were in action, too, at Hialeah, in the mile-and-a-sixteenth Columbiana Handicap, run in two divisions. Stay Out Front, an 18–1 shot, did just that in the first division, winning by a length and a half from Top Round, the favorite, with Wedding Veil third, and Watch Fob took the second in a four-horse photo finish, beating Swoon's Flower, Peaceful Union, and Toter Back. Vasquez rode both winners.

FOR horseplayers who hopefully bet on exactas, perfectas, quinellas, doubles, and such, I can report that one afternoon last week at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans, an exacta paid $25,257. Only one ticket was sold on the combination; the numbers—for the benefit of those who make selections by numerology—were eleven and one, and the horses were Mae W. S. and Driprint, who finished a neck apart. The record payoff on exactas was $85,978 at Liberty Bell last summer on what the track calls the Big-E (to win it, you have to pick the winner and the place horse in two races). Still, $25,257 isn't a bad score to make with a two-dollar bill. By the way, at Toronto's Woodbine and at Fort Erie this summer, there are plans to have exactas on the last seven races on the card. Including the daily double, that makes seventeen spins of the wheel. Boy!

IF you haven't heard, there have been changes made in steeplechasing for the coming season in New York. One change is that there will be no steeplechasing at all at Belmont Park's opening meeting; the first will be at Aqueduct, on June 29th. Most of the races will be over hurdles, and will be run last on the day's program. The steeplechase stakes events have been reduced from seventeen to ten and rearranged—for instance, the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, which goes back to 1899 and has always been a big event at Belmont in the spring, will be run at Saratoga. Needless to say, the devotees of racing between the flags are in high dudgeon, but there have been no demonstrations or sit-ins at the offices of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. In those circles, it's not cricket to picket.

There's nothing more thrilling to watch than a steeplechase—good horses jumping with skill and courage—but for years the sport here hasn't been what it used to be. Most of the present lot of animals could hardly be mentioned in the same breath with Fairmount, Jolly Roger, or Elkridge. Though favorites win more races through the field than on the flat, the pari-mutuel pools on jumping races are minimal. In contrast, betting on the last race on the flat is big—losers trying to get even, winners pressing their luck. No doubt that's why it was decided to run jumping races in that spot. The experiment should be interesting.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Dr. Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, said the first quarter of 1971 unquestionably was "tough" but reported that C.B.S. did not contemplate any dismissals, believing normal employe attrition, such as retirements, resignations, and deaths, would take care of personnel economies.—*The Times.*

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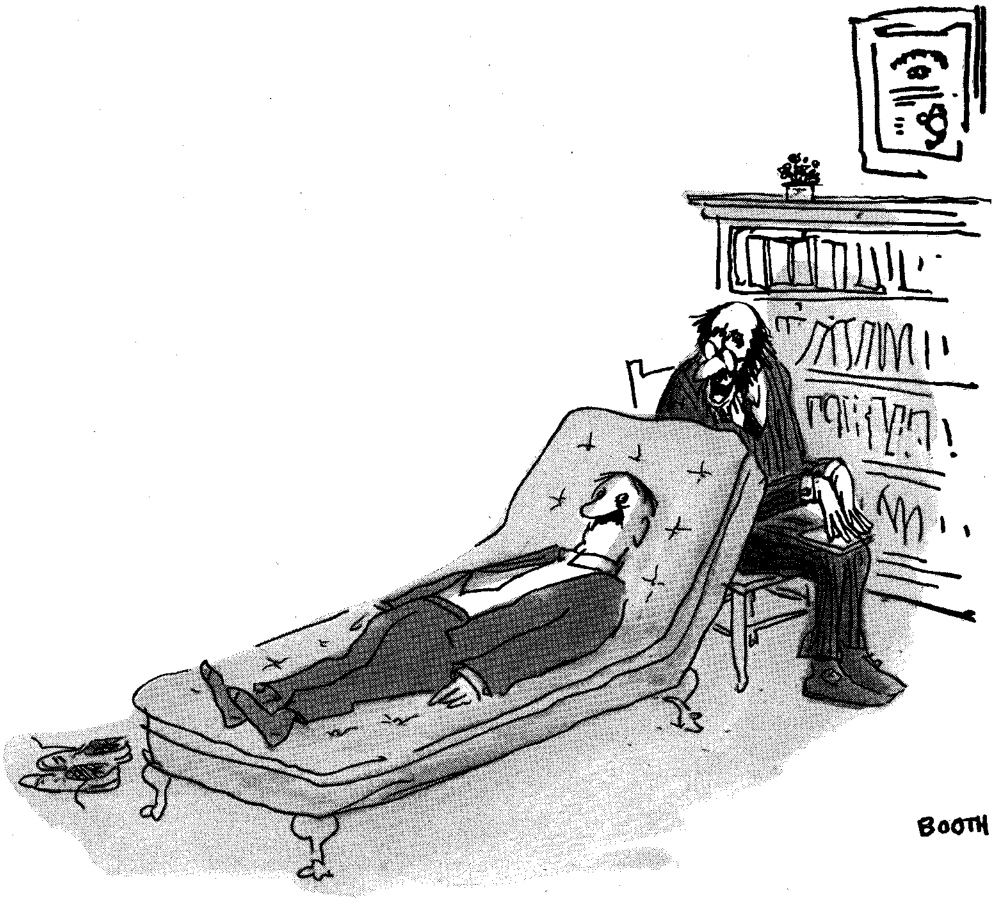
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 12

THE President, lobbying hard for the hastening of his "revolution" by the dispatch of a fixed portion of internal revenue back to the interior, where it was originally collected, recently summoned some captains of industry to the White House, seated them in the Roosevelt Room, and said, "I'd like the first man here willing to defend the status quo to stand up." All remained seated. It is hard to believe that in such a group—it numbered approximately twenty-five—there were no supporters of the American Way of Life stout-hearted enough to get out of a chair in its defense, even if it meant offending a President. Like most people here, they understood that Mr. Nixon has lately been given to speaking in hyperbole, and they recognized that his "revenue-sharing" plan is in no sense a threat to private enterprise or to any of the other institutions they cherish. Some of them—perhaps most, perhaps even all—may have been in favor of the program, or at any rate not sufficiently opposed to it to make a scene. On the other hand, there is no reason to think that the absence of dissent signified much in the way of enthusiastic assent in the business community, no leaders of which are known to be threatening reprisals against congressmen who have either declared their opposition to the program or expressed grave doubts about many features of it.

Opposition and sharp criticism are widespread and bipartisan in Congress, which, of course, is why the White House is taking the offensive. Wilbur Mills, the Democratic chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and John Byrnes, the ranking Republican on the committee, are both against the scheme, and when these two are in agreement on a particular money measure, the effect, as a rule, is not very far from that of a unanimous decision by the Politburo in Moscow. (Mills has on occasion reversed his position, but only when he gets more than he gives, and this presumably happens in the Politburo, too.) Their opposition reflects their conception of fiscal responsibility: they want Congress, rather than governors, legislatures, and mayors, to decide how the taxes that Congress levies are to be spent. Their view was lucidly summarized by the President himself in a message dealing with several of the points raised by his critics: "When one level of government spends money that is raised at another level . . . it will spend that money less responsibly; when those who appropriate tax revenues are no longer the same people who levy the taxes, they will no longer be as sensitive to taxpayers' pressures." Needless to say, the White House planners think they have found ways of overcoming these objections—of inducing responsibility and sensitivity among the state and local officials who would be cashing the checks sent out from Washington—but so far Mills, Byrnes, and a good many others, including the Majority Leader in the Senate, remain unimpressed. Nor do many people seem moved by the argument (so far, not dealt with by the White House, possibly because it would have a deglamorizing effect on the "revolution") that there is really nothing new—in principle, at any rate—in what is being proposed. Revenue sharing has been going on for quite some time, and the results have been mixed—good, bad, and just about everything in between. The one really innovative feature of the Nixon program is that a statutorily fixed percentage—1.3 per cent of taxable personal income—of the federal take would annually go to the states and their subdivisions. And even this is not really new, since it was proposed during the Johnson Administration and might have been adopted five or six years ago if we had not at the time been sharing—as we still are—so many tax dollars with the government in Saigon. In any case, for at least a century federally collected money has been going to people who had nothing to do with raising it and who have enjoyed wide discretion in its expenditure. Unlike judges, though, congressmen don't feel bound to give much weight to precedent, and there is no reason they should.

The case for the Administration proposal is simple and familiar: the states and the cities don't have the money to fund the services that their citizens expect them to provide. Everyone finds this lamentable, and just about everyone feels that the central government, which collects nine-tenths of all income taxes, should assume greater financial responsibility for the general welfare that the preamble to the Constitution asserts to be a fundamental aim of the Union. Surely things are askew when, as the governor of Wisconsin recently pointed out, "the people of Wisconsin send more tax money every year to Mel Laird than they spend in the state." But the case against



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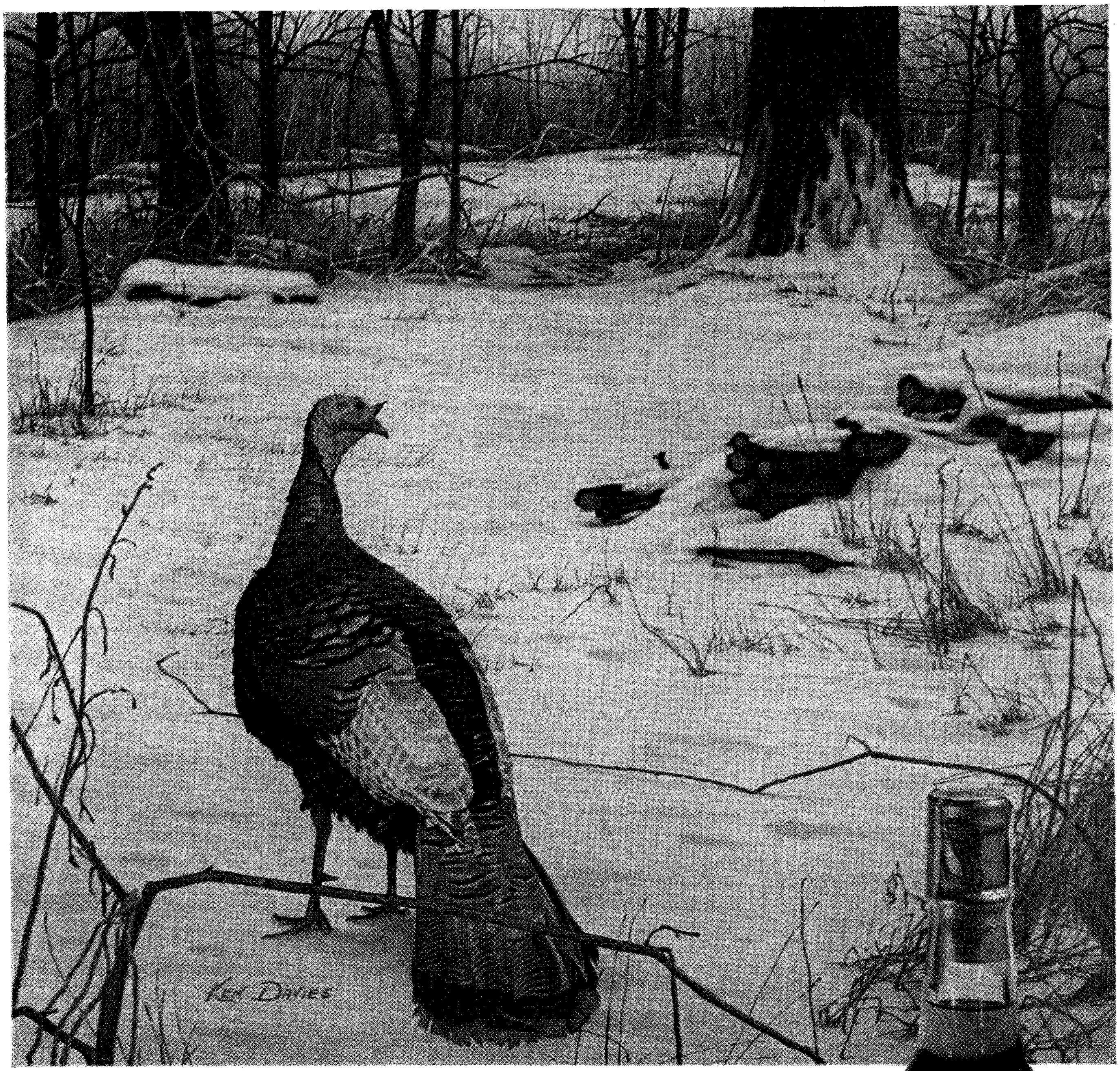

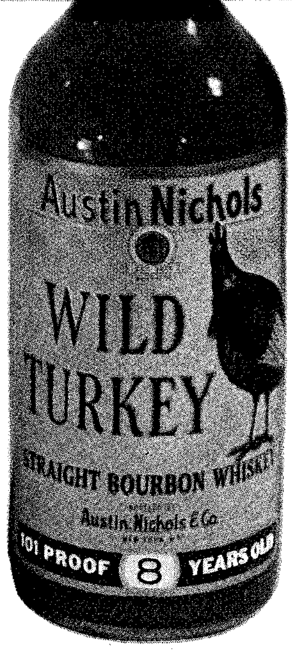
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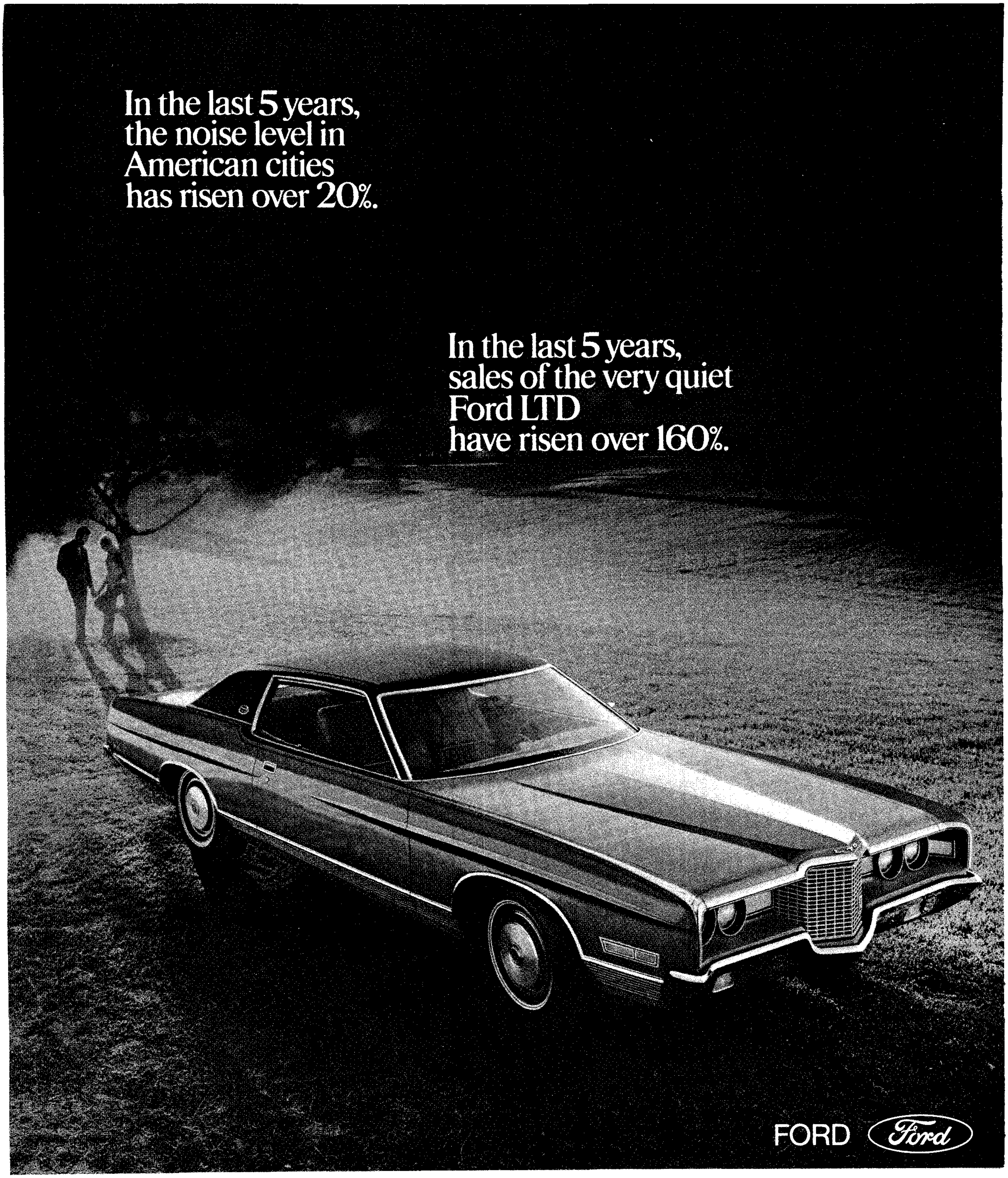
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the particular remedy now being proposed is based on considerations broader than any thus far raised by congressmen zealous about their Constitutional duties or jealous of their prerogatives as officeholders. One is that a disproportionate share of the money would go to those who need it least. The disaster areas of the country are the large cities, and the whole concept of revenue sharing—or at least the contemporary concept of it—rests on an acknowledgment of this home truth. This cannot, however, be the rationale of any program that requires the approval of a legislative body whose members, by a large majority, come from non-disaster areas. All the talk about "changing demographic patterns" in recent years has led many people to conclude that the United States is now a country overwhelmingly urbanized, with only a scattering of people left in the countryside and in the shrinking villages and small towns. In broad outline, the picture is accurate enough: something like ninety per cent of our people live in or adjacent to communities officially designated as "cities." But the great majority of them live in cities of half a million or less, which are medium-sized by today's standards, and only about ten per cent of the total population live in cities of between one and seven million. Although some of the medium-sized cities—Newark, for example—are in even sorrier shape than some of the larger ones, in general it is the great metropolitan centers that are in the biggest trouble and have the greatest need for succor.

Most congressmen understand this arithmetic, and they understand, also, that the one out of every ten Americans who lives in these unhappy and all but unmanageable hives of humanity does not, because of the way power and wealth are currently distributed, have anything like the political effectiveness—which in any case would be small—that might be accorded him in some system of proportional representation. To become politically acceptable, revenue sharing has to offer something to just about everyone; it has to be more or less equitable in the sense that it matches numbers of dollars to numbers of people, which means that it has to be inequitable in the sense that it does not match dollars to needs. There is the further objection that, however unassailable the Administration's case for its New Federalism may theoretically be, much of American history argues against it. There is no doubt at all that disillusion with the central government is a fact of American life, and that Richard Nixon is shrewd to exploit it and take up the cry of "Power to the people!" The system produces more frustration than anything else; as it was recently put by Hugh D. Galusha, Jr., a close student of federal power who, until his death ten days ago, was president of the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis, "Not only does no one get the right-size shoes, or even a whole pair, but you can't even find a clerk to complain to." Yet the failings of the central government do not establish an a-priori case for the virtues of state and local governments. (Indeed, Galusha went on to say that the shoe problem is also to be encountered with large state governments.) The centralization that everyone now despises exists primarily because decentralized authority failed in crisis after crisis, and it is difficult today to find many local institutions functioning well even where federal aid is pouring in. The citizen's frustration in dealing, or not being able to deal, with federal authorities is hardly greater than his frustration in dealing with local school authorities, police, or managers of transportation systems.

For all its inadequacies, the central government has through most of our history been not only more effective than local government but also less corrupt and more humane. Some large states (New York, California, and Pennsylvania), and some not so large (Wisconsin perhaps foremost among them), have at times enjoyed the services of brilliant administrators and have attracted distinguished men to local politics, but the flow of political and administrative talent has, for obvious reasons, always been toward the central government, and not quite all men of high ability have lost their way or been ambushed in the bureaucratic jungle. Moreover, the instinct for larceny has been more effectively curbed on the federal level than in the statehouses and city halls of the country. Plainly, corruption is no respecter of institutions, but the institutions of the central government are under wider and more expert surveillance than those of most of the states and their subdivisions. And the central government has done more to safeguard the rights of individuals and advance the interests of minorities than most state or local governments have ever done or tried to do. The Administration's program takes account of some of these matters. It would set up machinery to monitor the uses of some of the money it would allocate to local authorities, and it provides for the withholding of funds from any organizations practicing or tolerating racial or

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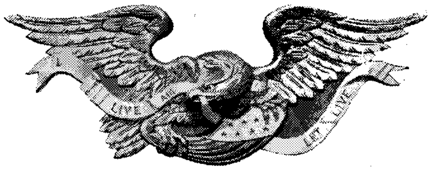

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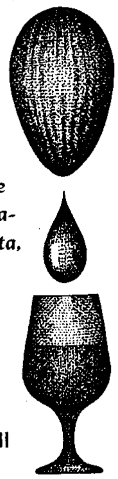

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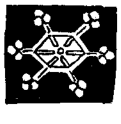
religious discrimination. But those who are skeptical about the whole scheme doubt whether the proposed safeguards could ever amount to much—and wonder, moreover, whether *any* program under close federal scrutiny and control would in fact be true to any reasonable concept of decentralization. It is hard, for example, to see how this Administration could, even with the safeguards it proposes, prevent revenue sharers in Alabama from using federal money to buy weapons and uniforms for the state police, who in 1972 will probably be providing security for Governor Wallace as he campaigns for President. It is even harder to imagine its agents disarming those police.

In the course of hearings and debate, modifications and alternatives will be discussed, and although no modifications thus far suggested appear to overcome the major criticisms, it may be that some will emerge and induce critics to become supporters. (However, if the plan should be redrawn to divert a mathematically disproportionate share of the money to the cities whose problems are disproportionately large, many supporters would undoubtedly become critics.) An alternative that is attracting some critics as well as some supporters is to have the federal government put off—for the present, anyway—its whole notion of New Federalism and, instead, assume the entire responsibility for financing public welfare or any scheme of family assistance or income maintenance that may succeed it. Welfare is only one of the major problems that beset the cities, but it is often the largest one, and is perhaps, next to crime, the source of the most bitterness and irritation. To recognize it as a national problem and to federalize it—that is to say, to centralize it—should help to reduce its divisive effects in state and municipal politics. This might prove in some ways a mixed blessing, for when subsidy programs are no longer local issues, citizens tend to lose their concern for them and to be almost unaware of their functioning—as in the case of subsidies to mining interests, farmers, and transportation. Also, to exchange a program that would substitute federal participation in a whole range of services for one that would be limited to a single service seems in some ways as inequitable as the distribution of funds on the basis of numbers rather than needs. On the other hand, the welfare programs currently in operation are woefully inequitable—their standards vary widely from state to state—and this is a major grievance both to recipients and to taxpayers, and especially the taxpayers in the states with the highest standards, which often are not the states with the greatest resources. To set uniform national standards would be to spread the responsibility fairly, and it would also help to promote stability by reducing an incentive for internal migration. If it were no longer in the interests of the poor to go where the benefits were highest, they would have the choice of staying where they were or moving to wherever the opportunities seemed brightest. And it would no longer be in the interests of the states with the lowest standards to solve their difficulties by exporting their poor.

One advantage of the substitution of federal financing of welfare for revenue sharing is that the former has a good chance of being enacted in the present session. As of now, both revenue sharing and family assistance are in trouble. Wilbur Mills is flatly opposed to the Nixon version of revenue sharing, and it seems likely that the House would turn it down even if he favored it, despite the fact that it offers something to just about everyone. A while back, Mills announced that he had become a convert to family assistance, which in the last session passed the House with eighty-eight votes to spare but fared badly in the Senate, because the Senate Finance Committee found what it regarded as serious flaws in the drafting of the bill the House had accepted. Now Mills is taking the Senate line and is asking for a quick rewrite job. For some time, the White House has been calculating that the only way its program could be accepted would be to couple it with an increase in Social Security benefits, which is favored by Mills and just about everyone else. But Mills now says that unless the Administration gives him legislation within the next week or two that is to his liking, he will uncouple family assistance and Social Security, and thus, in all probability, doom family assistance. Mills is the closest thing to a sphinx in all Washington, and in some ways the closest thing to a pharaoh, but at present the word from those who know him is that he has been impressed by the arguments for a federally financed welfare program. He does not, it is reported on reasonably good authority, think that the states and cities should be relieved of all financial responsibility, but he thinks that uniform standards are desirable, and he would be content if, in a "trade-off" for revenue sharing, the federal government picked up close to a hundred per cent of the bill for welfare. If this is what Mills wants, this



is quite likely to be what the country will get, and a number of people who more often than not disagree with Mills think it would be not at all a bad deal. It would mean more centralization, rather than less, and would thus be a defeat of sorts not only for the Administration but for those of its critics who would like to see the whole structure of welfare scrapped, and who also believe that there must be some better way of distributing political and administrative power than the way it is currently done, or not done.

Although the welfare system will surely be with us for a while longer—though, more likely than not, reformed by the imposition of uniform standards—it seems almost certain that in time Wilbur Mills will come around or be bypassed and a more rational and humane arrangement instituted. A sensible reordering of the responsibilities of federal and local government will be harder to achieve. The approach of this Administration and its predecessor has rested, in the main, on an acceptance of the proposition that the central government should be divested of certain powers and that these should be transferred to *existing* units of state and local government. But the difficulty that many students of the matter raise is that these existing units are even more of a jumble than the centralized bureaucracy. Our state boundaries make no more sense than some of the African and Asian boundaries plotted for convenience and easy exploitation by the colonial powers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—in fact, many of the state boundaries were drawn by the same people, and for the same reasons. The lesser administrative units were for the most part designed to meet local needs, but few of them now meet the needs of the kind of society we have become. They are archaic, and are growing more so each year. As it happens, the federal government has found it easier to overcome some of the irrationalities than the local governments have; in its judicial system, in the Federal Reserve banks, and in development schemes like the Tennessee Valley Authority, it has created institutions that deal with regions rather than with boxes on a map. In some states, there have been reasonably successful efforts to remove some of the overlapping of local authority, but it is unlikely that one per cent of Americans live in communities that make administrative sense. As long as this remains the case, the central government, wretched as its performance so often is, is probably the best agency we have. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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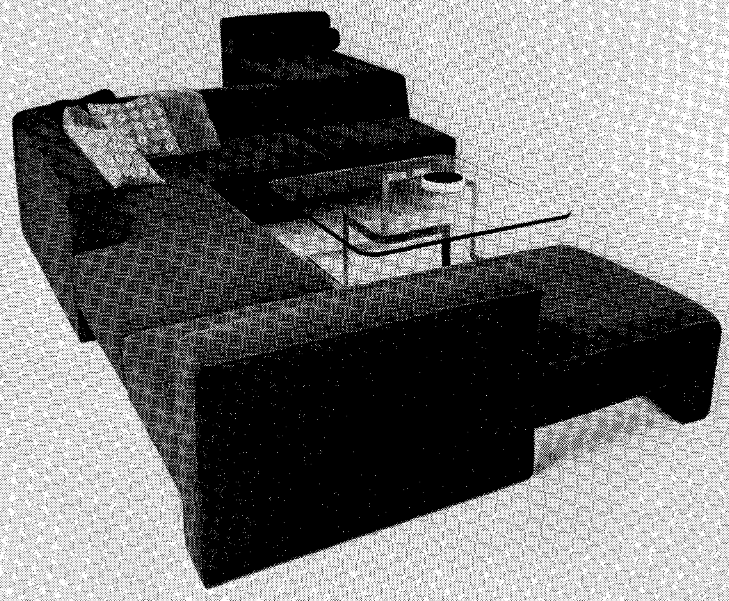

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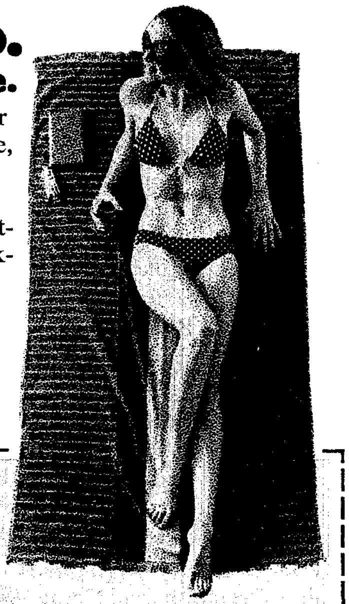

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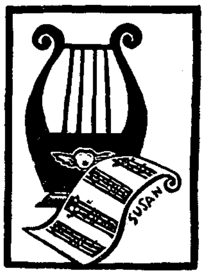
MUSICAL EVENTS

Small World

A CHAMBER-MUSIC concert is no place for a critic. The repertoire has been created to be performed in rooms in houses rather than in concert halls—often as much for the enjoyment of the players as of the listener. If the critic is any kind of musician himself, the chances are that he has played this repertoire, and so it has no surprises for him. The music, generally, is of high quality, and in the hands of today's performers it is done with almost predictable skill. Moreover, the element a critic nowadays addresses himself to most often—the quality and character of a conductor or a singer or a solo performer—is lacking. One can, of course, compare the style, intonation, phrasing, and so on of one string quartet with those of another. But this is really a side issue. What counts is the music, and that has been mulled over by critics until there is nothing more to say about it.



The latest concert of the Music from Marlboro series, which took place in Alice Tully Hall on Monday night of last week, formed an exception to this general statement, in that three rarely heard works were performed—two of them quite outside what is regarded as the standard repertoire. The audience was the usual Viennese sort of gathering at this series—very solemn listeners, some bearded and all looking intellectual. And the quality of the performances was enough to please the most exacting of them. The first work on the program was Beethoven's rather early Fourteen Variations in E Flat Major for Piano, Violin, and Cello, Opus 44—something that one *does* encounter from time to time, though not very often. The variations are almost incredibly varied, considering the means at hand, and they were clearly set forth—by David Golub as pianist, Felix Galimir as violinist, and James Kreger as cellist—with a minimum of vibrato and an admirable crispness. Then came an item I had never heard before, and an unqualified delight: Haydn's "Six Scottish Songs," sung by Mary Burgess, a light mezzo-soprano, accompanied by the artists who had played the Beethoven item. What an extraordinary ear Haydn had for folk idioms! The songs are as Scottish as can be, and they are wedded to Haydn's late-eighteenth-century idiom with flawless grace and without disturbing their native character at all. They are all little masterpieces of vocal writing, and it is a pity they are not more often heard; the reason, obviously, is that one infrequently finds a soprano on the stage with a violinist, a cellist, and a pianist. After the intermission, a string quartet composed of Mr. Galimir, Mr. Kreger, Miriam Fried as second violinist, and John Graham as violist performed Anton Webern's Six Bagatelles, Opus 9, in the most scrupulous manner. To me, this is a rather silly work, gratifyingly short, made up of odd noises, and yet rather ingenious, in view of the limited variety of sounds a string quartet can make. The evening wound up with Dvořák's Quintet in A Major, Opus 81, an old, familiar, and robust composition into which the performers could sink their teeth. For this, Miss Fried assumed the first-violin part, and a very fine violinist she is.

LAST Tuesday night, a distinguished concert was given in Carnegie Hall by the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Henry Lewis, with Marilyn Horne as vocal soloist. Mr. Lewis is, as I have remarked before, a superb conductor—a conductor of the methodical sort who gets most of his work done during rehearsal, and who stays aloof from the emotional impact of a score, acting as a *deus ex machina* and producing remarkable effects while he remains quietly at the helm. The quality of the New Jersey Symphony's playing, which is very near the top, attests to Mr. Lewis's sterling abilities as a trainer. The first number was Glazunov's Fifth Symphony, a work that seldom makes an appearance nowadays, and it was good to hear it. Glazunov was a composer of much more originality than was once thought—not an echo of Tchaikovsky at all but a symphonist as much in the tradition of Brahms as in the Russian one—and the Fifth Symphony is a well-made work of its type, solidly put together and heartwarming. Then came seven scenes from Berlioz' "Les Troyens," in which the excellent Rutgers University Choir and Miss Horne participated. Much of this music is difficult for an orchestra to project effectively. Mr. Lewis was always the master of what he was doing, and the performances by both the orchestra and the chorus were something to remember. The role of Cassandra, excerpts from which Miss Horne sang, utilized only her talents as a dramatic soprano. Her French enunciation was admirable, and she infused her singing with tremendous drama. The quality of the performances by her, by Mr. Lewis, and by the chorus and orchestra was such as to rouse the audience to cheers. It was all I could do to hold on to my critical dignity and not let out a couple of cheers myself.

THERE still remain on my desk a few new books, and here is my impression of a couple of them. "The Vienna Opera," by Marcel Prawy (Praeger; twenty-five dollars), is, at first glance, another of those big, gorgeous books full of the magnificent illustrations modern technology has made possible. A second look, however, discloses that besides being beautifully illustrated it is written with great charm. The book discusses the old Kärntnertor Theatre, which housed opera in Vienna until Kaiser Franz Josef caused the present Vienna Opera House to be built as the chief jewel of the Ringstrasse. One of the architects later hanged himself, and the director who first took charge, one Dingelstedt, hated opera. Mr. Prawy relates the story of the Vienna Opera up to the great moments under Mahler, Weingartner, Strauss, and Schalk, when Maria Jeritza, Elisabeth Schumann, Lotte Lehmann, Leo Slezak, and other luminaries sang there; its destruction during the last war; the dogged rebuilding; and its present status. Highly recommended not only for facts and statistics but for pleasant reading. . . . Norton has published a book by the German musicologist Friedrich Blume—"Classic and Romantic Music" (translated by M. D. Herter Norton)—that will be of interest to students as well as to very committed amateurs. Among his many contentions are that Classicism and Romanticism are merely two faces of the same coin; that classical music was written during the Romantic period and vice versa; that Romanticism in music began long before most people imagine—around 1770, along with literary Romanticism; that music is, as E. T. A. Hoffman remarked long ago, the only art capable of fully expressing Romanticism; that the progressive tendencies of the nineteenth century broke music first into national schools and then into individual idioms, which became progressively more alienated from the public; and that today it is "far easier to declare war on the Romantic heritage than to break free of it."

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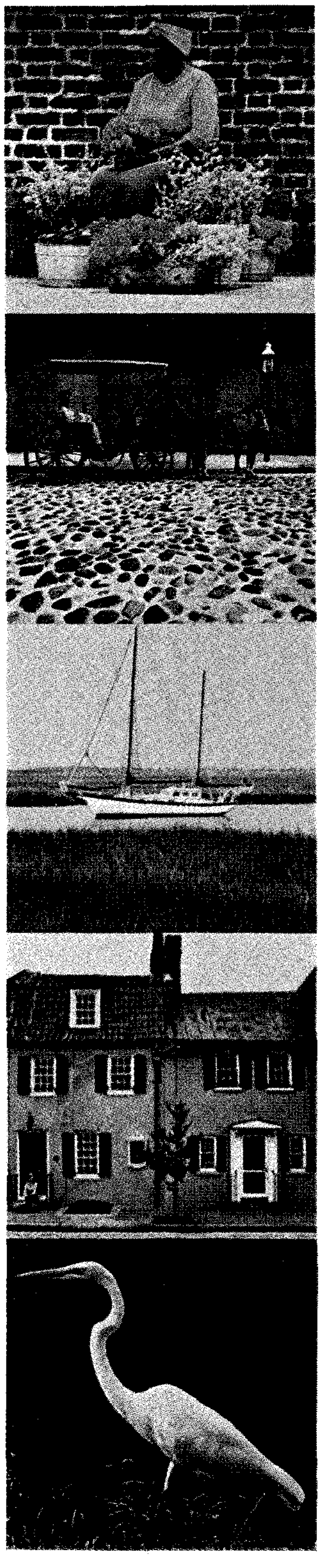

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BOOKS

Well Done, Sir Walter Scott!

ASIDE from those giving or taking a course in the History of the English Novel, how many people today, I wonder, read Scott on their own? If I am at all typical, not many, I fear. I have read and reread all of Jane Austen, all of Dickens, all of George Eliot, and most of Trollope, but I have read only about half of Scott's novels, and it is a long time since I opened one. (A few years ago, while working on an anthology, I read all of his poems, but of that more anon.) I knew, though I have never read it, that he wrote an extensive biography of Napoleon, but I never knew till now that he wrote a life of Swift and edited the works of John Dryden so well that when George Saintsbury made a reëdition he left Scott's elaborate apparatus of historical notes alone because they were "thoroughly trustworthy." About Scott the man, I knew that he suffered from a lame right leg, that in 1825 he was trapped in a financial disaster, and that Abbotsford was among the first private houses—perhaps *the* first—to be lit by gas, but that was absolutely all I knew. Professor Edgar Johnson's magnificent and (I am willing to bet) definitive biography—the two-volume "Sir Walter Scott: The Great Unknown," published by Macmillan (twenty-five dollars)—has made me resolve to read Scott's novels again, or for the first time, as soon as I can find the leisure, and I hope other readers will feel the same.

Not the least of Professor Johnson's many merits is that he is not, unlike all too many biographers of artists, under the illusion that knowledge of the life sheds any significant light upon the work; accordingly, he keeps his chapters of historical narrative and his chapters of critical assessment separate. Few writers have led lives interesting enough to deserve a biography, but Scott is one of the exceptions, and readers who have no interest in his writings will still find the story of his life fascinating and inspiring. In it, thank God, there are no ugly secrets. When he was twenty-one, he had the not uncommon experience of falling in love with a girl (in this instance, Williamina Belsches) who married another. Of this he wrote later:

> Broken-hearted for two years—my heart handsomely pieced—but the crack will remain to my dying day.

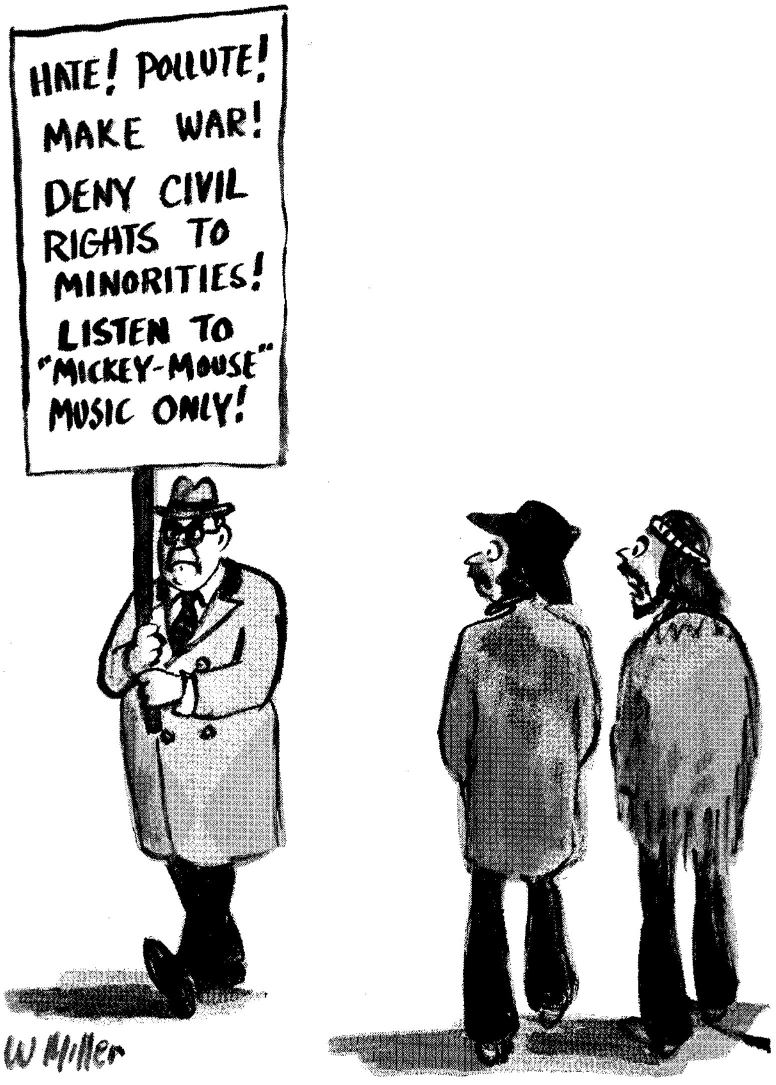
Yet, two years afterward, he married Charlotte Charpentier, and the marriage, which lasted for twenty-nine years, was obviously a very happy one. Moreover, however painful the earlier experience may have been, he had the sense to realize that it was probably all for the best, since some years later he wrote to a friend in a similar situation:

> ... assure yorself that scarce one person out of twenty marries his first love, and scarce one out of twenty of the remainder has cause to rejoice having done so. What we love in these early days is generally rather a fanciful creation of our own than a reality. We build statues of snow and weep when they melt.

In all of Scott's multifarious dealings with others, Professor Johnson has only one incident to describe in which he behaved with anything but scrupulous honesty, and even then the fault was mostly that of his publisher, William Miller. Learning that a Reverend Mr. Edward Forster was contemplating an edition of Dryden, Scott suggested that they collaborate. But Miller insisted that only Scott's name appear on the title page, and in the end Forster was squeezed out. Professor Johnson says:

> Though he was not obliged to forego a design he had formed before he and Forster were acquainted, it would at least have been more fastidious to find another publisher than the one who had behaved so shabbily to his associate. Scott had not himself cuckooed Forster out of the nest, but he had allowed Miller to do so. That such sharp practice was not unusual among booksellers does not leave Scott absolutely blameless.

Professor Johnson tells us that he has adhered strictly to the recorded evidence and allowed himself no fictional embellishments, not even of the weather, yet his Life reads like a novel. At every moment the reader feels he is seeing and hearing exactly what went on. That this should be possible is an indication of how vast the collection of available documents must be, and of Professor Johnson's herculean labors in mastering them. He tells us that a Scott bibliography published in 1943 contains almost three thousand items, taking up four hundred pages. There are twelve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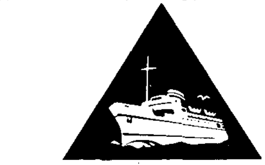

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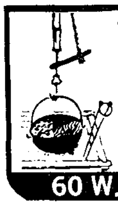

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volumes of Scott's published letters, and enough unpublished to make six more. The Walpole collection of letters written to Scott contains six thousand written by more than sixteen hundred correspondents, etc., etc.

The story of Walter Scott really begins when, at the age of eighteen months, it was found that his right leg was paralyzed. Such a physical handicap, as we know, either destroys a child or inspires him with the determination to transcend it. In Scott's case, it made him a person of heroic courage. Later in life, he was to be faced with perhaps worse sufferings, but he surmounted them all and refused to despair:

> From childhood's earliest hour, I have rebelled against external circumstances.

For the sake of his health, he was sent to his grandmother's sheep farm, at Sandyknowe, near Kelso, with his mother's maid to look after him. This almost ended in disaster. Forced to leave her lover behind in Edinburgh, she conceived a hatred for her charge and was haunted by a desire to cut his throat with a pair of scissors and bury him in a bog. Fortunately, she confessed this to the housekeeper and was sent away in time. At Sandyknowe, he was the only child, and all the household vied with one another to please him and amuse him with stories. The effect of this was a precocious development of his imagination:

I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-willed imp, a granddame's child,
But half a plague and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caressed.

He learned to read very early, and by the time he was six he was evidently a child prodigy, who enjoyed Milton. A distant relative of his mother said that he was

> the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. . . . It was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. "There's the mast gone," says he; "crash it goes!—they will all perish!" After his agitation he turns to me. "This is too melancholy," says he; "I had better read you something more amusing."

This talent for performance never deserted him, and everybody who met him testified to his extraordinary powers as a mimic and raconteur. John Wilson Croker, the Secretary to the Admiralty, meeting him in 1815, said:

> The Prince [Regent] and Scott were the two most brilliant story-tellers . . . I have ever happened to meet.

Besides telling a story well, he could make very witty remarks, as when he described the Duke of Wellington's style of debate as "slicing the argument into two or three parts, and helping himself to the best."

One might have expected his early experiences as an indulged "only" child, coupled with his lameness—though his leg improved, he was never to be able to walk without a stick—to make him ill at ease with "healthy" boys of his own age, but it didn't. Soon after his return to Edinburgh, he learned to get on with his siblings and become popular among his schoolmates. Most people, I think, tend to be either introverts who are happiest alone and prefer the company of a few close friends to large gatherings, or extroverts who hate to be alone and enjoy life in society. Scott was one of those rare exceptions who took an equal pleasure in solitude and company. As poet and novelist, he could always entertain himself, and he loved solitary walks and rides; at the same time, he was very gregarious. Abbotsford was always crowded with guests, and when he visited London or Paris he was a lion of the drawing rooms and country houses:

> Yesterday I forgot where I was to dine. . . . Fortunately an accident reminded me that my Amphitrion for the day was Lord Castlereagh. Were I to tell this in a stage coach or in company what a conceited puppy I would seem, yet the thing is literally true, as well as my receiving three blue ribbands and a marchioness in my hotel in the same day.

Scott was also an exception in that he combined in equal measure a love of imaginative fantasy and a passion for historical fact. It was with good reason that his friends in college nicknamed him Duns Scotus, and his library at Abbotsford contained twenty thousand volumes, including a rare collection of books on the supernatural. Of all English imaginative writers, he must have been the greatest scholar.

Idiosyncrasies are always endearing, and Scott was not without them. He was musically tone-deaf, and, according to his son-in-law, neither his palate nor his sense of smell was refined. He could not distinguish corked wine from sound or tell Madeira from sherry. Uniforms and military gear in general seem to have fascinated him. During the invasion scare of 1796, when he joined the Edinburgh Light Dragoons, he was almost crazily happy:

> At parade no one was prouder in full-dress uniform obtained from a regimental tailor at a cost of £22 and of more than peacock splendor—scarlet coat with blue collar and cuffs and silver epaulettes trimmed with silver lace, white leather breeches, black boots fiercely spurred, and

a helmet crested with leopard skin and a red and white hackle.

Indeed, one of his friends was rather shocked:

> Scott is become the merest trooper that ever was begotten by a drunken dragoon on his trull in a hay-loft. Not an idea crosses his mind, or a word his lips, that has not an allusion to some damned instrument or evolution of the Cavalry: "Draw your swords—by single files to the right of front—to the left wheel—charge!"

The working habits of a writer are always interesting, at least to other writers. Like most serious and prolific writers—Balzac and Proust are exceptions—Scott worked by day, not by night. By 1804, he had established his schedule:

> Formerly, when business or enjoyment had taken up the middle of the day, after he was supposed to have gone to bed he had devoted several hours to writing and study. But his doctor told him this course was likely to aggravate the nervous headaches that were the only illnesses he now knew. Consequently he began rising at five in the morning. He lighted his own fire if it was cold; he shaved and arrayed himself carefully in a shooting jacket or whatever garment he meant to wear till dinner time.... Before settling down to work he paid a quick visit to the stables to feed his favorite horse.... Six o'clock saw Scott at his desk, papers and reference books neatly arranged about him, Camp lying faithfully at his feet, and the two greyhounds Douglas and Percy, as fancy moved them, leaping in and out of a window always left open for them.... When the rest of the household assembled for breakfast around nine, he had already, as he put it, done enough "to break the back of the day's work."... After breakfast Scott labored for another couple of hours.... By noon, saying, "Out, damned spot," he could close his writing box and be "his own man" for the rest of the day. In bad weather he worked in the afternoon as well, but otherwise he was out and riding by one o'clock.

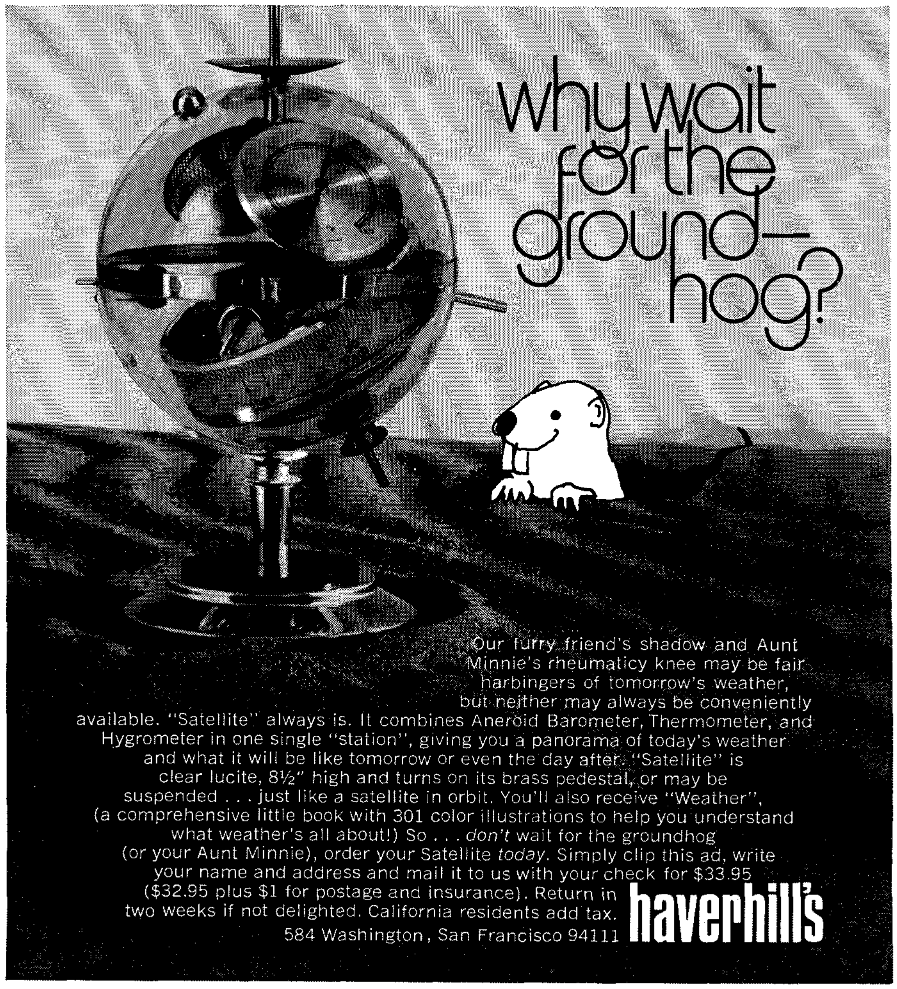
Ideas evidently came to him quickly and easily. He wrote in his journal:

> And long ere dinner-time I have
> Full eight close pages wrote.
> What, Duty, hast thou now to crave?
> Well done, Sir Walter Scott!

Eight of his manuscript pages, Professor Johnson informs us, were the equivalent of twenty-four pages of print.

Robert Hogg, his secretary in later life, recorded:

> It soon became apparent to me... that he was carrying on two distinct trains of thought, one of which was already arranged, and in the act of being spoken, while at the same time he was in advance considering what was afterwards to be said. This I discovered by his sometimes introducing a word which was wholly out of place... but which I presently found to belong to the next sentence, perhaps



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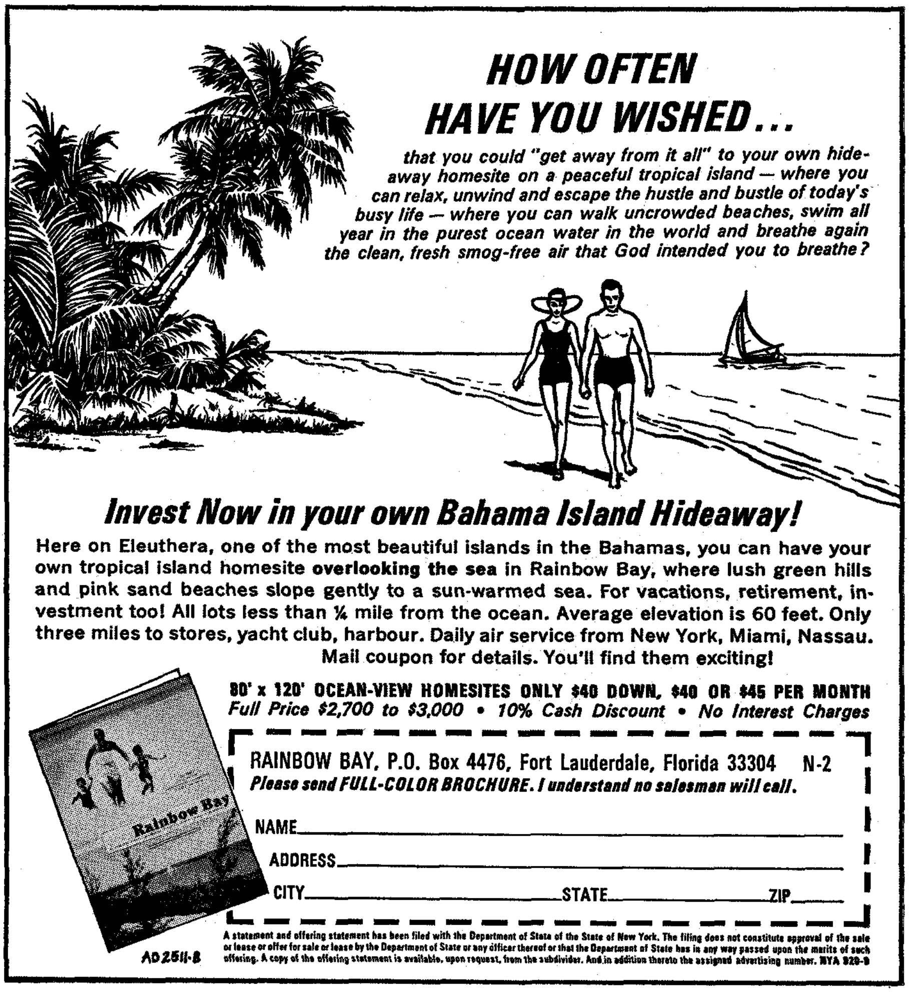

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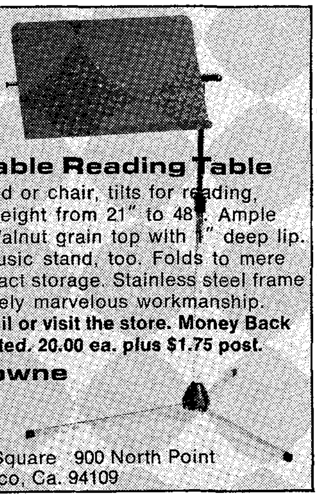

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four or five lines further on, which he had been preparing at the very moment that he gave me the words of the one that preceded it.

Such disciplined habits were to stand him in good stead when troubles came upon him. For three years of his middle forties, he suffered from agonizing stomach cramps, caused by gallstones—a condition then inoperable. The pain was so severe that he could not stop himself screaming, and it could be alleviated only by heavy doses of laudanum, which sent him into an acute depression the next day. He worked on. Then, of course, came his financial troubles. Professor Johnson goes into them in the minutest detail, but I think it would take the mind of a chartered accountant to make head or tail of them. All that is clear to me is that though he may have been careless he was not culpable. The easiest course for him to take would have been to declare himself a bankrupt, but his sense of honor forbade it. He worked on. His leg grew worse. He worked on. In 1830, he suffered his first stroke. He worked on. His friends implored him to take things easy. He refused:

> Dr. Abercrombie knows better than most people that a man can no more say to his mind "don't think" than Mollie can say to her Kettle "don't boil" when she finds it on a brisk fire.

In 1831, his mind began to fail. When Wordsworth and his daughter, Dora, visited him in September, she asked him to write some verses for her album:

> Wordsworth read them with sad pity in his heart. They revealed how much the noble mind was impaired, "not by the strain of thought, but by the execution, some of the lines being imperfect, and one stanza wanting corresponding rhymes: one letter, the initial S, had been omitted in the spelling of his own name.

In the following year, he died, at the relatively early age of sixty-one, officially from a stroke but in fact from a lifetime of overwork.

His political views I find fascinating and sympathetic. Though he called himself a Tory and strongly disliked the Whigs, he was a Tory of a most peculiar kind. By nature, he was, as Chesterton pointed out, a democrat; that is to say, a man who believed in the equal dignity of all men, whether gentlefolk or peasantry. For this reason, he was disgusted by the meddlesome sort of charity:

> . . . all your domiciliary, kind, impertinent visits—they are all pretty much felt like insults, and do no manner of good: let people go on in their own way, in God's name. How would you like to have a nobleman coming to teach you how to dish up your beefsteak into a French kickshaw? . . . Let the poor alone in their domestic habits, I pray you; protect them and treat them kindly, of course, and trust them; but let them enjoy in quiet their dish of porridge and their potatoes and herrings, or whatever it may be—but for any sake don't torment them with your fashionable soups.

He disapproved of the Game Laws and supported Catholic Emancipation. He did, it is true, oppose Parliamentary Reform. In this he may have been mistaken, but he was quite right in thinking that the immediate effect would be to put power into the hands of the industrialists and the middle class, who were certainly not interested in the sufferings of the poor. His own "Tory" suggestion was the reimposition of income tax, a measure which would hardly have been popular with either the mine-owners and mill-owners or the landed gentry of his time, and it was not until 1842 that the measure was adopted.

Has any serious writer, before or since, and anywhere in the world, had the fantastic success in his own lifetime that Scott enjoyed? In his old age, Goethe became an international celebrity, but very few of his visitors had read anything of his except "Werther," written when he was twenty-four. But almost everything Scott wrote, whether in verse or prose, was a best-seller from the day of publication. One example, "Marmion" (published in February of 1808), will suffice:

> Even at the staggering price of one and a half guineas [worth today about thirty dollars] the entire first edition of two thousand copies was sold out in less than two months. A second of three thousand was hurried through the press and melted away so rapidly that before the end of May a third was thundering out, making a total of eight thousand published in little over three months. Before the end of the year, these were almost exhausted; two editions of three thousand each followed in 1809; two more amounting to five thousand in 1810. In 1811, the poem's fourth year, nine thousand were issued.

When one remembers that the population of England and Scotland at the time was fewer than twelve million, at least half of whom were illiterate, such figures are indeed astonishing.

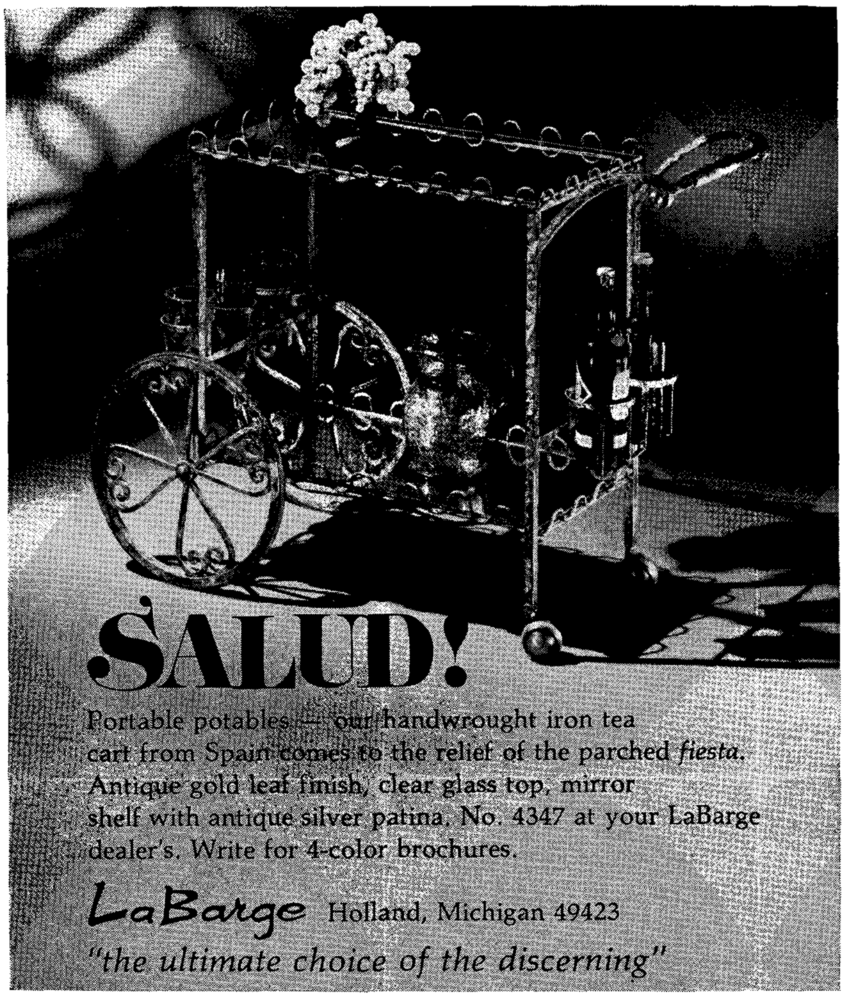
Nor was his social success any less than his literary. One cannot imagine another writer, even Dickens, being elected president of a scientific body, as Scott was elected president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh (at his first meeting, he startled his audience by reciting to them the ballad of the Laidly Worm), or being put in charge of the social arrangements for a Royal Visit. Scotland has reason to be grateful to Scott for undertaking the task. At his request, George IV restored the Scottish peerages forfeited in 1715 and 1745 and had the famous cannon Mons Meg, which had been carried off to London in 1754, returned to Edinburgh. About the Royal Visit, Professor Johnson has an amusing anecdote to relate:

> The King laughed, called for a bottle of Highland whiskey, drank Scott's health, and desired another glass to be filled for him. When Scott had drained his own glass, he begged the one just touched by royal lips as a keepsake and carefully tucked it away in the skirt pocket of his overcoat. After presenting the St. Andrew's Cross he hurried home in excitement to tell all about it, rushed into the drawing room, still in his wet coat, and forgetting about the glass threw himself into a chair—then leaped up with a yell, clapping a hand to his backside. Lady Scott thought he had sat on a pair of scissors. His scar was slight, but the historic glass was smashed to splinters.

Today, Scott's name is still respected, but how much is he read? So far as I know, no critic has attacked his work, and that is always a bad sign. I said at the beginning of this article that I recently read all of his poetry. I am sorry to have to report that in my opinion the long narrative poems fail to hold the attention. I don't know why it should be so, but it seems to me that very few long narratives about historical actions do, once the age of the heroic epic is over. "The Canterbury Tales" are tall stories, in which incident serves only to reveal character; "Orlando Furioso" takes place in a fantastic world, "The Fairie Queen" in a dream landscape. And, after 1770, which are the long poems we most enjoy? "Don Juan," which, though officially a narrative, is a platform from which Byron can air his views about society; "The Prelude;" "In Memoriam," which is really a collection of lyrics; "The Ancient Mariner" and "The City of Dreadful Night," both set in a dream world, not the real one. In the case of Scott, his choice of metre—rhymed octosyllabic or four-stress couplet—was, I think, a mistake. The rhymes come so quickly that they sound forced or pat. Opening "Marmion" at random, I find:

> The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
> And girdled in the Saint's domain:
> For, with the flow and ebb, its style
> Varies from continent to isle;
> Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
> The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
> Twice every day, the waves efface
> Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace.
> (*Canto II, 9*)

Narrative, it seems to me, is better served by unrhymed verse, like the blank verse of "The Idylls of the King," or by long lines, like the six-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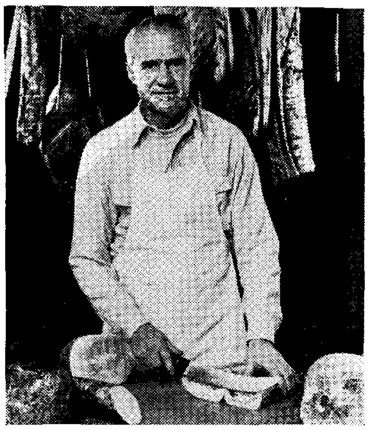
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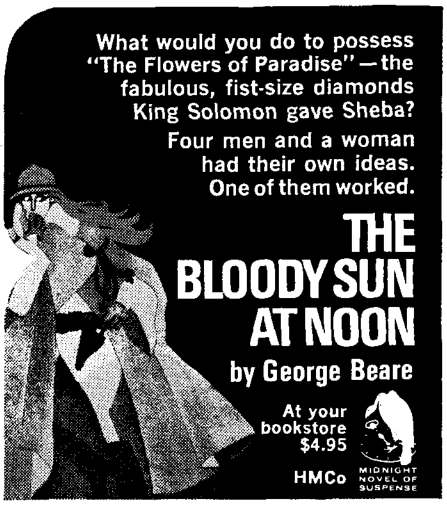
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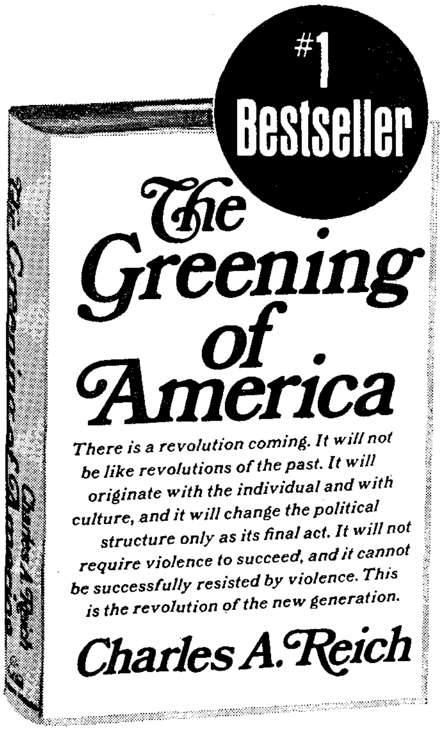
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beat couplets of Morris's "Sigurd the Volsung":

> So up and down they journeyed and ever
>   as they went
> About the cold-slaked forges, o'er many a
>   cloud-swept bent,
> Betwixt the walls of blackness, by shores
>   of the fishless meres,
> And the fathomless desert waters, did
>   Regin cast his fears.

What do remain unforgettable are the lyrics which Scott interposes—songs like "Where shall the lover rest," "The toils are pitched and the stakes are set," "Pibroch of Donald Dhu," to cite only three. These are indeed beautiful, original, and nearly always of great rhythmical interest. Scott's most original poetry, however, is to be found in the chapter headings to his novels. For instance:

> Indifferent, but indifferent—pshaw, he
>   doth it not
> Like one who is his craft's master—
>   ne'er the less
> I have seen a clown confer a bloody
>   coxcomb
> On one who was a master of defence.
>   (*"The Monastery," Chapter 21*)

> "Speak not of niceness when there's
>   chance of wreck,"
> The captain said, as ladies writhed their
>   neck
> To see the dying dolphin flap the deck:
> "If we go down, on us these gentry sup;
> We dine upon them, if we haul them up.
> Wise men applaud us when we eat the
>   eaters,
> As the devil laughs when the keen folks
>   cheat the cheaters."
>   (*"Peveril of the Peak," Chapter 38*)

Minor poetry, if you like, but effective, and nobody but Scott could have written it.

Professor Johnson's defense of the novels is able and most convincing. He thinks that many of Scott's admirers, both in his own day and later, misunderstood what he was up to:

> Readers of his own time confused his interest in the past with the fantastic pseudo-medievalism of Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" and the romantic supernaturalism of Coleridge's "Christabel" and "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Countless later readers have repeated their error. For them the Waverley novels have been costume drama, whose fascination lay in powdered wigs, silk stockings and knee breeches, farthingales, ruffs, hauberks and chain armor, in battlements, dungeons, and flying buttresses, in deeds of derring-do, bloodshed and crashing castle walls.

But in fact, he argues, Scott, far from being a romantic, was essentially an eighteenth-century rationalist. He had little use for either the Wordsworthian cult of Wild Nature or the Byronic cult of the Ego. As for the cult of the Man of Feeling, he wrote, "Of all

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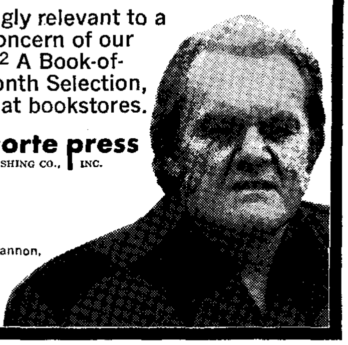

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sorts of parade, I think the parade of feeling and sentiment the most disgusting."

If his teacher Dugald Stewart had convinced him that there is a core of human nature which for all its variety of forms is fundamentally unchanged, his wide reading from youth upward had been seminal in assembling a host of powerful examples of the richness and variety of human behavior. Another of his teachers, the elder Adam Ferguson, had stressed "the multiplicity of forms" of different societies, and Alexander Fraser Tytler had made him skeptical of the tendency to reduce everything to general principles, the excessive systemization of an insufficient foundation of fact. And, above all, the writings of Edmund Burke had made him aware of the power of custom, of tradition, of deep social, cultural, even ancestral forces, in molding men's minds and hearts. . . . Steering a course between the extremes of innate and external determinism, and between fate and free will, he showed his characters in a thousand ways the result of their heredity, their surroundings, their occupations, and at the same time portrayed the ineradicable essences, even the personal idiosyncrasies, irresistibly asserting themselves through all the impersonal forces.

It is significant, surely, that the critic Georg Lukács, who, as a Marxist, is committed to the cause of "social realism," should so greatly admire Scott. He was, Lukács has written, the "great poet of history, because he has a deeper, and more genuine and differentiated sense of historical necessity than any writer before him." —W. H. AUDEN

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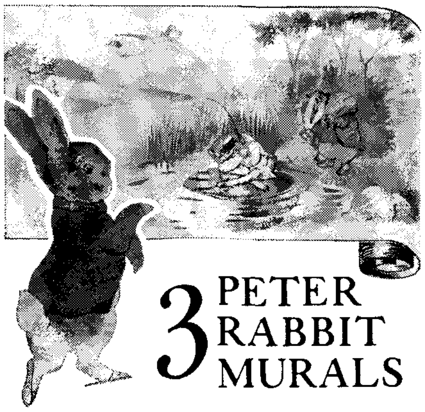

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bernian Machiavellis both of them, and chums from boyhood, but the cleric, His Grace the Archbishop of Boston, is benign at heart, while the politician, Commissioner of Public Construction Francis X. Cassidy, is an extremely cruel man. And at Emmett's side is his younger brother, Father Richard Shannon, a sad, tormented, aggressive itinerant in the service of God. The story moves familiarly around the capitals of Europe and through an astonishing interlude in the jungles of Africa, but this is a Boston novel, and it shows what happens to old material when it is taken into the hands of a witty man who is a master of swashbuckling fictioneering.

GENERAL

THE CONFESSIONS OF EDWARD DAHLBERG (Braziller). This is by way of being an autobiography, but it is no *curriculum vitae.* We learn a few skimpy facts: that the author came out of the working class of Kansas City, where his mother ran a barbershop; that he went on the road early in life and got some hit-or-miss college schooling in San Francisco and New York City; that he did some journeyman literary work in London, and was in Paris in the twenties; that he was a short-term member of the Communist Party in the thirties; and that he wrote a number of novels and books, which gained him a small, select, and passionately devoted following. Now he has apparently settled permanently into the role of the man alone, the outsider, the despiser of compromise. His prose is stuffed with archaisms and obsolescences; he has an ardent devotion to the classics of world literature and a generally low opinion of his contemporaries; and he can be irritating, for he does not woo the reader. Yet the vigor, precision, and beauty of his writing may well become one of the minor ornaments of American letters.

THE BARNYARD EPITHET AND OTHER OBSCENITIES: NOTES ON THE CHICAGO CONSPIRACY TRIAL, by J. Anthony Lukas (Harper & Row). A *Times* reporter, who covered it, records his impressions of last winter's trial of eight men for violating a new (1968) federal law making it illegal to cross a state line to incite a riot. Mr. Lukas says that he found the trial "a momentous and complex event" whose meaning will not be easy to appreciate for several years, and he therefore offers his short book as no more than "a modest contribution" to a future history. In this unpretentious manner, he introduces a vivid work whose merits include remarkable physical descriptions and whose tentatively phrased character sketches are excellent. Whatever the merits of the statute, its application in this case appears foolish: the defendants were accused of having conspired with each other, but the government could not prove that they had met, or even corresponded. The judge and the prosecutors were routine rather than superior at their trades, and their temperaments seem somewhat too choleric for the law. The men on trial, as a group, sound more intelligent, more sophisticated, shrewder, and wittier than anyone else in the courtroom. They differed from each other in many ways, but not in their agreement that they would not be fairly tried or in their determination to manifest their contempt for the court—in the literal as well as the legal sense. Their behavior and speech were anarchic, mocking, provocative, and hostile. In the end, the conspiracy charge was dismissed, five of the defendants were convicted of crossing a state line to incite a riot, and all were convicted of contempt of court. All are appealing the verdicts. In this conflict between mediocrity and waywardness, everyone looks bad: the judge too irritable, the prosecutors too eager, and the defendants too arrogant.

DUEL OF EAGLES, by Peter Townsend (Simon & Schuster). The origins of the Battle of Britain, which is the climax of this very good book, go back to the First World War, when the German Luftwaffe and the British Royal Air Force first flew. Mr. Townsend starts with the first clashes between these, literally, born enemies, and then comes up through the years to the decisive summer of 1940, using a kind of parallel-narrative technique and keeping a large cast of characters onstage. In the middle nineteen-thirties, he enters the story and adds his own history—greenhorn cadet flier, Hurricane pilot, squadron leader in the Battle of Britain, ace. It is quite a performance.

●

"Concerto for Two Trumpets in C" by Vivaldi will feature Michael and Robert Diggins, who are violinists in the orchestra.—*The Graphic, Pepperdine College, Los Angeles.*

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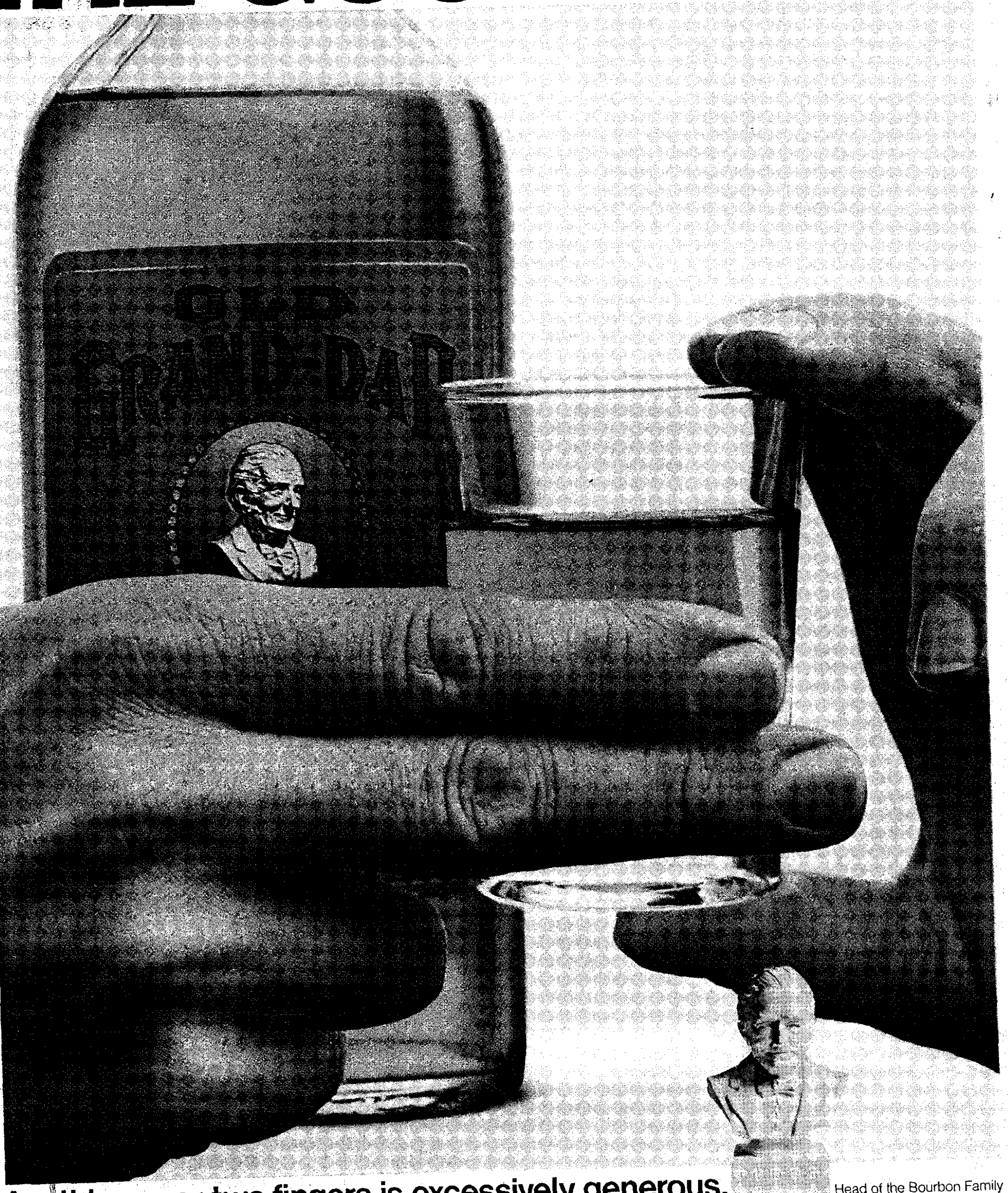

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